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Vol. IX.

No. 3.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

Board of Control: Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; Rt. Rev. Michael F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London; Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterboro; Very Rev. J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

Mission Superior in China: Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.Ap.

"CHINA" is the official organ of the Seminary. Published with ecclesiastical approbation. Circulation, 16,000. Yearly subscription, 50 cents. Advertising rates on application. Entered as second class matter and accepted for mailing at special rate postage at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., July 10, 1924.

Do you patronize any of the firms who favor us with their advertising? Just look and see. There are probably many things which they can supply you and an order from you, together with the information that you saw their advertisement in "China", would help us considerably. Their patronage is helping us. We would greatly appreciate your giving them a share of yours.

There is no denying the influence of the unhealthy atmosphere of rank materialism in which many Catholics live and move to-day. For the most part, its attack upon the stronghold of simple faith is stealthy and almost imperceptible. The first thing we know people are coming out quite casually with statements that they would not have made at an earlier period in their lives. The enemy has quietly secured a foothold within the gates of the citadel. Their mentality has changed.

For example, when you find Catholics decrying the work of the missions and expatiating upon the sheer futility of attempting to convert the pagans, you may rest assured that they are influenced not so much by what they learned when they recited the "Our Father" at their mother's knee, as by the ideas they have since imbibed from the daily papers and from practical "pagans at home".



Have you been reading "A Modern Martyr", which began in the Dec. 1927 issue of "China"? It has won the hearts of our readers, this simple story—more wonderful, more inspiring than any fiction—of an endearingly human character, childish in its tender love of home, yet strong and unflinching as

any grizzled veteran of the Church's Foreign Legion, in the face of relentless persecution and untimely death.

Strong, whole-souled love of an ardent, affectionate nature, willingly immolated upon the altar of stern devotion to duty; inevitable blending of light and shade, of all-too-fleeting happiness at home, and dreary, desolate, crushing loneliness as the strongest of human ties are rent asunder for love of God and souls. This is the life story of the youthful Theophane Venard. Small wonder that the Little Flower of Jesus had a very special love and devotion for him whom she called "a little saint". "I cannot look upon him," she said, "nor upon Our Lady, without shedding tears. There is nothing out of the ordinary in his life. He loved the Immaculate Virgin very much, his family, too. And so do I. I cannot understand those saints who did not."

Do we wonder sometimes why it is that the base, the cruel, the coarse and evil-minded appear to flourish and be happy upon this earth, while a character so lovable, so endearing as that of our child martyr is singled out to drink to the dregs the chalice of suffering and sorrow? Let Theophane himself give us the answer: "If we could live together here below, dearest Melanie," he writes to his sister, "we should have cared too much for the world, and so He divided us that our souls may be more and more purified, and sigh more and more after the moment when they shall take their flight to Heaven. If some gall were not mingled in our earthly cup we should be content with our exile, and think less of our own true country." Such chosen souls does God call the sooner to the raptures of His eternal love. And all the while the heedless, sinful, unworthy world is oblivious to its loss at their passing.

We are saddened, but encouraged, as we read his life. There is something saddening about every serious consideration of the missionary life, of the price Christ paid for the souls of the pagan and the little esteem placed by almost all the world upon the work for their salvation. The life of our youthful martyr bears a potent message to-day for those



of us who are preparing to follow his footsteps to a country torn with disaster and strife, where the demon of hatred of God and His Church has entered and where suffering and sorrow must be the portion of those who will accomplish aught for Christ and souls. It is a message to bring us to our knees, knowing our own weaknesses as we do, to implore of our Blessed Theophane something of his own courage and passionate love of souls.

May we never esteem too lightly the glory that is ours. May we never forget the lesson of his life that in a struggle for immortal souls, where poor, weak human nature is pitted against the strength of the powers of darkness, the only way to triumph is by the royal road of the cross.

### CHUCHOW NEWS.

#### Father Fraser Tells of Conversion and Devotion of Chinese Boys.

Dear Father McGrath:

I am sending you a few photographs. There was a big difference between Christmas this year and last. A year ago all was confusion on account of the invasion of contending armies. But now all that is past for Chuchow, the military operations having moved to the north of China. So, Christmas was celebrated with the usual display and ceremonies—the Crib, decorations with fancy lanterns and scrolls, the chanting of prayers and Christmas carols from eight o'clock to midnight when Mass was celebrated and the faithful

all received Communion. Two other Masses were said on Christmas morning at which the faithful nearly all assisted. In all three sermons were preached. The festivities attracted a great crowd of pagans, curious to see the decorations in the brightly lighted church (besides the lanterns we had several mantle lamps that made the place as bright as day). It was most inspiring to be able to address the words of salvation to a great multitude of unbelievers.

I send a picture of three little schoolboys I baptized on Christmas Eve—a welcome little gift to the Infant Saviour. They were well instructed and prepared. Of late I have been using a fine set of large colored catechism pictures from Paris, which makes instruction a pleasure. It is hard to describe the eagerness of these

### DURING LENT,

When you make some little sacrifice or act of self-denial, will you remember

### THE MITE-BOX?

The chink of a coin,  
A five or a ten,  
Makes music sweet  
For our mite-box men.

children for baptism. They begged and begged, and used all sorts of arguments to obtain the coveted blessing—"they would never adore false gods again, they would sooner suffer death than do so, they would try to induce their relations to become Christians, they dreaded the loss of their souls, etc."

I send you a "close-up" of one of them whose pagan name was "Kingdom's Grove". A day or so before baptism he told me he could not sleep at night, afraid he might die before being a Christian. The day before the ceremony he ate no dinner—he thought of nothing but baptism. He is a day-scholar, but that night he asked to be permitted to pass the night with us, for fear he should sleep in and be late for the ceremony. That he had no quilt never came to his mind as an obstacle—one of the boys would share his with him. At midnight he rose to find out the time. How he longed for morning to come! It was not stockings or Santa Claus he was thinking about—he never heard of that custom. He was in quest of an imperishable treasure. When day would break he would be changed into a child of God and heir to the Kingdom of Heaven!

Early in the morning the trio were kneeling in the church making fervent acts of contrition. I read over them the long formula for adult baptism, and when I came to the solemn words of regeneration, how the Faith with which they were filled shone on their countenances, as with closed eyes they reverently bent their heads over the baptismal font!

Immediately after baptism they made their first Communion. Were ever children better pre-



Three little schoolboys baptized by Father Fraser on Christmas Eve, 1927, "a welcome little gift to the Infant Saviour."



pared for it than they, as, in all the effulgence of baptismal innocence, they walked straight from the baptismal font to the Sacred Table? After Mass one of them imparted the desire of his heart: "I wish to be a priest." Who would not be a missionary, with consolations such as these?

Yours fraternally.

J. M. FRASER.

### A CHURCH FOR LUNG-CHUAN.

In a recent letter, Father Fraser tells us of a generous gift of two thousand dollars from an anonymous friend, for the erection of a church in Lungchuan in honor of St. Joseph. Father Serra is pastor of Lungchuan with Father Kam as his assistant, and the generosity of our kind friend will be a great source of encouragement to both of our priests in their pioneer work in the newly-erected parish. The work of construction, as in the case of Sungyang Church, which was the gift of Mrs. Small, of Toronto, will be a boon to the people in the vicinity, as it will provide employment at a time when poverty is more widespread owing to the effects of the war in China. What more fitting message during this month of March than to be able to announce that soon in far-away Lungchuan a church in honor of the patron of China will provide a fitting place of worship for the faithful and devoted Christians.

May St. Joseph bless our kind benefactor for his great charity and love of souls! In the masses offered regularly for our benefactors and in the daily prayers of our students he will receive a very special and very grateful remembrance.

### ANOTHER NATIVE PRIEST FOR CHUCHOW.

By the time you read this, another priest will have joined our missionaries in Chuchow. Father



A Chinese decorative lantern, carved and gilded and encased in colored cloth on hand-painted glass. Many of these lanterns were used to decorate our church at Christmas. The boy in the picture walked thirty miles to receive baptism and so blistered his feet that he had to be carried the last part of the journey.

Paul Wong, who, according to our latest letters from China, was to have been ordained to the Priesthood on the nineteenth of February, by His Lordship Bishop Hou, D.D.

With a thorough knowledge of the language and customs of the country, Father Wong will be an invaluable assistant to Father Fraser and our priests at Chuchow, and will be able to begin at once the work of the evangelization of his fellow countrymen. Our other missionaries, before they can do much active work, must spend a long period in a study of the language and customs of China.

### "LITTLE FLOWER" PATRON OF THE MISSIONS.

Our readers will rejoice with us in the recent announcement that the Holy Father, the "Pope of the Missions", has granted the petition of missionary Bishops to have St. Teresa of the Child Jesus proclaimed patron saint of the missions of the universe. St.

Teresa herself ardently desired to go to China and had a very special devotion to Blessed Theophane Venard, our "little saint" now becoming known and beloved by all readers of "China." She thus becomes, with St. Francis Xavier, patron saint of all missionaries.

### CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY PROSPERS.

The success of the Catholic University of Peking, conducted by American Benedictines from Beatty, Pa., and which has recently received the official recognition of the Chinese government, is regarded as a happy augury of the day when there will be many Chinese members of the Benedictine order.

Already one Chinese has received the habit, Mr. Albert Young, a former student of Louvain University. He was admitted to the novitiate of the Benedictine monastery of St. Andrew at Lophem, near Bruges, on October 4, 1927. He was converted by Father Vincent Lebbe, C.M., the well-known missionary who worked for a number of years among Chinese students studying in Europe.

### A MODERN MARTYR.

For those who would like to follow in greater detail the life of Blessed Theophane Venard, a limited number of copies of "A Modern Martyr" is available.

Cloth ..... \$1.00  
Paper ..... .60

CHINA,

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

### FROM CHUCHOW—A MESSAGE OF PEACE.

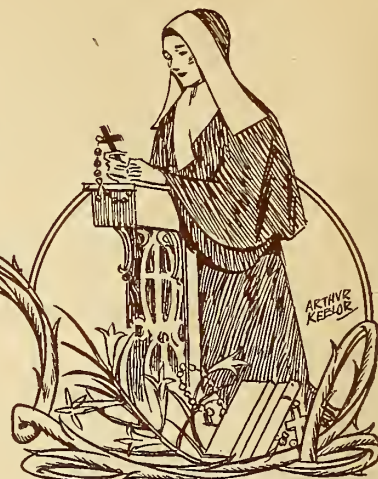
"Everything is peaceful around here. Nobody knows anything about, or takes any interest in, the civil war, which is now removed away up to the North of China." (From Father Fraser's latest letter).

With our mission work proceeding as usual, with a recent gift of a new church for the newly-erected parish of Lungchuan, with the ordination this month in China of another native Chinese priest for our district and the preparation of another band of missionaries to depart for China this fall, we surely have reason to thank a kind Providence for the many blessings bestowed upon our work for souls in China.





# A MODERN MARTYR



By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

## CHAPTER V.

In Paris—The "Missions Etrangères."

THREE days after the sad parting we have just recorded, Theophane left Poitiers for Paris, and arrived at the Foreign Mission Seminary. "I had hardly come into the house," he wrote to his sister, "when I was met with affectionate greetings on all sides, and every kindness was showered upon me. One hoisted up my trunk into my cell; another uncorded it; a third made my bed and showed me where my little establishment was to be; a fourth took me all over the house, introduced me to the Directors, and showed me the garden. In half an hour I felt as if I knew them all intimately. Oh, the good their welcome did to my poor, sad heart! There is nothing like the love and charity of this house and the way they make one feel immediately at home."

This spirit of charity and mutual kindness is the distinguishing characteristic of the Foreign Mission Seminary in Paris. Its divine fire is carefully maintained by the superiors as the best means of spreading its genial rays to the extremities of the heathen world. In the heart of a great city, and in a world gone drunk with dissipation and all kinds of business, these young men find an abode of peace and quiet indeed, but no ascetic solitude. Rather is it a home where each strives to be foremost in loving, kindly ways and consideration for the others; and the Holy Spirit seems especially to bless this atmosphere of mutual charity and forbearance, and to pour His sevenfold gifts on the future Apostles, who are learning in that best of schools—for it is our Lord's—the school of love.

Theophane was thoroughly happy here, although his new life did not altogether do away with the bitterness of separation from those he held most dear.

He writes, "We are all like one family, with one object and one aim. We have no care or troubles and I should have nothing left to desire if you were by my side. I am greatly touched by your anxiety about me, my dearest father, but you must let me scold you about this a little bit. Am I not more than ever the child of Providence? Did you not yourself give me up to

## A MODERN MARTYR.

For those who would like to read the full story of the life and martyrdom of Blessed Theophane Venard, a limited number of copies of "A Modern Martyr" are available.

Cloth ..... \$1.00

Paper ..... .60

CHINA,

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

God? He who watches over the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, will He not take care of me wherever I may be? I cannot help longing for you, and missing you terribly sometimes; but love suffers and is resigned, and the thoughts of Heaven grow more vivid as we become more detached from all on earth. Only a little more trust! A little more confidence in God! A little more patience! and the end will come, and the past weary years will seem as nothing; then will arrive the moment of reunion, and all will be amply compensated for and repaid, principal and interest. O Christian hope! How beautiful thou art! How thou dost satisfy the heart of man, the creature of a day, and yet created for an eternity of bliss!"

His family could not rise at once to his spiritual view of the future, and their letters gave evidence of the void he had left behind and their despair at losing him. His answers, therefore, were written at this time to heal the wound he had caused, and he had always a kind and loving word for the consolation of each. To Henry he writes, "Your letter touched me deeply, especially where you say that the thought of me is not enough—that you want my bodily presence to comfort you. I feel just the same about

you all. My thoughts fly home to the little room where you all are in the evening, and to my place by Melanie's side, and to the thousand and one recollections of our boyhood. But it is God's Will that we should be separated. May that Will be forever blessed! After all, are we not bound for the same heaven? Will not the gaps in the family circle then be filled up? Nay, more, are we not already expected up there by one most near and dear to us? You recollect our last visit before leaving home—the visit paid at your suggestion—to the cemetery, where we prayed and cried so together for our darling mother? Well, very soon we shall go and join her; and the links that bind us are tightened at the thought, and the time which seems so long and weary is bridged over."

To his sister he says, "If I have read your dear letter over once, I have read it twenty times! Every word you say goes to my heart, for we are one—are we not?—with the same feelings, the same tastes, the same wishes, the same hopes. We really are, as the saying is, born for each other; and how comes it, then, that we are separated? Why, because God wished that we should be united eternally. As you said yourself one day, dearest Melaine, if we could live together here below, we should have cared too much for the world, and so He has divided us that our souls may be more and more purified, and sigh more and more after the moment when they shall take their flight to Heaven. A great servant of God once said that "if some gall were not mingled in our earthly cup, we should be content with our exile, and think less of our own true country.' . . ."

After what we have told our readers, it is not to be wondered at that Theophane not only won all hearts at the Seminary, but made rapid progress in the paths of perfection. His humility and simplicity concealed even from himself the beauty of his soul, but it could not be hidden from his superiors, and still less from his holy and wise director. Among the students, two, M. Dallet and M. Theurel, soon won a high place in his affections. But fearful lest the tie should become too human, they mutu-



ally agreed to tell each other their faults, and so to make their very intimacy a means of advancing more rapidly in their heaven-bound path. Theophane fulfilled this compact conscientiously, and it might have been thought almost severely, if his words had not been tempered by such extreme humility and sweetness as to disarm all inclination to wounded feeling. As far as he himself was concerned, he was his own severest accuser, and often his humility led him to exaggerate his shortcomings to such an extent that he honestly believed himself utterly unfit for the apostolic life he had chosen and besought the prayers of all his friends for his conversion. He even had himself publicly recommended at Notre Dame des Victoires, and, writing to a lady who had been preparing various little things for his future chapel, he says, "I am not sure of being allowed to go. I feel so utterly unworthy! Not that my desire is altered; on the contrary, I am more firmly resolved than ever. But the decision does not rest with me. May His holy will be done!"

Theophane was to be ordained deacon at Christmas in 1851, and wrote with delight of the retreat which was to precede his ordination:

"On Sunday evening next we go into retreat till the Saturday following, a holy and happy time of meditation and prayer, when we dwell under the shadow of the altar, free from cares and distractions, absorbed in God. Fancy a delicious day in spring, with a pure sky, all nature bursting forth into leaf and blossom, or the deep calm of a tomb. . . . Ah, it is better

than all this, for it is Heaven begun on earth, God communicating Himself to man, man raising and uniting himself to God! Ah, dear friend, what happiness He allows to His creatures!"

Then came the ordination. He writes, "The ordination was very large, and all the different communities of Paris contributed some members. I found, kneeling side by side with me, Lazarists, Dominicans, Franciscans, Missionaries of the Holy Ghost, Irish, Negroes, etc. I knew none of them; but my heart went out to them with love and sympathy, for are we not children of the same Father, servants of the same Master, soldiers of the same King? The same object unites us; the same grace, in different degrees, was distributed to us; the same God gave Himself to us; and we invoked the same Queen, Mary, Mother of the Saviour of the world. And then, as brothers, we gave one another the kiss of peace. Oh, how happy I was!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### Last Days in Paris—The Departure.

We are tempted to give one or two more extracts from Theophane Vénard's letters to his family during the remainder of his stay at the Paris Foreign Mission House; for these letters are so full of counsel, especially those to his younger brother, that we have felt they might be of equal value to others in a like position.

Eusebius had just entered the Preparatory Seminary at Montmorillon; he was fifteen, and had a strong desire to become a priest. Under these circumstances he writes to Theophane

for advice; and the elder brother answers as follows:

My Dear Eusebius:

"You tell me that your wishes, your tastes, a secret inspiration of grace, draw you strongly towards the priesthood. May God's Holy Name be praised! But if our Lord calls you, you must answer. One day little Samuel heard a voice crying out, 'Samuel! Samuel!' 'Here I am, Lord,' he replied. Ecce ego, Domine, quia vocasti me. Eusebius! you think our Lord has called you. Well, then, you must answer like Samuel, 'Here I am, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? With the help of Thy grace I will do all that Thou dost appoint, and that grace I feel will not be wanting.'

"It is, then, on the 1st of October—the month dedicated to the angels—that you are to leave your country and your home and your beautiful valley, to go into a strange place. Courage! When one leaves anything for God He rewards us a hundredfold; He has said so Himself. But (you say) you are 'alone,' 'quite alone,' Oh, no, you are the child of our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, the child of His Love, the sheep of His pasture; have confidence in God. Nevertheless, if there are times when your heart sinks within you, my dearest brother, go to the chapel, offer to our dear Lord your tears and your sacrifice, and then, alone before God, consecrate yourself anew without reserve to His service. Offer Him, to begin with, the trials of your college life; throw yourself like a boy into the arms of Mary, and believe me when I say you will never be forsaken.

"You will have to choose a con-  
(Continued on page 44)



The bride and bridegroom, family and guests at a recent wedding in Chuchow. The picture was taken when the bride revisited her home a few days after the ceremony. When our priests were unable to attend the wedding, a special dinner was sent to them at the residence.



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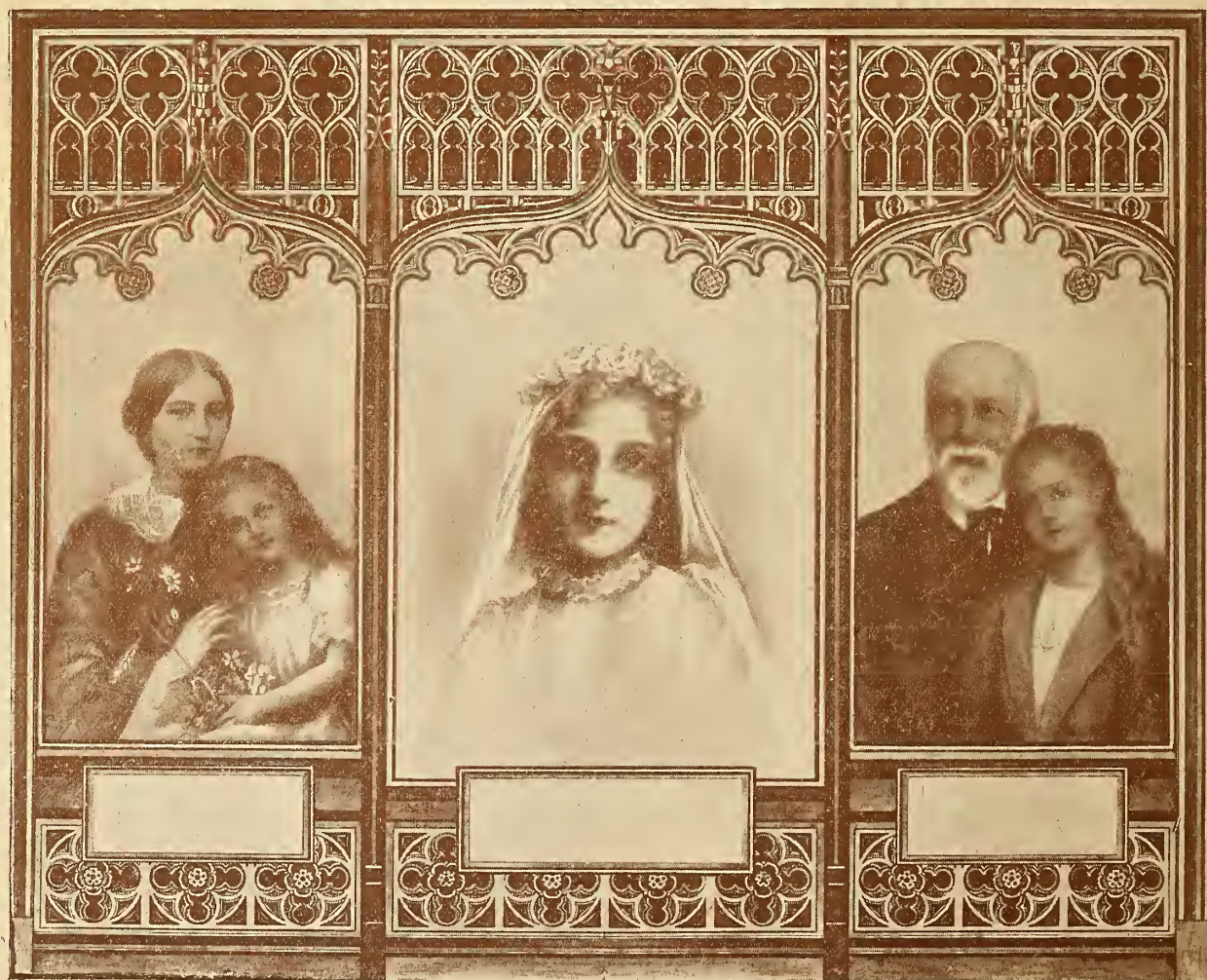
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All our readers will wish to have one or more of these pictures in white satin-finished metal, fadeless for all time.

**THEY MAY BE OBTAINED ONLY THROUGH “CHINA”**

Read announcement on opposite page



No. 1

Titles are inset in the panels of the finished picture. This picture, with specially designed gothic border, is a masterpiece of Kalography, and is obtained in two sizes, 16 in. x 13½ in. and 8 in. x 10 in.



### WHAT IS A KALOGRAPH?

Kalograph is the name given to a new patented process, a distinctively Canadian achievement in photographic art, by which any photograph, drawing, or painting may be reproduced directly upon the surface of a sheet of white satin-finished metal.

We are pleased to be able to avail ourselves of this medium to obtain for our readers pictures of the "Little Flower" that will never fade and that will constitute a beautiful and permanent souvenir.

We have before us as we write, letters from various art critics of international fame, acclaiming the new process for which they claim "superiority over all photographic processes." Orders from all parts of the world are already pouring into Toronto where Mr. Robert Carter, the inventor, has



No. 2  
In two sizes, 8 x 10 in. and 4 x 5 in.

seen them and who were not in a position to secure subscriptions have asked us to offer them for sale for the benefit of those who may not be able to get subscriptions for "China". They will be available in both ways, either for sale or as premiums for subscriptions according to tabulated list below.

### CONSOLATIONS OF A MISSIONARY.

Nine years' continuous residence in China have enabled Father Francis X. Ford to obtain a true appreciation of the people among whom he labours. In a letter to the "Field Afar" he writes as follows:

It may be unchivalrous on our part to gloat so often over the advantages we have in living in China; to make you envious of our lot and perhaps impatient of your own—but, please God, you too will some day be over here, and then your turn comes to be selfish.

Or is it that we want to share our happiness with you; or truer still, I think, that we feel common decency demands that we express our appreciation of a much misunderstood people?

At any rate, this is an age of "urges" and of letting them have loose rein, and it is too late now

to apologize for indiscreet love of China.

My delight just now followed an hour's somewhat stupid reading of American secular magazines; then the bell rang for night prayers, and, in a twinkling, I was transported back again to Catholic China, and the transition was exhilarating.

And yet the thrill had a touch of pain in it, in thinking that I found another people more appealing than my own. It was a disturbing thought until I realized that I was not comparing justly; I had taken the cream of China and the scum of western life and naturally preferred the cream. Which thought-analysis made me conscious how faded had become the memory of genuine Catholic America.

Here we are cut off from the daily sight of heroic lives of home-



No. 3  
In two sizes, 8 x 10 in. and 4 x 5 in.

his studio. It is not our purpose merely to advertise this new invention which has passed successfully the most rigid tests for permanency applied by the Physics Department of the University of Toronto, but we wish to assure our readers that we unhesitatingly recommend the Kalograph as something in photographic reproduction that is very much ahead of anything we have ever known. It must be seen to be appreciated.

Our first intention was to offer these beautiful pictures only as premiums for subscriptions to "China". But friends who have



No. 4  
In two sizes, 8 x 10 in. and 4 x 5 in.

folk, and, as the years go by, we insensibly accept the picture of America as reflected from its press—I can appreciate better now how Irish priests and politicians were anglicized by residence in England. This is a tardy explanation of my many adverse criticisms of American life, but it has only now been brought home to me.

Number	Size.	Price.	Subscriptions.
No. 1 .....	16½ x 13½	\$4.00	Twenty
No. 1 .....	8 x 10	1.50	Eight
Nos. 2, 3, .....	8 x 10	1.00 each	Five (for each)
and 4 .....	4 x 5	.35 each	Two (for each)
No. 5 .....	4 x 5	.35	Two
(Frontispiece)	(only)		



# OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES

Dear Little Missionaries:

We have often wished for some suitable means by which we could express to you our deep gratitude for your zealous assistance in our mission work. You have been storming heaven with your prayers and good works until our priests in China can scarcely keep pace with the numbers of pagans who are seeking instructions — don't stop, however, as we have a new Chinese priest now to help give instructions. And what you haven't done to poor Jackie Mite Box!—Jackie, as you know, is just at the age of perpetual motion and around our office he is a perpetual nuisance because every time the door is opened he tries to steal off to do his bit for the missions, and you have sent him back from his escapades with about as much pep as Mark Twain's jumping frog which had swallowed the pint of buckshot. We cudjelled our weary domes—until we were warned of the danger from slivers—to define some means of fittingly expressing our gratitude to you and at length we decided to publish every month a mission calendar bearing the date, the name of the saint whose feast is celebrated on that day and the name of the benefactor who has sent in the donation. The first group therefore who sends Jackie Mite Box

back with a donation of ten dollars will have their names appear on our mission calendar for the next month.

I wonder what school will present our sixty thousand readers with their first mission calendar—and—Gee, I'm curious, but I'd like to know how it will look. Well, here we are.

## Toronto.

On January 20th, Form I.C. of St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis Street, Toronto, gave a concert and candy sale in support of the mission activities supported by their units of the C.C.S. M.C. The concert program consisted of a number of vocal and piano solos interspersed with Irish and Scotch dances. The artists for the occasion were Misses Rena Dillon, Annie Wright, Betty Ridell, Ruth Rieman, Helen Hinds, Kathleen Reynolds, Margaret Stuart, Lillian Dermanska, Margaret Smith, Teresa Murphy, and Esther Lynn. The proceeds from the concert and candy sale, amounting to \$11.24, were voted to the support of Father Fraser's mission work in China. To Misses Mary Hickey, Esther Lynn, Edna Evask, and Lillian Karmalska, the executive of this division, great praise is due for the very

efficient manner in which the proceedings were conducted, and for the pleasing variety of the program—four nationalities were represented in the costumes, folk dances and songs. Many thanks, dear fellow missionaries, for your very kind assistance to our work.

We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate this school on its mission activity. From September until January this unit of the C.C.S.M.C., in addition to its spiritual treasures, has contributed the handsome sum of \$95.14 to various home and foreign missions.

We very gratefully acknowledge the following spiritual bouquet from De La Salle High School, Toronto:

Masses .....	626
Holy Communions .....	520
Stations .....	450
Beads .....	633
Visits .....	254
Ejaculations .....	28,950
Acts of Charity .....	90
Hours of Study .....	996

Total ..... 32519

Many thanks, boys, for your thoughtfulness and your zeal for the extension of the kingdom of Christ in China.



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER MISSION CALENDAR

The month of April arranged and presented by

St. .... School .....

## APRIL

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
Palm Sun 1 Leo Day	Francis of Paula 2 J. Smith	Richard 3 W. Jones	Isidore 4 V. White	Holy Thur. 5 K. Yon	Good Fri. 6 P. Mark	Holy Sat. 7 Mary Murphy

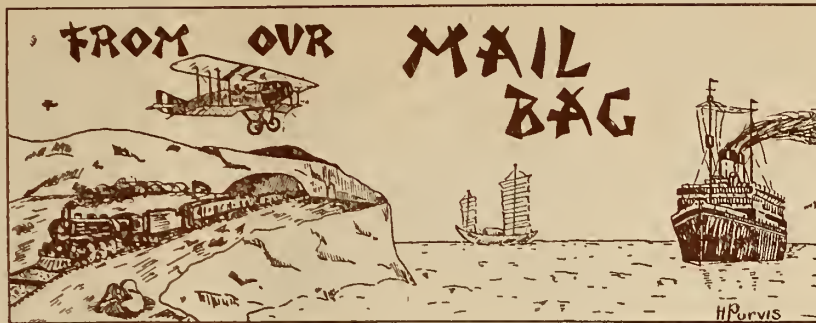
## Now I'll ask one!

1. What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as finished?
2. What has a head but no face?
3. What has a face but no head?
4. What book would mostly interest an old maid?
5. What subject can be made light of?
6. Why does a cat look on first one side and then another when she enters a room?
7. Which is the most positive word?
8. Why are henhouses whitewashed?
9. What key in music is most useful to the army?
10. When is a sheep like a tablecloth?

## Answers.

1. A-gate.
2. A match.
3. A watch.
4. A man-uscript.
5. Gas.
6. Because she can't look on both sides at the same time.
7. Certain.
8. To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood.
9. A sharp major.
10. When it is put into the fold.





## Windsor, Ont.

Kindly accept the enclosed offering from St. Mary's Academy students as a little Christmas mite box. Our pupils love "CHINA" and find it growing more and more interesting each month.

## Halifax, N.S.

Enclosed please find a cheque for — dollars for St. Madeleine Sophie's bursar from the Children of College Street School. As you may well imagine, countless prayers and aspirations ascend daily for your great and glorious work in fields afar. May the Blessed Lord continue to bless your labors abundantly during the coming years is our sincere wish.

## New Waterford, N.S.

Enclosed is the Christmas gift from Mt. Carmel School children. Wishing you a very happy Christmas.

## Montreal, P. Q.

Enclosed please find my subscription to CHINA which I enjoy reading very much. I find the paper more interesting each month and I am sure the story "A Modern Martyr" will be very edifying.

## Toronto.

I find the magazine most interesting, keeping its readers in touch with the work here and in China. The letters from your good apostolic priests there are full of interest and are written in a spirit of optimism and cheerfulness that is refreshing. Its monthly coming seems to bring sunshine into the house.

## Kinkora, Ont.

Enclosed find cheque for — dollars — the contents of the mite boxes of St. Patrick's School.



The Philosophers' hockey team. The Philosophy-Theology hockey games provided many a thrill during the latter part of the season.

## Halifax, N.S.

The girls of St. Patrick's Girls' High School C.C.S.M.C. are sending you this money order of — dollars towards the completion of their room in the Seminary. This makes a total of \$450 for our room. We hope to be able to send the remaining \$50 in the near future. Hoping that the Infant Jesus will shower His blessings on your holy work, I am, yours sincerely,  
Gertrude Leahy, Treas.

## Fort William, Ont., St. Stanislaus School.

Enclosed please find cheque for — dollars—contents of our mite boxes. Assuring you of a daily memento in our prayers for the continued success of your noble work, we are,

Sincerely yours,

The Pupils of St. Stanislaus School.

## Hamilton, Ont.

The boys of St. Mary's School wish you to accept a little offering and spiritual bouquet together with their best wishes for a very happy New Year. Please pray for our success at school.

## St. John's, Nfld.

Enclosed please find a small contribution from St. Bonaventure's on behalf of your apostolic work. Please remember occasionally our interests, spiritual and temporal.

## Pittsburg.

I enjoy reading the paper and congratulate you on being able to make it so interesting.

## St. Laurent, P.Q.

The children certainly enjoy the little paper each month.

## MASS INTENTIONS.

Many enquiries have reached us regarding masses. We wish to assure our readers that we will be very pleased to accept all the mass intentions which they can forward to us. Besides providing intentions for our oriests in China, we are practically the sole source of supply for other groups of missionaries laboring near our priests in China. We cable the masses to China and they are received there on the following day.

## BOOK REVIEW.

Bluegowns, Tales of the Chinese Missions, by Alice Dease. The Field Afar, Maryknoll, N.Y. Price, \$1.50.

To those of us who have such a vague and often entirely inaccurate view of Chinese life and Chinese customs the short stories in this admirable collection are really stranger than any fiction. And they are based on actual missionary experiences. Excellently illustrated, the volume is well up to the high standard set by Maryknoll in its contributions to the field of mission literature.

Catholic Missions in Figures and Symbols, by Dr. Robert Streit, O.M.I. Propagation of the Faith Society, 109 E. 38th St., New York. Price, \$1.25.

The most up-to-date information on the missions of the Church is available in this volume, profusely illustrated with charts and diagrams that convey at a glance a story that is often hidden in a maze of mere statistics. An indispensable reference book for those who wish to keep in touch with present day mission conditions.

Kilima-njaro, by the Rt. Rev. H. A. Gogarty, C.S. Sp. Propagation of the Faith, 109 E. 38th St., New York. Price, \$1.00.

The story of mission work in the heart of Africa is graphically described by the Vicar-Apostolic Kilimanjaro. It tells the story of the Vicariate from its earliest days up to the present time and portrays faithfully the traits of a lovable people, worth winning for Christ.



The Theologians, who emerged victorious in the finals. They can still show the young fellows a few tricks.



(Continued from page 39.)

fessor, and for this you must pray earnestly to our Lord and His Mother to enlighten and guide you. Then, when you have chosen one, you must open your whole heart to him, not only in the confessional, but when you see him alone elsewhere; make him your friend and counsellor in all your little difficulties and sorrows, and tell him of your temptations and faults with thorough simplicity and openness. Then be guided by his advice, and follow it to the letter. This is the kind of spiritual direction necessary to one who seeks to advance towards perfection. Confide in him entirely, and be sure that he will keep all your little secrets as if they were told in the confessional. You are no longer a child, Eusebius, and you must begin to walk as one worthy of the mercies of God, and of His great designs in your behalf. Make a little book in which you can write your impressions and your religious feelings, now and then, putting down the date; you can dedicate it to our Lady. Some time later you will read them over again with pleasure, and they will serve to brace you up when days of heaviness and weariness overcome your courage."

(Theophane himself had this practice, but, unfortunately, when he was ill, he insisted on burning all that he had written.)

"I should like to think that you deprived yourself now and then of some indulgence to give to the poor. You ought not to run into great expenses or attempt to imitate the luxurious habits of many of those around you. Remember your own simple home, and still more remember how many thousands there are who suffer for want

of the very necessities of life. Above all, never forget that God is in everything, in little things as in great. He ought to be the one motive of your thoughts, words, and actions. Go often to confession, have great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and associate yourself as soon as you can with some congregation of our Lady. Oh, how happy I was when I first became a child of Mary! Go, then, dearest brother, and may the Angel of God guide your steps! A great future is before you! a grand vocation! Think of it well, anchored on the infinite mercy of God. . . . Perhaps you will hear a voice saying, 'Come with me,' and perhaps we shall find ourselves soldiers of the same regiment, travellers on the same road, bound for the same haven. May His Holy Will be done, and not ours. Strive to fulfil with diligence and joy the work of each day; be gay, very gay. The life of a true Christian should be a perpetual jubilee, a prelude to the festivals of eternity. . . ."

These letters abundantly show the anxious care and thought which Theophane bestowed on his brothers, who were the continual subject of his prayers, and when he became a priest, of his Masses likewise. On one occasion he wrote and told Eusebius that he was going to say Mass for him on the 1st of August, the Feast of St. Eusebius, when, for some unknown reason, he changed it to the second of the month. Now it happened on that very day that a thunderbolt struck the College of Montmorillon, and an electric spark fell on Eusebius, who was left for dead, and with great difficulty recovered. Eusebius always attributed this escape to the intervention of

his brother, who at that very moment was offering up for him the Holy Sacrifice.

To his elder brother, Henry, Theophane writes in a different strain; but his letters are full of suggestive thoughts and beautifully expressed. On one occasion he writes,—

"I am not astonished that my loving old brother found poetry in my letters but I think that his own heart supplied it. Talking of poetry, do you not think that men have profaned it more than ever in these latter days? Poetry presupposes a soul lifted above the things of sense; it means the outpouring of a heart full of love for God and for our neighbor, keenly alive to the beauties of nature and of grace. The mysteries of Christianity and of the Blessed Eucharist are eminently fitted for a poet. So also are pure love, devotion, heroism, self-sacrifice, and the rest. But when I see men calling themselves poets, and abusing their gift by impure allusions, and sophistries, and vague aspirations after dreams which have no existence except in their morbid imaginations, I confess I have no patience with them. Poetry is not meant to be merely the exaltation and feeding of human passion by sensual indulgence. Yet three parts of the world call this poetry. Oh, let us draw our inspirations from purer sources! The literature of the day seems to me to run forever either in impure or rationalistic channels, so much so, that I dread lest we shall all be submerged in the foul tide! I try to think of the exile going back to his country. He sees and thinks of nothing else. We are all exiles here below. Let us hasten to our home in Heaven. . . . I am very much struck with the young men I have met here outside of the Seminary. They are such contradictory creatures. There is in them a great deal of pride with considerable generosity; a strong love of independence with a certain submission; much impurity with a vestige of better thoughts learned at a mother's knee; some courage and audacity, and yet more weakness and foolish yielding; an ardor for work by fits and starts, but usually inconceivable idleness; a desultory way of living and acting without aim or purpose; in fact, the old strife between the spirit of evil and the spirit of good. Still among these young men there are exceptions. I know some who are living in the world, in the very heart of great riches and luxury, and yet are humble, pious, devout, charitable, and reverent,—seeking out the poor in their garrets, religious 'as a woman,' as the saying is. Their manners are simple and natural, for they are thoroughly in earnest. They are bright, amiable, and courteous, with faces which prepossess one at first sight. Their lives are spent in doing good. I don't mean to say that they don't commit faults sometimes, for human nature is weak; but their very failings increase their humility and make them lean more completely on the Divine mercy. God be praised! Such men are not very rare, though they do not show themselves much in the streets. There is another species, whom one sees all

(Continued on page 47.)



The Bride and Bridegroom at a recent wedding in Chuchow.



# ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

## SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.

PHONE — HOWARD 5414



CABLE ADDRESS — "CHINASEM"

Dear Reader of "'China.'"

You have resolved to make some sacrifice, to practice some mortification, during the Holy Season of Lent. It may be that you will do without candy or give up smoking or deny yourself some superfluous pleasure because you realize that we must do penance if we hope to save our immortal souls.

May we ask you to remember us during the Holy Season, to offer up for our work in China at least some merit of your sacrifices that will be so pleasing to God; to devote to our work of preparing young men for missionary life, some of the nickels and dimes you will save by your little acts of self-denial!

Will you be so kind as to place on the mantle-piece, or in some conspicuous place the Mite-Box we are sending you? Whenever you can spare it, drop into the Mite-Box some of the money you would otherwise have spent on "'smokes'" or candy. In this way you will be doing a work of double importance, sanctifying yourself and helping us save souls in China.

Do not say: "'well, what can a cent or a nickel do to convert China?'" We are sending the Mite Boxes to many of our friends, and just as the little drops of rain unite to form the great rivers, so the contents of our Mite-Boxes, coming back to us, will enable us to do a great work, the education of missionary priests for China. And in the merit of our work for souls you and all who have helped us will share. Yours the reward a hundred, a thousand-fold, here and hereafter.

A thousand thanks, and God bless you.

Yours sincerely in Christ.

*Fr. E. M. Rae*



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(Continued from page 44.)

day long lounging at cafes or in ball-rooms, never by themselves. They are restless, walking in a wild sort of way, judging and criticizing everybody and everything. They neither respect nor esteem women. They want to know everything, hear everything, and see everything. They talk for the sake of talking, and their least sin is that of doing nothing. . . . Such young men swarm in the streets of Paris and their secret lives are more pitiable than their public ones. All young men, more or less, may rank in one or the other of these two classes. It does not cost more to side with the right, but then one must have a heart and reason calmly as to the object of life,—in a word, serve and love God.

"Good-bye, my dearest brother. Write to me soon again. Your letters do me so much good."

But it was to Melaine that Theophane spoke all his most intimate thoughts and aspirations, poor Melaine, who had never recovered from her brother's departure, and at last had become seriously ill. After a time she rallied, and then her brother (whom she called her "other half") wrote to her as follows:

"My Dearest Sister,—I am glad you have been ill, and I am very thankful you have recovered. To explain my first proposition, which will appear very extraordinary, I feel that you have had the opportunity to suffer something for the love of our Lord. Oh, I am quite sure you felt the advantages of your position! Sufferings are the money with which one buys Heaven; therefore, your fortune is already begun. As for me, I have not a penny. I am as poor as a church mouse. But I hope soon to go to California. Now do you understand my meaning? At any rate, you know how I love you."

Melaine had long wished to devote herself to God in a religious life, but her brother's plans had thwarted the accomplishment of her own wishes for a time. She had made the sacrifice generously. Nevertheless, she felt herself strongly urged in the same direction.

"Be comforted, my dearest sister," writes Theophane. "We are made to live together; then let us do so in Heaven. Be patient until God opens the way for you to give yourself entirely to Him. Perfection does not lie in one state of life more than in another, but consists in an entire correspondence with grace in the position in which God has placed us. Above all, do not be discouraged, or give way to sadness and despondency. Your holy and hidden life in the bosom of your family is quite as meritorious in the sight of God, and perhaps safer than a more heroic one."

But although Melaine was compelled to wait for a few years to attain the great object of her wishes, she found she could realize a portion of them by consecrating her virginity to our Lord, even while still living in the world; and on this she writes to consult her brother. He replies,—

"Your letter has filled me with great joy, for I see how anxious you are to advance in the paths of perfection. I have joined my poor prayers with yours and laid them at the feet of our Lady of Victories. Do nothing hastily. You say you wish to obey your director, and you are quite right, for obedience alone is a sure guide. You are very good to consult me, my dear little sister, and I, who am so far below you in everything,—I thank you with all my heart for this fresh proof of your love. Well! what answer am I to give you? You would not like me to say 'No,' and I should like it still less. How can I advise you to remain in a world which I detest as you do, and which I have left myself? I know well that for a long time you have entirely detached yourself from its pleasures and its frivolities; but the last act, the act of entire renunciation, you have not yet signed and that is all that is left for you to do. What is there, then, to stop you? Consult your courage, consult the voice of grace, consult those with whom you live, and if no obstacle presents itself, may your holy desires be fulfilled. May God's will be done. Celebrate your nuptials, give Him your heart and your life, clothe yourself with the bridal robe, place His ring on your finger, take a new name, enter into a new family. I wish you joy, sister Mary, virgin spouse of Jesus Christ! May the day come when I shall see my much-loved sister in the choir of virgins, of which Mary Immaculate is the Queen, and when you shall count your brother in the ranks of apostles, and perhaps martyrs—who knows? How joyfully we shall each then sing, 'Regina Apostolorum, Regina Virginum, ora pro nobis.' . . .

"You wish me to guess the new name you have taken. I have puzzled my brains in vain and can find only my own. Perhaps, in the eccentricity of your love, you have chosen that one? And now you say you want to be a missionary nun—a tertiary, I suppose? I have a little bit of a doubt as to the reality of this vocation; it seems to me to taste a little too much of fraternal affection."

(To be continued.)

#### CONTRIBUTIONS.

Rev. E. Griffin, \$200.00; Andrew Mooney, \$20.00; Rev. J. J. Greene, \$120.00; Nativity School, Cornwall, \$26.00; S. M. Frecker, \$15.00; Rev. P. Langlois, \$25.00; Rev. J. J. Garvey, \$15.00; J. H. O'Donnell, \$25.00; Rev. C. C. Fawcett, \$50.15; St. Joseph's Circle, Northfield, for student's room, \$100.00; Miss Bertha McCarthy, \$20.00; St. Peter's School, Peterboro, \$50.00; Corpus Christi Parish, Toronto, \$56.12; Miss Mary McVey, \$25.00; Miss Helen M. Chapman, \$12.00; Sacred Heart League, St. Dunstan's Parish, Fredericton, \$30.00; J. M. O'Neill, \$11.00; P. J. Nevin, \$100.00; Holy Family School, Toronto, \$38.60; Friend, \$50.00; Estate of Wm. Matthews, \$50.00; Rt. Rev. J. T. Aylward, \$11.00; Mrs. Patrick Kelly, \$27.00; St. Joseph's Parish, Kentville, N.S., \$15.00.

The Following Gave \$10.00 Each:

W. L. Scott, J. J. Carolan, Mt. St. Bernard College, Antigonish, N.S.; Friends, Hamilton; Friend, Samia; St. Joseph's High School, Toronto; Rev. F. Verbeke; Mrs. Isabella Ray; Mrs. Wm. Vale; Friend, Halifax; Rev. C. J. McLaughlin; Basil Blain; Friend, Oshawa; Miss H. Quinn; Rev. P. L'Heureux; Friend, Staten Island.

The Following Gave \$5.00 to \$10.00:

Rev. J. M. Foley, \$6.00; Rev. J. C. Cadot, S.J., \$5.25; Sisters of St. Joseph, Mt. St.

Joseph, Peterboro, \$5.15; A. Berthelot, \$6.00; Mrs. Wm. Rowland, \$6.00; Mrs. J. T. Clair, \$6.00; Mrs. M. P. Smart, \$6.50.

The Following Gave \$5.00 Each:

Misses Mulgrave; Mrs. C. LeSclleur; Miss Frances Scott; Rev. J. D. Kane; Rev. J. E. Emery; Mrs. Thos. Cooney; St. Mary's Sunday School, St. Catharines, Ont.; Miss M. Torpey; Miss K. Barrett; C. H. Moss; M. Beynoll; Rev. R. M. Haller; Miss R. Vincent; Fidele J. Bernard; Miss L. Nugent; Edward Fitzgerald; Miss Agnes Dawzy; Miss E. Cummings; Miss Rose M. Bracken; Timothy J. Twomey; P. T. Reardon; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; A. O'Halloran; J. M. Speechly; J. A. Hogan; Rev. J. S. McGoey; Miss K. Boland; Miss Ryan; Mrs. Jas. Heaphy; W. S. Dunphy.

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#### IN YOUR WILL

Remember our work for China.

Your work will then continue and be part of your eternal reward.



## TWO STORIES

Every one that hath left house or brethren or sisters, or father or mother for My Name's sake shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting.



He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.

Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest.—John 4: 35.

### STORY NO. 1.

He was an average boy, bright, cheerful, full of mischief and boyish pranks. But his heart, they said, was in the right place. . . . .

\* \* \*

They were surprised when he decided to become a foreign missionary. Said they thought he would be the last one in the world, and so on. He had been thinking of it for a long time, but had not said a word to anybody.

\* \* \*

He went to China—it was many years ago—to a village where priest had never set foot before. When he died there, a church, a poor house, but a Christian community of 400 was his legacy to his successor. He died without the last sacraments, on a sick call far away in the mountains, but many once pagan souls were awaiting him in Heaven.

\* \* \*

Years went by. The next generation was Christian, of course. During the lifetime of the next missionary they numbered 1,000 souls and three of the Chinese altar boys became priests.

\* \* \*

Their work—for their own people—is just beginning. There will be more Christians, more priests. The work will go on. And all because an average boy heard and heeded the call of grace.

### STORY NO. 2.

He was a good boy, pious, manly, popular with his schoolmates. "I wouldn't be surprised," many said, "if Jim Sullivan would be a priest."

\* \* \*

A struggle was going on in his soul. He loved his home and parents, and God was asking him to leave them for His sake—to become a foreign missionary.

\* \* \*

It was his love for his mother that prevailed, he thought. He decided to become a doctor, to be with her after all her sacrifices for him. A friend, whom he had consulted, advised him.

\* \* \*

Man proposes. During his second year at University his mother died. But he did not take up his abandoned vocation.

\* \* \*

That, too, was many years ago. In China, the mission superior was asking, praying, for a priest for the pagan village of Kiukiang. "Such good, lovable people," he said. And he had no priest to send them.

\* \* \*

The mission superior has long since passed to his reward. Kiukiang is still pagan. Recently the newspapers devoted two columns to the passing of the eminent Dr. Sullivan. They did not say—people would only smile—that he had been unhappy almost all his life because of his lost vocation.

## Is God Calling You to China?

IF SO, WHICH STORY WILL BE YOURS?

Write for Prospectus to Rev. J. E. McRae, Rector,  
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# CHINA



Scarboro Bluffs

Ontario

April, 1928



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Vol. IX.

No. 4.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

Board of Control: Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; Rt. Rev. Michael F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London; Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterboro; Very Rev. J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

Mission Superior in China: Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.Ap.

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#### FRONTISPIECE PICTURE. NO. 7.

The frontispiece picture, the authentic portrait of THE LITTLE FLOWER, will convey to our readers an idea of the perfection attained by the KALOGRAPH method of reproduction. Nothing like this portrait has ever been produced in America. We are stressing the value of these pictures because we feel that we have something very much worth while to offer readers of CHINA. See pages 56 and 57 for complete details.

#### REVEILLE

The drums of doom are sounding  
For the last and grand review  
The army of the dead is marching past  
Eternity's reveille,  
All the tents are folded up  
The "taps" of night have sounded for the last.

The regiments are coming  
They have heard the trumpet call  
The war of life is won or lost for aye  
And some are wearing crimson  
They're the army of the King  
And some are wrapped in uniforms of grey.

And then, the clank of armor  
Where a million lances gleam  
And captured banners toss against the sky  
They're marching back in glory  
T'is the foreign troops of Christ  
The chivalry of earth is passing by.

And some are from the Arctic  
From the outpost of the world  
The men who joined the Klondike rush for gold  
To stake their claims forever  
In the human hearts of men  
And wrapped the flag of Christ around the Pole.

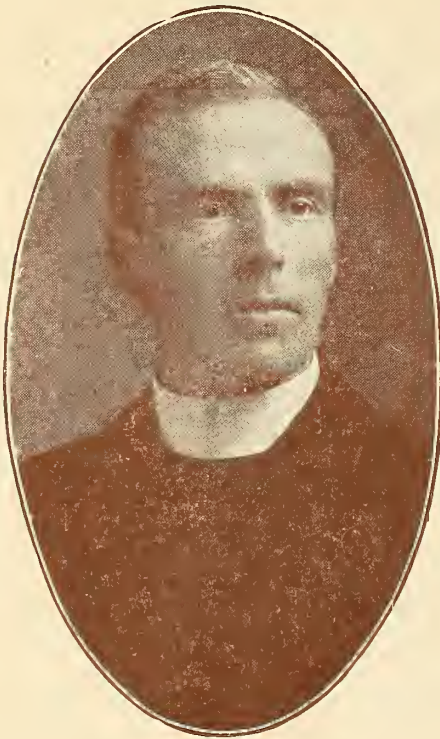
And others from the Eastward  
From the land of grinning gods,  
A land where storied temples touch the skies,  
Whose hands are dripping crimson  
From a thousand hills of strife  
The crimson of a wondrous sacrifice.

So, rank on rank they're mustering  
For the last and grand review  
The drums of doom are throbbing thru the sky  
And then the peal of trumpet  
Every sword is at salute  
For Jesus Christ the King is passing by.

How grand to stand before Him  
In your uniform of red  
To look your Captain proudly in the face  
To feel His Christly hand-clasp  
And to tender back your sword  
The colors of your General, undisgraced.

The world may call us foolish  
But we little reck or care  
When its "last post" is sounding from the west,  
Our foolishness requited  
We shall hear the Master's voice—  
"Your billet's ready, comrade! come and rest."  
H.F.X.S.





I had written to Father Agius, S.J., for relics of Margaret Sinclair, a heavenly blossom that has sprung from the "Bonnie Brier Bush" of Auld Scotia. Father Agius is sponsoring the movement that may one day lead to the canonization of this humble holy child. The small box of relics and pamphlets reached me upon the eve of a long journey which I was called upon to undertake; a sick-call which meant an absence of five days from Sungyang. Realizing that this journey might be fraught with difficulties and dangers, I resolved to carry one of little Margaret's relics with me, and to her I entrusted the accomplishment of my mission and my safe return.

#### A MODERN MARTYR.

For those who would like to read the full story of the life and martyrdom of Blessed Theophane Venard, a limited number of copies of "A Modern Martyr" are available.

Cloth ..... \$1.00  
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CHINA,

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

## A Page From a Missionary's Diary

In which Father Wm. Fraser relates how he was helped by two little friends of the missions.

When I reached my distant destination, Siuchang, I was at once brought to the bedside of an apparently dying man. When I entered his room, imagine my joyful surprise, for the sick man rose at once from his bed fully recovered. Erect and without support, he walked to the chapel, where he devoutly heard Mass and received Holy Communion along with the other Christians. And this was not the only favor Margaret Sinclair procured for me in Siuchang.

#### Among Bandits.

It was a bit disconcerting upon reaching Siuchang to find it invaded by a number of soldier-bandits. They had made short work of a Protestant chapel near our mission, carrying off all the movables they could find there. They had plundered the homes of wealthy residents, who were hiding in the mountains in fear of their lives. Our faithful Christians were in terror lest these marauders come to pillage and destroy our chapel, and perhaps do me bodily harm. I had confidence though, that Margaret would complete the work she had so well begun, and, placing myself in the Hands of Divine Providence, I turned into my little lean-to for the night. I did not sleep, however, for there was much commotion and hubbub in the street all through the night. Next morning I learned that this noise was made by the townspeople who were busy dragging their money and valuables to secret hiding-places. I passed the night without any molestation, and next morning when I was on my homeward journey, I passed a gang of these bandits, and I might as well have been invisible for all the heed they paid to me. I have since learned that a squad of the regular soldiers arrived in Siuchang, and put these ruffianly robbers to flight. I reached Sungyang in safety, thanks to the protection, and intercessory power of

little Margaret Sinclair. I hope this will reach the columns of "China," so that many may read of her powerful intercession, and, securing it in their own difficulties, will thus help on her cause.

#### The Abiding Presence.

Like Saint Teresa "the Little Flower," Margaret Sinclair was taught by our Divine Lord Himself the doctrine of His abiding presence in the soul regenerated by baptism. This is indeed a consoling doctrine for the missionary in China. Here, we cannot always enjoy the Eucharistic Presence of Lord, for we are either journeying through pagan wilds for months at a time, or else living in rude barns or shacks unbecoming for the conservation of the most Blessed Sacrament. Thus the beautiful doctrine taught by our Saviour Himself, and afterwards preached by His intrepid missionary Saint Paul, is the source of greatest consolation in missionary life.

#### Harvest.

On my return journey, I spent two days in the town of Guizka. All the Christians in the town and its vicinity came to Sunday Mass, and to Mass on the following day as well, and received the sacraments. I baptized thirteen children here. They varied in age from one to nine years. Seven received the sacrament in one house, and six in another. I had anticipated some trouble in keeping—  
(Continued on page 57)

#### A KALOGRAPH of THE LITTLE FLOWER

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CHINA

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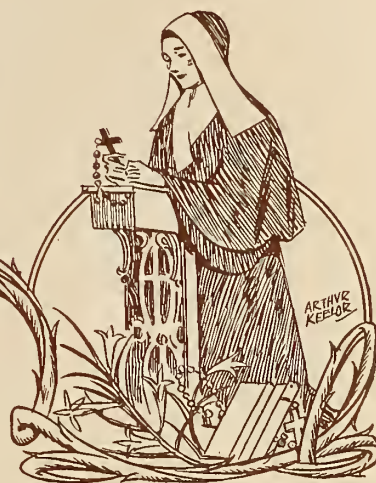
See Page 57.





# A MODERN MARTYR

By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.



But the great day came for Melaine, and on the 15th of July, 1852, her brother wrote again,—

"I received your cake on the Feast of St. John, you naughty, little, spoiling sister, and I thought it very good, though a little salt, which is the fault of your confections. Well, be the salt of the earth! So many souls get insipid and lukewarm. Ah, you did not expect me to preach morality to you on a cake! . . . It is just like you and your love to remember all the little details of that last day, and how I carried my surplice on my arm. Ah, I am sometimes afraid you care for me too much! Perhaps it is to punish us both that God told me to leave you. I congratulate you with all my heart on the step you have taken, and that you should thus have separated yourself from the world, though still living in it. God has inspired you and given you a great grace. I know you will receive it with gratitude and humility; but do not forget that your first duty is still to your family and for your family. . . . God bless you, sister Mary Theophane. All joy be with you in the hearts of Jesus and Mary.—Your devoted brother, T. V."

The hour drew near when Theophane was to become a priest, and his zeal and fervor were redoubled. The atmosphere around him strengthened all these pious desires, and everything tended to help him onward in the path of perfection. In one of the corners of the garden at the Paris Foreign Mission House is a little oratory dedicated to Our Lady, and filled with candles and flowers. Every Saturday evening, and on all the vigils of her feasts, it is lighted, and the students go there to recite Litanies and sing hymns in her honor, after which follow the usual prayers at nine o'clock. But on leaving the chapel, and before retiring to his cell, each of the future missionaries goes to pay a little visit to the Hall of Martyrs, a large room in which are ranged along the wall not only relics of the confessors, but the instruments of their torture and pictures of their martyrdom. Everyone stays a few minutes here to pray in silence, and then to kiss the crucifix stained with the blood of Bishop Borie. Theophane used to spend every spare moment in this room, and when



BLESSED THEOPHANE VENARD  
(Martyred in Tongking in 1861)

the news came of the martyrdom of Father Schoeffler at Tong-king, he wrote to his sister, "Oh, if I might some day give my life like him for the Faith! I am not afraid of saying so to you, because I know your generosity and that you would not even wish to rob me of my crown. This Tong-king Mission is now the most enviable, for it is almost certain martyrdom. . . . Whatever happens, I know I may reckon on your prayers."

Every day he was getting more detached. Writing to the Bishop of Poitiers, he says,—

"Formerly, my Lord, I rejoiced in the thought of receiving at your hands the last great grace which God has deigned to bestow on me. But Divine Providence has ordered otherwise and disposed of my future. In the midst of my regrets I cannot help looking forward with joy. Yes, I own that every day I get more detached from France, even when France means to me Poitiers, and my tastes have become decidedly Chinese. I do not know what secret impulse makes me sympathize so warmly with people of another clime, be they Indians

or Chinese. Some of my friends here declare I am growing like them, that I have a Chinese head, and Chinese eyes, and Chinese ways, in fact, that I am getting Chinese altogether. Do not think, however, that I have set my heart upon China. I have no other choice than the will of my superiors, that is, if they think me worthy of any mission at all, as I sometimes fear they will not. I shall always find myself too happy in the place where the Great Master will allow me to work for the welfare of my brethren and the Glory of His holy name."

Nevertheless, his superiors had no difficulty in recognizing the eminent merits of the young aspirant after foreign missions, in spite of the humility which induced him to throw a veil over all his actions; and so they hastened the time of his ordination (he was only twenty-two), and desired him to prepare himself for Trinity. He received the good news with a mixture of joy and fear, and writing to his Bishop exclaimed,—

"My Lord,—Fruit which grows ripe before the proper time has no flavor; and here am I, a young and green fruit, which yet must be ripe in a month. In spite of this hot May sun, is it not too soon? . . . I never dreamt of being called to the priesthood before Christmas, but God has disposed things otherwise. . . . 'Introibo ad altare Dei, ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.' Very soon, perhaps, another message will be brought to me, at the very thought of which my heart sings for joy. 'Pack your things and start.' Yet when I look at myself, when I see the childish hands so soon to receive the holy oils; the feet, fresh from the playgrounds, which are to carry so far the gospel of truth and peace; my whole being, in fact, only just beginning to understand what life is, and yet so soon to teach men how to live, I can scarcely help laughing and yet crying. So mingled are my feelings and thoughts at this moment, that I can only hope in God, and beseech Him to give me strength, meekness, humility, prudence, knowledge, and charity. I trust in your Lordship's kindness that you will give me a place in your prayers, which will obtain for me the graces of which I stand so much in need."



A severe illness prostrated him for a time, but his courage and cheerfulness never deserted him; and in spite of his sufferings, which were very great, his gaiety and patience astonished his companions, who vied with one another as to who should wait upon him and do little things for him. He wrote gaily after his recovery, "I have a new body altogether, which, as I am going into a new country, will be very useful, and I hope we shall agree perfectly. It is a pity that I can't get a new spirit and a new heart, and then I should be altogether a new man. Pray that I may be thus transformed on the day of my ordination." He recovered sufficiently to be ordained on the 5th of June and said his first Mass the next day,—Trinity Sunday. He writes home on this occasion to his father, "My dearest Father,—Send me your blessing. I said my first Mass to-day. Oh, what a glorious day for me! True, I cannot yet meditate very well—my head is still weak and I can scarcely realize the awful mysteries of which I have become, as it were, a participator. But I feel a great peace, and am very happy. You will share in my joy, which is a family one. Would that you could have been with me on this day! But God ordered it otherwise. May we be strengthened in faith and hope; at least we shall be united in prayer."

The new missionary was at length a priest. His departure could not be long delayed, and the announcement was made to him only three days after his ordination. He gave notice to his relatives that his destination was not yet fixed, nor the actual day of his farewell, but that they must be prepared for a speedy summons. He told them that he had been promised a month's notice, and added, "Dearest friends,—Courage and faith! God watches over us, and the Blessed Virgin is our protector."

The missions of his two friends, Fr. Dallet and Fr. Theurel, were already fixed; the latter was bound for Tong-king, the former for India. Fr. Dal-

let embarked in the middle of the month of August, and this was the first break in the chain which united these faithful friends.

But the summons for Theophane Venard was not long delayed, and a letter dated the 13th of September announced his speedy departure to his family.

"My Dearest Father, Melaine, Henry, Eusebius,—Once more let us say together, 'God's holy name be praised!' About a month ago five of my fellow-students received a notice to hold themselves in readiness for departure. I was left behind until my health should be fully regained. I could not help grieving very much, but let that pass, for time presses. One of the five, who had been compelled to return home for family affairs, did not come back on the day fixed. I have been, consequently, appointed to replace him. I am therefore going to leave you at once, my dearest ones, and to wish you good-bye until our reunion in Heaven. I shall not remain even this week in Paris; Friday will probably be my last day on the soil of France, as we are to embark at Antwerp."

The 19th of September was to be the day of departure, and in the morning Theophane sent a farewell line to each member of his family.

"My Dearest and Much-Loved Father,—To-day I leave France. I must send you my last farewell; we start at seven o'clock. On Monday we are to embark from Antwerp; Tuesday morning we set sail. Dearest father, good-bye. My departure I know will be a sorrow to you; to me also the separation is very hard to bear. But courage! Life on earth passes so quickly and death will reunite us so soon; for death to a Christian is life, a life of eternal happiness in the bosom of our God, in company with His angels and His saints. Au revoir, then, dearest father; the way is short, and the end is blessed. Good-bye, I embrace you with all my heart."

"My much-loved Sister, my own little Melanie,—Good-bye. I feel it very

much that I am not able to write you a good long letter. It is positive suffering to me, for we have so many, many things to say to each other, but I have scarcely a moment. I shall never forget you or our happy childhood together, or our family gatherings and home joys. By and by we shall all be reunited. I go with a heavy heart and eyes full of tears, but we must pray together, the one for the other, and bear the pain of parting bravely. God bless you. My paper must convey my last kiss to my darling sister."

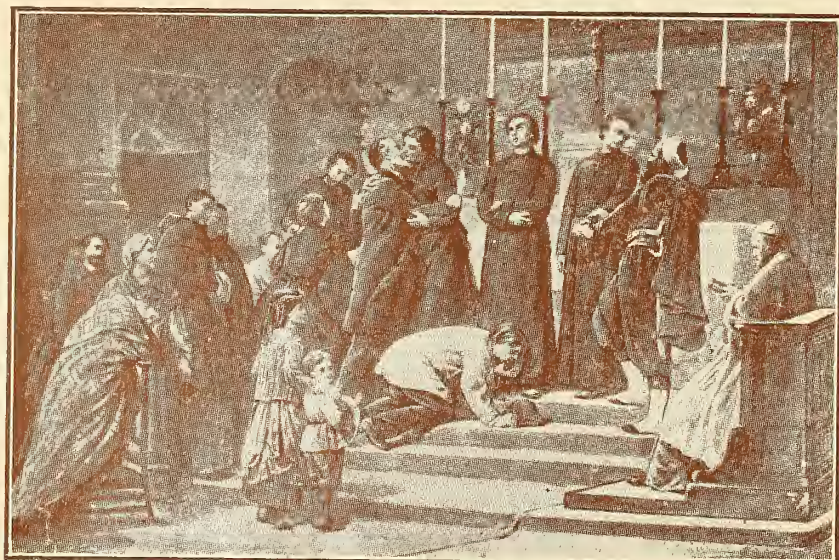
"Good-bye, my dear, good Henry. Your last letter gave me so much pleasure. Oh, no, my heart is not made of stone; on the contrary, just now it melts like wax. But we shall meet again. I am going to talk of our Father who is in Heaven, and make Him known to our brothers who as yet know Him not, and perhaps I shall be first at the tryst. Pray for me. Prayer alone can soften bitterness and assuage sorrow. And I, do you think I can ever forget you? Good-bye. Let us have courage in this life and fight our battles bravely. I love you with all my heart."

"Good-bye, my poor little Eusebius. We are about to be separated but we shall be more and more closely united in thought and prayer. We must all walk straight heavenwards, no matter how rough the way. Happy those who get there first! My colleagues and I start under the best auspices, for only yesterday we heard of a fresh martyrdom in Tong-king and it is for that mission we are bound. Good-bye! I kiss you on both cheeks. Once more, good-bye!"

Then came the usual ceremony of departure. The departing missionaries entered the chapel after evening prayers and knelt on the altar steps. Behind them knelt the directors of the Seminary with the student body, as well as the friends and relatives who came to see the young apostles for the last time. Theophane's relatives were not of the number. After the prayers a short meditation was given, and the assistants sat down, the five missionaries alone remaining on the altar step standing, while one of the directors, lately returned from a foreign mission, made a short but touching address. Then the five young apostles approached the altar, and when close to the tabernacle turned to their brethren, who leaving their places, went one by one, to kiss the feet of those who were so soon to be our Lord's heralds, while the choir intoned the anthem, "Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!"

A little episode followed, which was well described at the time by an eminent Catholic writer.

"From the midst of the crowd of visitors an old man came forward, walking with some difficulty, and assisted by one of the directors of the Seminary. An inexpressible emotion was felt throughout the chapel, and the voices of the choir faltered as they watched him slowly advancing up the aisle towards the altar. He kissed the



CEREMONY OF DEPARTURE—PARIS SEMINARY FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings."



feet of the four first missionaries, but when he came to the fifth, the young man, as if instinctively, bent forward and tried to prevent him. But the poor old man knelt, or rather prostrated himself before him, and not only pressed his lips to his feet, but his face and his forehead, so that his soft white hair covered them as with a veil; and then a sigh burst from his heart, which was more like a sob, a sigh which was heard all over the building, and at which everybody was moved to tears; while the poor son himself (for it was his father) became whiter than a sheet. Yet this was the second son which this new Abraham had sacrificed to God, and it was the last! . . . They had assisted the old man to rise, and he with difficulty returned to his place. The sympathy of all present was evident, while the choir, which in the excitement had paused for a moment, intoned the 'Laudate pueri Dominum'."

After this touching ceremony, the missionaries themselves gave the kiss of peace to their brethren and friends, and then followed the "Hymn of Departure".

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### *The Voyage—Antwerp to Hong-Kong*

Our travellers left Paris and the Seminary with full hearts. To Theophane, especially, the parting was very bitter, for he had become attached to the Seminary, and to everything in it, in a way which only clinging, loving natures like his can understand. The young missionaries managed to get together in the railway carriage, so that they might console one another and after a time they became calm—even joyous, so that Theophane wrote that they seemed "more like people going to a fete." Arrived at Antwerp they lost no time in going on board their ship, the *Phylotaxe* (lover of order), an American clipper of 600 tons, and a good, fast sailer. As a day or two elapsed before the ship was ready for sea, they spent this time seeing the quaint old Belgian town, and admiring the simplicity and devotion of its inhabitants. The embarkation took place on the 23rd of September. Theophane wrote home—

"We bade farewell to Antwerp with a salute of nine guns, which was answered from the citadel. I am rather inclined to dreaming, and were it not for the help of God my heart would fail me altogether. You were more than half my life, and I feel the separation terribly, especially from the fact that it may be so long before I shall have any letter or tidings of you all. At any rate you are anchored in my remembrance—you see I am already getting nautical in my expressions—and I feel as if your presence would be ever with me, to cheer and strengthen me. We have already passed two nights on board; how beautiful the nights are at sea! The moon throws such a soft light on the waves while we walk up and down the deck, singing some national air, and smoking our cigars. For now we are ordered to smoke; and a kind old gentleman at Antwerp gave me for the passage a thousand cigars, of a mild kind, which I can manage better than the stronger ones. I sleep like

a little bird in its nest and as yet I have not been sick. The vessel is most comfortable, the wind favorable, the crew a picked one, the discipline admirable, and the captain like a father. In spite of the dispensation, we abstained on Friday, as is the universal Belgian custom. The captain never omits grace before and after meals, and the officers are faithful likewise. I am struck with the hard life of these sailors but I see that it has a certain charm. I like to hear their monotonous singing during work, and to watch them climb the ropes; but the wonderful expanse of water, and the thoughts which it suggests, occupy me almost exclusively. I wished good-bye to every village and steeple as we sailed past. Now

#### KALOGRAPH

##### A Canadian Achievement

we see nothing but ocean and sky. Good-bye, then, for many months." He was able, however, to send a few pencil lines the next day, as follows:

*"Sunday, Sept. 26, by a fishing-smack, seven leagues from Calais.*

My Dear Ones,—One more word to say that I am well, though rather seasick. We are all bright and cheery on board. Pray for us. Dearest Father, Melanie, Henry, Eusebius, once more good-bye! A last farewell to France, and to you all."

To his sister he wrote,—

"Plymouth.

Dearest Sister,—Peace and love and joy in our Lord Jesus Christ. Providence has willed that we should be detained here, to repair the damage done to our ship in the gale—at least, that is the reason the world gives; I believe it is to enable me once more to say good-bye at my ease to my friends. What do you think, dear little sister? Do you recollect how in old times, when the last of the holidays came, you and I used to take the longest road to the station, so as to prolong the time as much as possible and talk a little more? We never could agree as to which was to have the last word; we always had so much to say to each other. And now I am leaving you indeed, and probably forever! Ought we not,

then, to have a good long talk? Ah, now comes the sorrow! I must have all the say to myself. There is no dear little Melanie to answer me; no gentle eyes to look at me; no soft hand to hold in mine, and to keep it back, and try to make me stay a few minutes longer! And our good father and brother, where are they? Ah, you are all together; and I? I am alone! Alone with God—alone forevermore! But I know how you have followed me in thought; and I like to think of this letter's arrival at our home, and the welcome it will get! Am I not a real baby? But O my God, it is not wrong, is it, to love one's home, and one's father, and one's brothers, and one's sister?—to suffer terribly at being parted from them—to feel one's loneliness?—to try to console one another?—to mingle our prayers and our tears, and also our hopes? For we have left all for Thee. We wish to work but for Thee; and we trust to be reunited one day in Thee forever and forever! You see, my darling sister, as usual, I cannot help opening my whole heart to you, who understand me so well. But let us look the thing bravely in the face. *All is over*, is it not so? An enormous distance is about to separate us. Never again shall we meet on this earth! But after all, why do we feel it so dreadfully? A little sooner or a little later we shall be together again in Heaven. How short will our separation appear to us in eternity! Mother, friends, the Saints, are all gone home before us. *Au revoir!* they said. So it is our business to follow them and to go to them. People who are taking a journey often go by different roads; the only question is, which shall arrive first at the place of destination. Well, I am going by this road, you by that. Let the one who reaches home first encourage the other.

"Melanie, my sister, I leave you a precious charge—that of our dear old father! You must help him to pass from this world to a better. You must be his angel of consolation and soothe his last days on earth. Watch over our brothers, too; try to make yourself one with them as you have been with me; and link yourself with them in the bonds of the tenderest

(Continued on page 59.)

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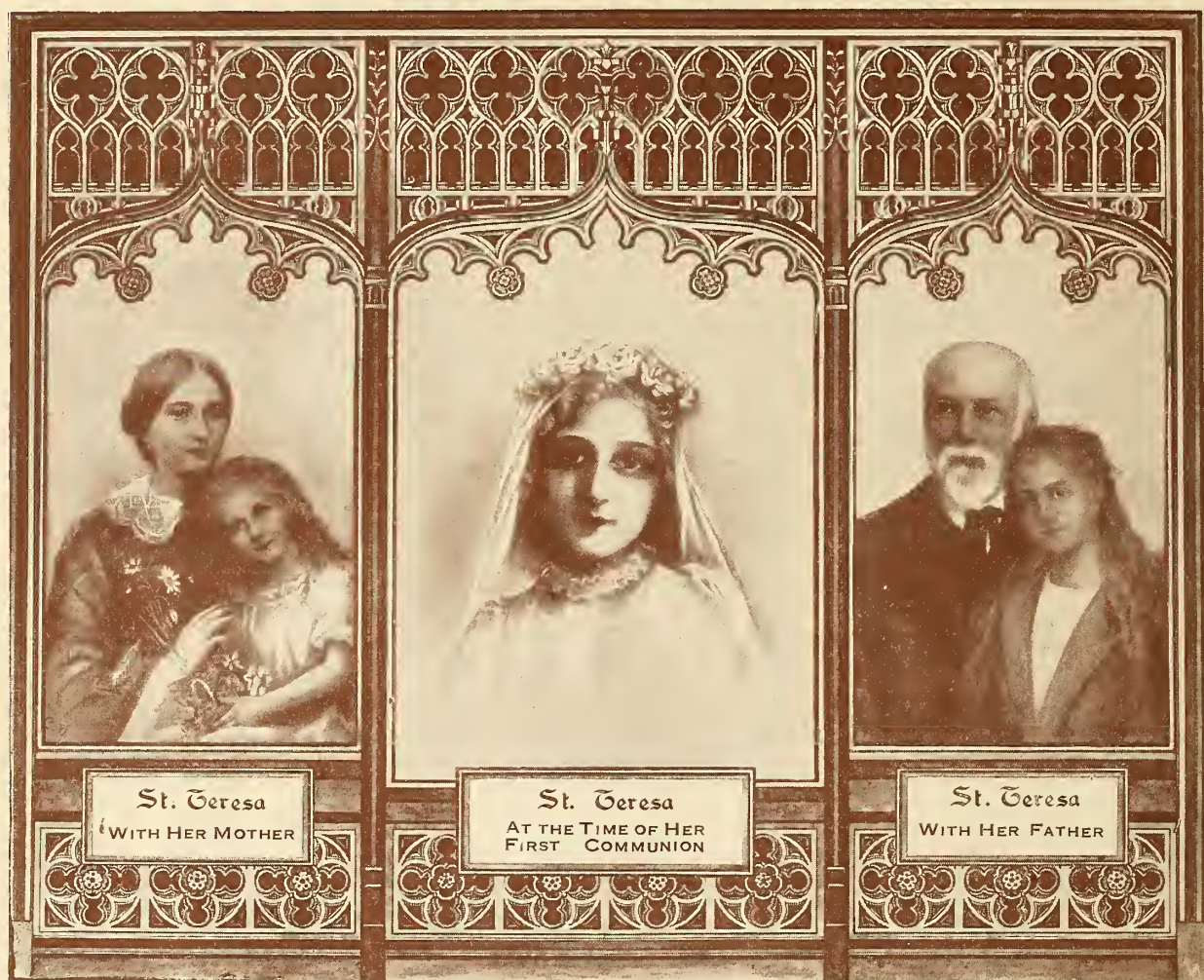
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See page 57 for complete details.



# Further Kalographs of The Little Flower



No. 1A (13 x 16) and 1B (8 x 10)  
A picture for the home. Childhood days of The Little Flower.

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## CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs - Ont.  
See next page



No. 5A (8 x 10) and 5B (4 x 5).  
St. Teresa as a novice.—(From a photograph).



No. 6A (8 x 10) and 6B (4 x 5).  
—(From a painting by Celine).



# A PAGE FROM A MISSION-ARY'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 52.)

ing a becoming order, and as this was the first time that these little ones had seen a "foreigner" they began to cry in fear. I was flattering myself that I looked pretty much like a Chinese, for I was clean-shaven and wore Chinese togs. But these tots quickly pierced my disguise, and it was lucky that I was provided with sugar-sticks for this occasion. These peace-offerings won their entire confidence and then we became great friends. Mary, the oldest girl, was more terrified than the others until she got her bribe. Then she lost all fear, and took upon herself the management of the others, directing them how to hold their



No. 2A (8 x 10) and 2B (4 x 5).  
At the time of her First Communion. Aged 10.

struments similar (in sound at least) to the Scottish bagpipe. The instrument itself though, is not nearly so picturesque. There is no bag attached to it and no tartan streamers float in the breeze. Neither are the "braw pipers" so gallant-looking. The Scottish pipes are manipulated by a "second-hand" wind, but the Chinese pipe gets its vim and music from the "wind direct", so that its tones are even "more savage and shrill" than are those of Auld Scotia. I love to listen to this wild thing, though, because it so forcibly reminds me of my native land: "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood." But let us get back to the wedding. I am frequently invited to marriage feasts, and although it goes against my grain, I go to please  
(Continued on page 63.)



No. 3A (8 x 10) and 3B (4 x 5).  
St. Teresa with her father at the age of 14 years.

heads for the Holy Oil and the baptismal water. No one but a missionary can realize the intense joy which results from the regeneration of these souls, their liberation from the bonds of Satan, whose diabolical power now gives place to the indwelling of Christ and His Holy Spirit. There were adult baptisms, too, and instructions to crowds of poor pagans, hungry for the light of faith. There is only one entirely Catholic family in this whole town.

## "There Was a Wedding."

I returned to Sungyang feeling fine after my tramp of many, many miles through the mountainous country, and the morning after my return I had a wedding ceremony at Mass. At break of day the bride and groom came in covered sedan-chairs, preceded by musicians who performed on in-



No. 4A (8 x 10) and 4B (4 x 5).  
St. Teresa with her mother, at the age of 4½ years.

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## ST. FRANCIS XAVIER MISSION CALENDAR



Arranged and presented by ST. PETER'S SCHOOL, TORONTO

1928	APRIL					1928
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
G. Cole <b>1</b> Hugh T. McLean	L. Bradley <b>2</b> Francis of Paula M. McNamara	P. Kelly <b>3</b> Richard T. Murphy	J. Kelly <b>4</b> Isidore of S. J. Risk	J. Kudirka <b>5</b> Holy Thursday E. Parsons	B. Lobraico <b>6</b> Good Friday A. Stark	W. Lonergan <b>7</b> Holy Saturday H. Whelan
<b>8</b> Easter E. Sexton	<b>9</b> Mary Cleophas T. Byrnes	<b>10</b> Ezechiel E. Bridges	<b>11</b> Leo the Great M. Ferlito	<b>12</b> Julius J. Gordan	<b>13</b> Hermenegild N. Healey	<b>14</b> Justin F. Hishon
<b>15</b> Basilissa M. G. Harcourt	<b>16</b> Benedict M. Jamieson	<b>17</b> Anicetus R. LaChapelle	<b>18</b> Amideus H. Lomoro	<b>19</b> Simon T. Murray	<b>20</b> Chrysophorous D. McIlroy	<b>21</b> Anselm R. Ryan
<b>22</b> Soter M. McKenna	<b>23</b> George A. McAuley	<b>24</b> Fidelis	<b>25</b> Jos. Pat. of Church	<b>26</b> Mary of Good C.	<b>27</b> Peter Canisus	<b>28</b> Paul of the Cross
<b>29</b> Peter Paulin	<b>30</b> Marian					

Above the date in each square is the name of one of our benefactors. Below the date is the name of the saint of the day.



St. Francis Xavier has a number of zealous little helpers in St. Catharines, Ont. Here are the girls of St. Mary's Sunday School. Next month we hope to have a picture of the boys. Their names have appeared so often in our donation list that we just had to show our other friends who they are.

## "Painless Extraction."

These words appearing on a dentist's sign or professional card are proof positive to every boy and girl that the said dentist is just another of those who, when they die, will "lie still."

But did you ever play a game which demanded a forfeit from the loser—the forfeit to go to help the missions? No one minds paying a small forfeit when it goes to the missions. Here you have a system of painless extraction. Try it with this game.

## Cracker Relay Race.

Relay races always provide lots of fun at a party. A cracker relay race is sure to make everyone feel "at home." Divide the contestants into two sides. Give each a cracker. At a signal the first one in each row begins to eat his cracker. As soon as he can whistle, after eating his cracker, the next one begins. The row which finishes first must give one long whistle in unison.

The same idea may be carried out with apples, although it is most difficult to whistle just after eating a cracker.

## A Test in Psychology.

If you can answer the following questions correctly without consulting the appended answers, consult a psychologist.

1. When is an umbrella not an umbrella?
2. When is an apple an animal?
3. When are two apples alike?
4. Why is 9,000,000 a very bad number?
5. What sort of fish does an astronomer want?

## Answers.

1. When it's dripping.
2. When it is a crab.
3. When pared.
4. Because it is so naughty (naughty).
5. A starfish.

6. Why does a Scotchman build his house facing east?
7. What has four wheels and flies in summer?
8. What nut has in its name two boys?
9. What can a farmer grow without trouble?
10. What is the oldest tree in America?

## Answers.

6. To live in.
7. A garbage wagon.
8. Filbert (Phil and Bert).
9. Grow old.
10. The elder tree.



## A MODERN MARTYR.

(Continued from page 55.)

affection. Three are stronger than one; help one another onwards and upwards in the rugged path of life. Above all, let nothing separate your interests or your affections. True love cannot be snapped asunder; it spreads and widens, but never diminishes. Love never dies; for it is stronger than death. God Himself has said so. The strength and increase of love is in prayer. We are little and weak and miserable but He who sustains us is strong and mighty. His arms are ever stretched out towards us; let us lift ours to meet Him.

"Life has many bitter, sad, and weary hours; often it can scarcely be called existence. The little rivulets, as well as the great rivers, all empty themselves into one source—the sea. God is an ocean of love and mercy; in Him alone is the fulness of joy. Patience and courage, then! A little while and we shall be with Him. He has promised it and He never belies His word. When the little river is dried up, the heavens give rain, and the river gaily continues its course. When our life is arid and we are ill at ease, let us ask for the dew and the refreshing rain and the food from God. Our Father who is in Heaven knows our wants, and feels for our weariness; and He sends His ministers to supply our need. 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Well, then, it is an understood thing, that each of us is to help and strengthen the other, and to make a start upwards. Short is the way and short the time. Courage, dearest sister! my thoughts press and tumble one upon the other; but you understand even half a word; and you will make the others enter into my feelings. I can speak freely only to you; but if I write confusedly you will unravel it.

"Dear Melanie, when you hear the priest at Mass intone the '*Sursum corda*,' think that it is I who am speaking to you, who invite you in our dear Lord's name to lift up your heart. Yes, mount upwards! upwards! Mount always, like a bird of passage; and then all this sorrow will assume its just proportion, and Heaven will be attained. Even on this sad earth, with hearts on high, and spade in hand, we must labor each at his task. Be patient, gentle, loving; and pray for me, that I, working in my little furrow, may be the same. Pray for those among whom I am going to work, for these poor heathen brothers and sisters of ours, for whom I would so gladly give my life. Make your prayers thoroughly Catholic in that sense, for such is the real meaning of the communion of saints.

"From time to time I hope that you will write me long letters to cheer me in my solitude, and that you will beg our dear old friends to do the same. Think what a joyful surprise a letter will be to me out there! I shall send my scribblings in a Chinese guise to make you laugh; for we must try to be gay and bright in our correspondence and not dwell always on the sadder side of life. And now, my darling sister, I must come to a stop. There is a limit to everything, even to these closely-written pages!

My heart rests on your heart and my hand in yours. Adieu. You understand? God bless you, my dearest sister!"

This letter was dated the 7th of October. Two days after, the voyagers left the port of Plymouth, and no news was received of them till the April following, when a letter arrived from Singapore, dated February. Theophane wrote a long and detailed account of the passage, but as all long voyages resemble one another, we will confine our extracts to a few personal details:

"We are entering the harbor," wrote Theophane from Singapore. "So I will prepare my home letters, and I am glad to do so on New Year's day. This morning my first thought after God was for you all. On the 10th of October, Sunday evening, we left Plymouth. Another Belgian vessel, the '*Atalanta*,' left the port at the same time, with a hundred and sixty passengers who were going to the gold-fields. What a poor object! You may believe that not for all the gold in Australia or California would I have left you all! Our vessel is a very fast sailer, and our captain a model of all virtues, religious from conviction, speaking little but always to the point; he has his ship in perfect order, and is immensely popular with his men; his courtesy and kindness to us could not be exceeded. The days are long and monotonous on board ship; the sight of a few strange birds, one or two swallows, flying-fish, and porpoises, with a shark here and there, these are the only events in a long voyage. The sea, I confess, wearies me to death. It is certainly fine to see great waves rolling one over another, but I should prefer seeing it from *terra firma*. We had the unspeakable consolation of daily Mass for the first month and a half; but afterwards our alter-breads got spoiled. How I have longed for the possibility of paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or of assisting

once more at some Catholic ceremony! When the body is deprived of food, it languishes and dies; and it is the same with the soul, without the Bread which sustains its life. . . . Time and again I found myself dreaming on deck, leaning against the bulwarks, and looking back on my past life—my happy childhood, my darling mother, my father's sacrifices, my education, our joyous home-gatherings, my life at school and at college. . . . And now here I am, in the hands of Providence, full of thankfulness for past mercies and blessings, full of hope for the future. My dear father, in your last letter, consenting to my departure, you encouraged me by saying, 'The hand of God is everywhere.' This shall henceforth be my motto. The hand of God is everywhere; therefore it will be everywhere with me. . . . On our arrival at Singapore we heard, without much astonishment, of the proclamation of the empire. God grant peace to our dear France! In this country it seems to me that gold is the supreme god. New mines are daily discovered; but I never heard that men found in them peace or happiness. It is charity alone which is pure gold, gold tried in the furnace; the rest is but false money."

Our missionaries were still at Singapore, when there arrived several young Cochinchinese students who had been sent by Bishop Gaultier to the College of Penang. The sight of them made Theophane's heart beat more quickly than ever, and he wrote to Father Dallet,—

"Every evening these young men pray together in their own language, and we put our ears to the cracks of the door to hear them. Their singing is so sweet! Such plaintive, touching tones! And shall I tell you all? They are real heroes that we have next to us, men on whose heads a price has been put for leaving their country. They are the sons, the brothers

(Continued on page 63.)



A group of Crusaders from St. Peter's School, Toronto, as they appeared in "The Unseen Boy". Besides instructing their audience in the needs of the Chinese missions, these zealous crusaders collected the handsome sum of \$70.00 for the missions.



# Nonsense



## Where, Oh Where?

"Where is the car?" demanded Mrs. Alexander.

"Dear me," exclaimed Alexander. "Did I take the car out this morning?"

"You certainly did. You drove it to town."

"How odd. I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the man who gave me the lift, and wondered where he had gone.—N.Y.C. Lines Mag.

## Obeeyed.

Boss: "Rastus, you good for nothing scamp, where have you been loafing all day? Didn't I tell you to lay in some coal?"

Rastus: "Yassuh. Ah's been layin' in de coal all day, tho dere is lots of softer places whar Ah'd ruther lay."

## Pat's Choice.

First Irishman—Which would yez rather be in, Pat—an explosion or a collision?

Second Ditto—In a collision. Because in a collision there yez are, but in an explosion where are yez? —Yorkshire Post.

## Absolutely Mean.

"Is he mean?"

"Mean! He's so mean that if he were a ghost he wouldn't give you a fright."—The Passing Show.

## Wasting Gas.

Little George, the garage mascot, was visiting his aunt. He found the cat in a sunny window purring cheerfully.

"Oh, Auntie, come quick," said little George, "the cat has gone to sleep and left his engine running." —Annapolis Log.

## Probable Proof.

"I think there's company downstairs."

"How d'ya know?"

"I just heard mamma laugh at papa's joke."

## Safety First.

Electrician (from roof): "Just hang on to two of them wires, George."

George: "Right!"

Electrician: "Feel anything?"

George: "No."

Electrician: "Well, don't touch the other two, 'cause there's two thousand volts in 'em!"—Passing Show.

## All Made Clear.

"Your Honor, I was not intoxicated."

"But the officer says you were trying to climb a telephone pole."

"I can explain that, your Honor. A couple of cerise crocodiles had been following me around all evening, and I don't mind telling you they were getting on my nerves."—Vancouver Province.

## Proof.

Brown: "That fellow Robinson must live in a very small flat!"

Jones: "What makes you think that?"

Brown: "Don't you notice how his dog wags its tail up and down instead of sideways."—Pearson's Magazine.

## How?

Waitress (taking order): "How do you like your eggs?"

Customer: "How do I know. I ain't had 'em yet!"

## A Reflection.

Customer (in art shop): "I just can't quite understand your idea of art. For example, look at this absurd portrait."

"Pardon me, madam," replied the attendant, "but that is a mirror!"

## Good Intentions.

Messenger Boy: "Good-day sir. My master's compliments, and he would like to pay your bill. . . ."

Business Man: "That's good, my boy."

Boy: "But he can't."

## Curing a Cold.

"That's a pretty bad cold you have old man. What are you doing for it?"

"Today I'm doing what Jones told me to do. It's Simpson's day tomorrow and the next is Brown's. If I'm not better by Sunday, and if I'm still alive, I shall try your remedy. Just write it down on this numbered card, will you?"—Life.

## Passed With Honors.

"What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?" asked the professor.

"Why-er," began the student, all at sea.

"Wire. Correct. Now tell me what is the unit of electric power."

"The what, sir?"

"Exactly, the watt. Very good. That will do."—From the Outlook.

## COLORED.

Diner (contemplating piece of chocolate cake the waiter has set before him): "I say, waiter, I ordered Washington pie. Shouldn't the icing be white?"

Waiter: "Only on George Washington pie, sir. This is Booker T. Washington pie."

## His Father's Voice.

"You are wanted on the telephone, sir," said the concierge of the lyceum, hastily entering the proctor's office.

At the telephone:

"Is this the proctor?"

"This is he."

"Thank you. I wanted to say that Jacques Gellis has a bad cold and will be unable to attend class this afternoon."

"Oh, very well then," said the proctor, and was about to hang up the receiver when it occurred to him that the voice he had been listening to was oddly childish. "Who is this telephoning?" he asked quickly.

"It's my father," said the same voice.



## THE HOCKEY SEASON AT A GLANCE



Nfld. Fishermen.



Ottawa Senators.



Toronto St. Pats.



Northern Trappers.



St. Augustine's Juniors.



St. F. X. Juniors.

It took us nearly three years to construct our rink in "sleepy hollow" and harness the stream to advantage but by this year's results we were amply repaid. The post mid-year season furnished some real cold spells and hockey thrived as never before.

Great interest was taken in the Inter-City league which was formed after the vacation and continued until March 9th, when the Newfoundland "Fishermen" played off with the Toronto Maple Leafs for the championship. The second game of the finals had tied the round and in the extra final game the Fishermen were victorious by the score of 1 to 0.

Newfoundland had no net guardian so the League Moguls consented to have the "Trapper" goalkeeper play

for them. When Nfld. played Trappers the Ottawa Senators kindly loaned their high-priced goalie to the Fishermen. That's why Mr. Leo Smith, of Sault Ste. Marie, appears with the "Flying Fishermen" as well as among the husky Trappers of the North. See if you can pick out the three "intruders" who appear in the picture with the Ottawa team.

The two teams in the lower part of the picture represent the "class" of the Junior puck chasers from St. Augustine's and St. Francis Xavier Seminary respectively. St. Francis Xavier's won the first of a "best two out of three" series, but the dying days of hockey for 1928 witnessed further grim struggles between our "youngsters" and their friendly foes from over the alfalfa field.

### WANTED.

Some more good hockey players for next year.

### High Finance.

"A dime? What do you want a dime for?"

"Wot do I want a dime fur! Well, mister, I'll tell yer. I've got nine hundred an' ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred an' ninety-nine dollars an' ninety cents, an' I'd just love t' make it a million."—Life.

Cop—"Did that car hit this woman?"

"No. It slowed up for her to go by, and she fainted!"



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(Continued from page 57)  
one good Christian. A Chinese banquet is a most entertaining and invigorating affair. It is away ahead of the most thrilling movie show. The menu is almost alarming in its many diversified courses. The usual number is sixteen, and these do not include the standing dishes of various dainties arranged artistically on the table. Seven or eight men sit at table. The women are busy in the kitchen, and the children stand around looking on hungrily and patiently, knowing that their turn will soon come along. Of course, according to Chinese custom, all at table eat with chopsticks out of the same receptacle. Life in China is "social" in the very strictest sense of the word.

### In Sungyang.

Thanks to the apostolic charity of a Canadian benefactor, we shall soon have our Eucharistic Lord constantly in our midst in Sungyang. I think Little Teresa has a special love for every district in Chuchow. You may remember how well she guarded our mission compound when the city was raided by an army of invaders. She called herself "a little flower of Jesus", but she is "the valiant woman", too. Let me tell you of her latest achievement here in Sungyang. A number of Chinese Communists, tools of Red Russia, were spreading their pernicious propaganda among the people here. They confidently declared that when our beautiful new church was completed, they would at once take possession of it and use it for a meeting-place for their work. But the "little Sister of the Missions" was on guard to the interests of her Divine Master, and here is the way she answered the prayers the faithful Christians of Sungyang sent up to her: Only yesterday a squad of military police came to our city. They seized the leaders of these Communists, bound them hand and foot, threw them into a river-boat, and started off with them for Hang-Chow, where they will meet their deserts. "All men are equal" was one of their slogans, and they will now learn that this is a very true statement when there is question of death. In this, at least, all men fare alike. Again we breathe freely. Our dear Sacramental Lord is not to lose His Tabernacle in Sung-

yang after all, thanks to the timely intercession of Saint Teresa of Lisieux. Truly "with the weak He doth confound the strong."

### GOOD-BYE.

This will be the last issue of CHINA that some of our readers will receive.

### WHY?

Because their subscriptions are very much overdue, and reminders to that effect elicit no response. The postal regulations leave us no alternative. Too bad, isn't it, when they enjoy CHINA, and it is just thoughtlessness that keeps them from renewing.

### LAST MONTH

we "lost" nearly five hundred subscriptions that way.

### WILL YOU STAY WITH US?

50 cents will keep you for a year.

### Scorching.

"How old is Elizabeth?"

"Don't know, but everybody was overcome by the heat from the candles on her last birthday-cake."  
—Tit Bits.

### Distressing.

To the consternation of the village, Miss Giles had taken up singing lessons.

Now, unfortunately, her voice was not her most fascinating feature. Nevertheless, a singer she would be.

One day her father, Farmer Giles, came in from the fields in his usual quiet manner, and gazed wonderingly toward the drawing-room, from which emanated curious sounds and noises.

"My dear," said Giles, "what is the cause of all that commotion in the drawing-room?"

"That," replied his wife, "is Polly cultivating her voice."

"Cultivating?" echoed Farmer Giles. "Cultivating be blowed—that's harrowing!"

### Late.

Professor (to tenderfoot entering class late)—When were you born?

Tenderfoot—On the second day of April, sir.

Professor.—Late again. — Answers.

### A MODERN MARTYR.

(Continued from page 59.)

of martyrs, and they come from Annam, the land of martyrdoms."

After spending three weeks at Singapore, Father Venard and two of his companions started for Hong-Kong. The rest remained a few days longer, till a favorable opportunity presented itself for going to their respective destinations.

(To be continued.)

### HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF \$\_\_\_\_\_."

\$250 will support a student in China Mission Seminary for a year.

\$1,000 will pay for a student's entire course at China Mission Seminary.

\$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on which, not one, but a chain of students will be educated for China—the MONUMENT of MONUMENTS to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

Store Clerk—Here's a material, madam, that speaks for itself.

Customer—Oh, I don't want anything quite so loud as that.

Teacher (to new boy): "What do they call you at home?" Boy: "Flannel, Miss." "But why?" "Because I shrink from washing."

### Young Wisdom.

The little girl returned from church deeply musing on the sermon, in which the preacher had declared that animals, lacking souls, could not go to heaven. As the result of her meditation, she presented a problem to the family at the dinner table, when she asked earnestly:

"If cats don't go to heaven, where do the angels get strings for their harps?"

### YOUR ALTERNATE BENEFICIARY.

Who will get the benefit of your life insurance if the loved one for whom you now wish to provide should die before you?

If there is no one else to whom you owe that duty, why not make St. Francis Xavier Seminary your alternate beneficiary?



## TWO STORIES

Every one that hath left house or brethren or sisters, or father or mother for My Name's sake shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting.



He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.

Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest.—John 4: 35.

### STORY NO. 1.

He was an average boy, bright, cheerful, full of mischief and boyish pranks. But his heart, they said, was in the right place. . . . .

\* \* \*

They were surprised when he decided to become a foreign missionary. Said they thought he would be the last one in the world, and so on. He had been thinking of it for a long time, but had not said a word to anybody.

\* \* \*

He went to China—it was many years ago—to a village where priest had never set foot before. When he died there, a church, a poor house, but a Christian community of 400 was his legacy to his successor. He died without the last sacraments, on a sick call far away in the mountains, but many once pagan souls were awaiting him in Heaven.

\* \* \*

Years went by. The next generation was Christian, of course. During the lifetime of the next missionary they numbered 1,000 souls and three of the Chinese altar boys became priests.

\* \* \*

Their work—for their own people—is just beginning. There will be more Christians, more priests. The work will go on. And all because an average boy heard and heeded the call of grace.

### STORY NO. 2.

He was a good boy, pious, manly, popular with his schoolmates. "I wouldn't be surprised," many said, "if Jim Sullivan would be a priest."

\* \* \*

A struggle was going on in his soul. He loved his home and parents, and God was asking him to leave them for His sake—to become a foreign missionary.

\* \* \*

It was his love for his mother that prevailed, he thought. He decided to become a doctor, to be with her after all her sacrifices for him. A friend, whom he had consulted, advised him.

\* \* \*

Man proposes. During his second year at University his mother died. But he did not take up his abandoned vocation.

\* \* \*

That, too, was many years ago. In China, the mission superior was asking, praying, for a priest for the pagan village of Kiukiang. "Such good, lovable people," he said. And he had no priest to send them.

\* \* \*

The mission superior has long since passed to his reward. Kiukiang is still pagan. Recently the newspapers devoted two columns to the passing of the eminent Dr. Sullivan. They did not say—people would only smile—that he had been unhappy almost all his life because of his lost vocation.

## Is God Calling You to China?

IF SO, WHICH STORY WILL BE YOURS?

Write for Prospectus to Rev. J. E. McRae, Rector,  
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# CHINA



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Vol. IX.

No. 5.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

Board of Control: Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; Rt. Rev. Michael F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London; Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterboro; Very Rev. J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

Mission Superior in China: Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.Ap.

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## Christ the King—and the Crusade

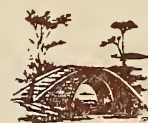
Much has been written in praise of the pageant, "Christ the King," presented in Toronto during the last week of March under the auspices of the C.C.S.M.C. No amount of praise can do justice to the merit of the tremendous undertaking. It was a success far beyond the hopes of its most earnest and enthusiastic promoters. Those who witnessed the pageant—and it was our happy privilege to have been one of the number—were impressed profoundly and the impressions will long remain.

One significant feature, and one that will prove a source of gratification to all who love the work of the missions, was the fact that the Students' Mission Crusade, in one short week during which "Christ the King" held Toronto spellbound, emerged from comparative obscurity to a secure pedestal in the hall of fame. Up to the time of its presentation very few outside of our schools and Mission Units knew much about the C.C.S.M.C. Quietly, unobtrusively, as a result of the earnest and self-sacrificing efforts of its Reverend sponsors, the Crusade had been gaining in strength and reaching the stage where accomplishment of great things was within its scope. But that an organization so little known could sponsor and carry to a triumphant presentation a pageant of such stupendous proportions and such elaborate scenic effect was something that occasioned surprise as well as congratulation. All honor to the C.C.S.M.C. By its fruits you will know it in the days to come.

We trust we will be pardoned if we take this opportunity of offering our special congratulations to those to whom we have referred above, the sponsors of the Crusade. We happen to know all the difficulties that have attended many ill-fated attempts to set upon a firm and solid foundation the great work of the Crusade in Canada. Like every great work, destined to accomplish great things for God and souls, its beginning was beset with difficulty and discouragement that would have been an

effective deterrent to any but those of indomitable courage and firmness of high purpose. It remained for Fathers Johnson, Fullerton and Callaghan to finally place the C.C.S.M.C. beyond the stage of weak and anaemic existence that had characterized its frail years of yore, and to show, by quiet yet gigantic accomplishment, even at this early stage of its career, the tremendous power for good that it will exert both for Home and Foreign Missions when it finally "comes into its own."

If you want real achievement, there it is. Refusal to be discouraged by obstacles almost insurmountable, abiding conviction of the great power for good lying dormant in the generous young hearts of our school children throughout the length and breadth of the land, persistent and unwearying effort in the face of the most discouraging of enemies—indifference—and the final attainment of a success even beyond their hopes, that is the story of three pioneers—sponsors of the Canadian Mission Crusade.



## Spiritual Helps for Our Benefactors

Our students pray daily for the welfare and the intentions of our benefactors.

A High Mass is celebrated for their intentions on the first Friday of each month.

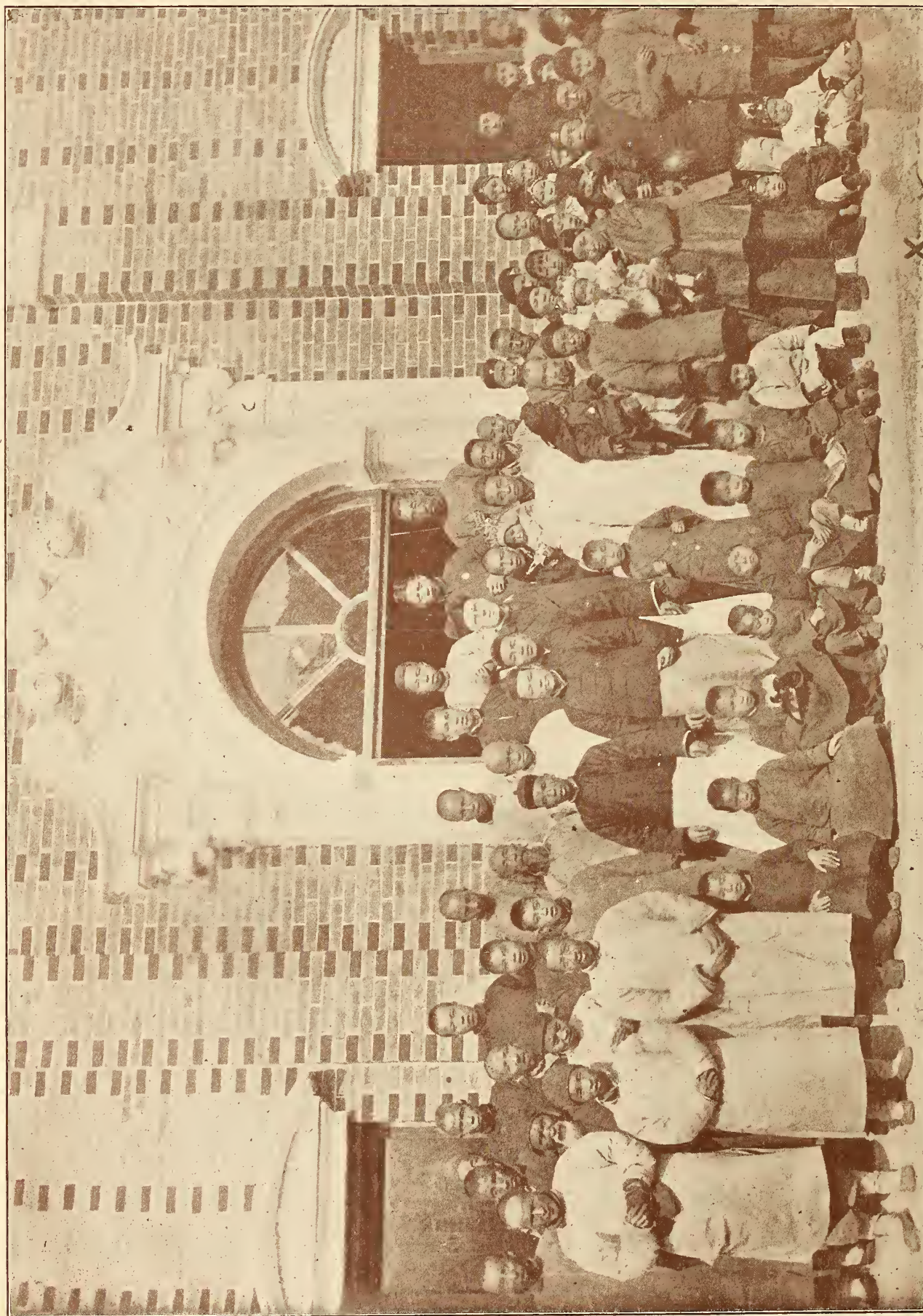
Two novenas of benedictions are offered for them each year.

They receive a remembrance in more than three thousand masses annually.

Special prayers are offered for their intentions, by request, at any time.

They have the consolation of knowing that they will have a great share in the merit of our work for the conversion of pagan souls in China.





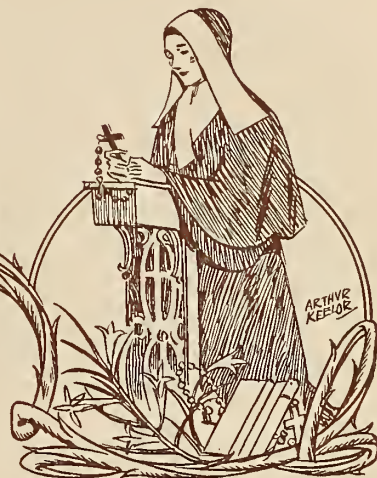
New church and group of Christians, Sungyang. In the centre is Father Wm. Fraser. This church, erected at a cost of \$2,000.00, is the gift of Mrs. Small, of Toronto. The materials were all supplied from our own district, and its construction proved a source of much-needed employment for the people of Sungyang.





# A MODERN MARTYR

By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### In Hong-Kong — Final Preparation.

From Singapore our missionary proceeded to Hong-Kong, where he arrived after a long and tedious passage on board an English sailing-ship. The joy he experienced on landing made him exclaim, "I feel all the more keenly how great a rest it will be to quit this stormy sea of the world, and to repose in our good God!" He was a little disappointed not to find at Hong-Kong the letters which were to fix his future destination but he consoled himself with the thought that he was not yet fit for the heavy charge of the apostolate. A still greater disappointment arose from finding no letters from home—not even one from his sister! He felt this keenly and his loneliness pressed upon him heavily for the first few weeks. When tidings from his family at length arrived, he broke into a song of joy to his father, as follows:—

"Oh, your letters did me so much good! I love them as one loves the dew after great heats, as the traveller in the desert rejoices at the green oasis where he and his camels can rest and find shade and water. For we poor missionaries live, as it were, in a desert, and that always. When we get news of our loved ones at home, of our country, of our friends, how happy it makes us! I feel a thousand times stronger when I have read and re-read your dear letters, for your sympathy fortifies and encourages me. I no longer feel alone in my sacrifice; others share in it and live, as it were, with me in thought and heart. God be praised for the home-love in which I have been cradled and for the dear friends He has given me! I am as a branch of a tree, and no longer dried up by being separated from the parent stem, for the same loving sap runs through us all. God is surely very good to our human hearts, which He has formed, and of which He knows the yearnings and the weaknesses; and then He is the same in China as in France, and what do we want beside Him on earth or in Heaven!"

Fr. Venard stayed fifteen months at Hong-Kong. During this time he

devoted himself to learning the Chinese language, in itself a most arduous and wearisome task, for the different dialects are innumerable, and though he put his whole heart into it, yet his health, which was affected by the great heat, often prevented his studying. When this was the case he used to take long walks by the seashore or in the mountains, trying to become acquainted with the people and their habits and although their hypocrisy and vanity often disgusted him, still the modesty of the women, and their careful decency in dress and manner, often contrasted favorably with the customs of his own countrywomen. What drove him almost to despair was the bad example given to the natives by Europeans calling themselves Christians, who, as he expressed it, "wherever they went, spoiled God's work."

Writing to Father Dallet about the Chinese insurrection, he says, "Nothing can be more terrible at this moment than the state of China. But the melancholy thing is that European agents are at the bottom of it, and vainly expect, by coquetting with the rebels, to promote a Protestant movement among the people. Never was there such a delusion! . . . The worst of it is that it all adds to the hatred of the Chinese toward strangers; so that when the Emperor succeeds in defeating the rebels, which is inevitable, his vengeance will fall on the Europeans, and especially on the missionaries. . . . You ask me, 'What are the rebels about?' Nobody knows. The French and the English papers write long articles, and give their readers astounding intelligence of battle fought and won, and develop grand theories as to the future of the Chinese Empire; but they are all the dreams of editors. Every one laughs at them here, for there is not a word of truth in their statements; and as to the marvellous changes which this rebellion is to bring about, I think they will find that the mountain has brought forth a mouse! They talk, too, of the energetic representations by the French and the English ministers in favor of Christianity; all this is pure invention. The

spirit of Constantine and of St. Louis is far from being that of modern governments, which have all become more or less atheistical under the influence of Protestant, rationalistic, and infidel doctrines; expediency is their watchword. As for us, in God alone is our hope and succor. Let us pray, then, more and more fervently for the conversion of the infidels."

The numbers of letters which we find written by Theophane to his old friend, Father Dallet, prove that their affection had not been cooled by distance or separation. We give an extract from one written on the 26th of September, 1853:—

"You ask me, dear old friend, if you live as much as ever in my remembrance. Oh yes, quite as much! I love you with a special and devoted attachment, and you must not be scandalized at it. It is surely allowable to have a warm, particular friendship, especially when one is so far away from its object, and the community will not be the sufferers. I have a full belief and confidence that God does not disapprove of it; for it is in Him and for Him that our hearts have been united. It is not the evil which is in us that unites us in this tender bond of love, but our higher and better aspirations. Let us, then, be forever one, my dearest brother, united in the same work, devoted to the same cause, humble disciples of the same Master. . . . Our feet toil painfully here on earth, but our thoughts soar above. . . . My bishop wrote to me, just before I left Paris, 'I pray for you to our dear Lord, that your devotion may daily become more perfect, that your holocaust may be complete, and that having embarked in so great a work, you may persevere in it after the manner of the saints. Do not be an Apostle by halves, my dear child.' . . . Now I have these words always before me, and they give me courage and strength; and I have copied them for you that you may use them too. . . . I have been laughing at the idea of your beard, of which you fancy I shall be envious; but I assure you my moustache is quite enough for me.

(Continued on page 71)



## AN APPEAL FROM FATHER SERRA.



"We are not free from troubles," writes Father Serra from Lungchuan, where he and Father Kam are working together, "but they are only slight. Christianity at Lung-

chuan is gaining ground and the number of catechumens is increasing.

"The corner-stone for the new church, gift of an anonymous benefactor, will be placed on a spot between the white house (see picture) and the very dark one which at present serves for a chapel.

"Between the pagoda, in the right side of the picture, and the very big tree behind there is a piece of land that is now for sale. It is very urgently needed. We have at present no place for a school, no room for the women or for the catechumens.

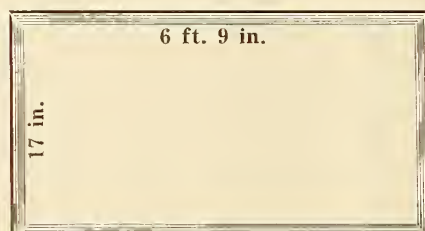
"A few years ago the pagan people spent one thousand dollars in repairing the pagoda shown in the picture. It is really only a tower in which was placed a gigantic bell which rings every morning and every evening in honor of the devil. If we had a thousand dollars we could erect a school and place a bell, not as big perhaps as the devil's bell, but one whose sound will open the doors of Heaven to many souls. If we can buy that piece of land the school will be opened right

away and also a place for the women and the catechumens. Eventually, we hope, it will be reserved as a convent for the sisters. The school is the means of keeping the children in the Church and through them the parents are often converted.

"Those who help us buy that piece of land will do a great deal towards strengthening the faith in Lungchuan and will receive a rich share of the spiritual reward.

"Yours sincerely in Christ,  
R. SERRA."

We shall be pleased to forward to Father Serra any contributions that may be received to help him establish his school in the newly erected parish of Lungchuan. It is Father Serra's first appeal, and owing to the cramped and inadequate mission quarters, it is really an urgent one.



"If you have any old altar cloths to be discarded, make them into altar cloths to fit an altar of the above size, which is the average size of the altars in our several stations. Two cloths can be about the above size and without lace, for underneath, and the upper cloth a little wider and much longer and with lace. You can send them with the next missionaries coming out. We can make use of as many of these cloths as you can find, but we have plenty of the smaller altar linen."

The above is from a recent letter of Father Fraser. Some of our friends may be able to help supply this need.

## A WORD FROM FATHER KAM.



"After our retreat," writes Father Kam, "I visited Tsing-tien missions for over a month and then set out for Chuchow where I spent a busy time packing

up in preparation for my departure to Lungchuan. After five days I hired a rowboat. It took me five days and a half to cover about eighty miles up stream against the current and rapids. The Christians were overjoyed to see me. After a rest I started out for a visitation of the places allotted to our care.

"We are about to begin building our new church and have contracted for 70,000 bricks and 90,000 tiles. So in the following months the days will go too fast, in fact ever since my arrival at Lungchuan both of us have found the weeks go very fast, not to speak of the days. I think this is a good sign."

## ST. CLARE'S CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

We wish to express our gratitude to the Christian Mothers of St. Clare's Parish, Toronto, for their kindness in providing tickets for all our priests and students for the Pageant, "Christ the King."

It is not the first occasion on which we are indebted to the good Christian Mothers of St. Clare's. For several years now they have paid an annual "Santa Claus" visit to the Seminary, laden with all kinds of good things. This latest gracious act of kindness on their part is but a further proof of their kindly interest in our boys who are preparing for China. We can assure them that it is deeply appreciated. May God bless them for their charity, so beautifully reminiscent of the ages of faith.



The white building on the left is the Mission Residence at Lungchuan. The X marks the site of the cornerstone of the new church. On the right in the direction shown by arrow is the piece of land which Father Serra needs for a school. The pagoda to which he refers is shown outlined in white.

A Kalograph  
of  
The Little Flower  
may now be obtained for only  
one new subscription to  
"CHINA"  
(See back page)



## ✓ FATHER FRASER WRITES.

## Tells of Chinese Superstitions.

Catholic Mission,  
Chuchow, Che.,  
China.

"There are more superstitions practised in China during this, the First Moon," writes Father Fraser, "than at any other part of the year. Last night the Dragon Procession passed our door. Over a hundred men and boys carried a huge, illuminated dragon. First come two square lanterns with inscriptions, presumably his heralds; then buglers to clear his path; then, immediately before him, his lantern bearer, as though he were some great personage! His enormous grinning head, made of gaudily painted paper and lighted up from the inside with many candles, was borne by ten men; the rest of his body in about a hundred sections was carried by as many persons, each section being a large lantern lighted by three candles, the whole serrated body of the monster extending several blocks. The Chinese have not the same idea of the dragon as we; to them he is a most powerful and beneficent deity from whom all good things come. Farmers, especially, pay him great devotion, as he it is, they believe, bestows the abundant rain, so necessary in rice cultivation. The pagans are overjoyed to see him go through the streets, persuaded that his passage will leave a blessing on their homes.

"The other night I witnessed a weird ceremony in a pagan's house. A member of the family had died and had just been buried, and they were now engaged in 'procuring his release from hell.' The general belief is that all who die go to hell, and that the Bonzes alone have the power to deliver them. Bonzes (in Chinese 'Peacemakers') are Buddhist monks, celebrate and vegetarian. In the centre of the floor lay a big, red sheet of paper, on which the bonze had drawn the image of the 'king of hell.' Four roofing tiles, one on each side, represented the four gates of hell. Uttering many ejaculations, answered by a circle of Taoist priests, the bonze, hold-



OUR ALTAR ON EXPOSITION SUNDAY.

The first Sunday of the month is Exposition Sunday at the Seminary. Here in our unpretentious little chapel, far more than in the classroom, future missionaries receive strength for their arduous and lonely life in China.

ing an iron staff in his hand, and wearing peculiar vestments and queer headdress, strode round and round the miniature hell.

"Candles were lighted and incense burned, while attendants kept up a continual tune on shrill flutes. Every now and then superstitious paper representing money, which in the unseen world turns into real cash, was lighted and placed at the front door—a gratification to spirits who might possibly be taking their departure for home. The ceremony lasted several hours, and would take a volume to fully describe. Finally, the bonze, with solemn mien and great show of pomp and authority smashed with his staff, one after another, the 'gates of hell.' He was barefooted, because supposed to have actually gone down to hell during the ceremony. At the crash of the tiles the womenfolk all burst into wails and sobs, visualizing their beloved one issuing from the eternal flames.

"The pagans firmly believe in the efficacy of this ceremony, and if they have a cent at all, do not fail to have it performed for their deceased friends. The pity is that so much devotion and sacrifice is wasted, and so much of the poor people's hard-earned money thrown away on such vain and idolatrous practices, while the God who created and redeemed them is abandoned and unknown.

"Yours faithfully in Christ,  
J. M. FRASER."

## A MODERN MARTYR.

(Continued.)

... Dearest friend, I am afraid you are very much tried in your present mission. If I were only by your side to grasp your hand and share all your troubles, as of old! I know you so well that I feel the more for your peculiar trials. But it is always the same; the gold must pass through the furnace. God will prove and try you, and having fed you with milk, He is now weaning you for stronger and greater things. Don't let us be 'Apostles by halves!' It's a great thing to be a missionary! Our duties are without limit, and imply perfection, if possible. All the miseries you picture to me I feel and see vividly, and my heart bleeds for you. I feel that my own soul is strengthened by suffering, and that from one's very wounds arise greater vigor, firmness, and courage. You tell me of all these sad thing, and you add, 'Happy are those who can keep themselves apart, and live in the still silence of their own hearts with God.' May God pour into your wounds the wine and oil which alone can heal them, and make you taste the sweetness as well as the bitterness of His cross! ... Well, I must stop. My heart could go on forever to you, but my head and hand are tired. I repeat constantly for us both my favorite little ejaculation, 'Jesu, mitis et humilis corde, miserere nobis!' In fact, I say these words so constantly to myself that they have become a habit. I hear you exclaim, 'Ah, he is going to preach again!' No, for once you are wrong. I am not going to give you any more bad advice but try to become more humble and amiable myself. God bless you, dearest friend and brother."

Theophane had many warm college friends besides Father Dallet; and among these we must mention the Abbe Theurel, afterwards Bishop of Acanthus. These links were never broken till the end, for Theophane looked upon them, "as given by God, that each soul might be helped up-

(Continued on page 75.)



# Help Us Spread Devotion to the



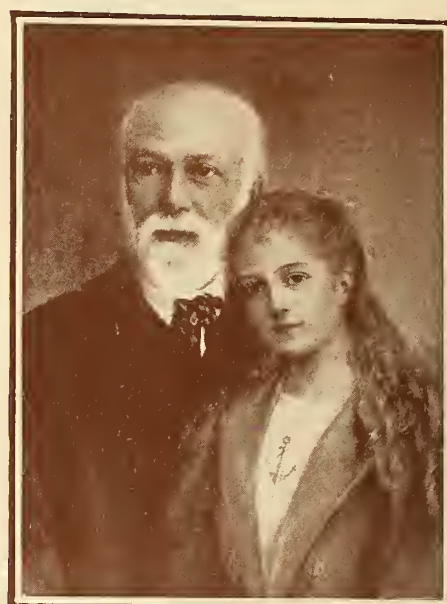
No. 4A (8 x 10) and 4B (4 x 5).  
St. Teresa with her mother, at the age of 4½ years.

*"Oh, how I wish you would die, dear Mamma," she said, and when she was scolded she was quite astonished, and answered: "But I want you to go to Heaven, and you say we must die to go there."*



No. 2A (8 x 10) and 2B (4 x 5).  
At the time of her First Communion. Aged 10.

*"I shall always remember my First Communion Day as one of unclouded happiness. How sweet was the first embrace of Jesus! I felt that I was loved, and I said: 'I love Thee and I give myself to Thee forever'."*



No. 3A (8 x 10) and 3B (4 x 5).  
St. Teresa with her father at the age of 14 years.

*"How shall I make you understand the love that my Father lavished on his little Queen! . . . I could never say how much I loved him. Seeing Papa so cheerful, no suspicion of the terrible trials which awaited him crossed my mind."*



No. 5A (8 x 10) and 5B (4 x 5).  
St. Teresa as a novice.—(From a photograph).

*"A heart given to God loses nothing of its natural affection. On the contrary, this affection grows stronger by becoming purer and more spiritual."*



No. 7A (12 x 16), 7D (7 x 9) and 7E (4 x 5).  
The authentic portrait.

*"I feel that my mission is soon to begin—my mission to make others love God as I love Him . . . I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth."*

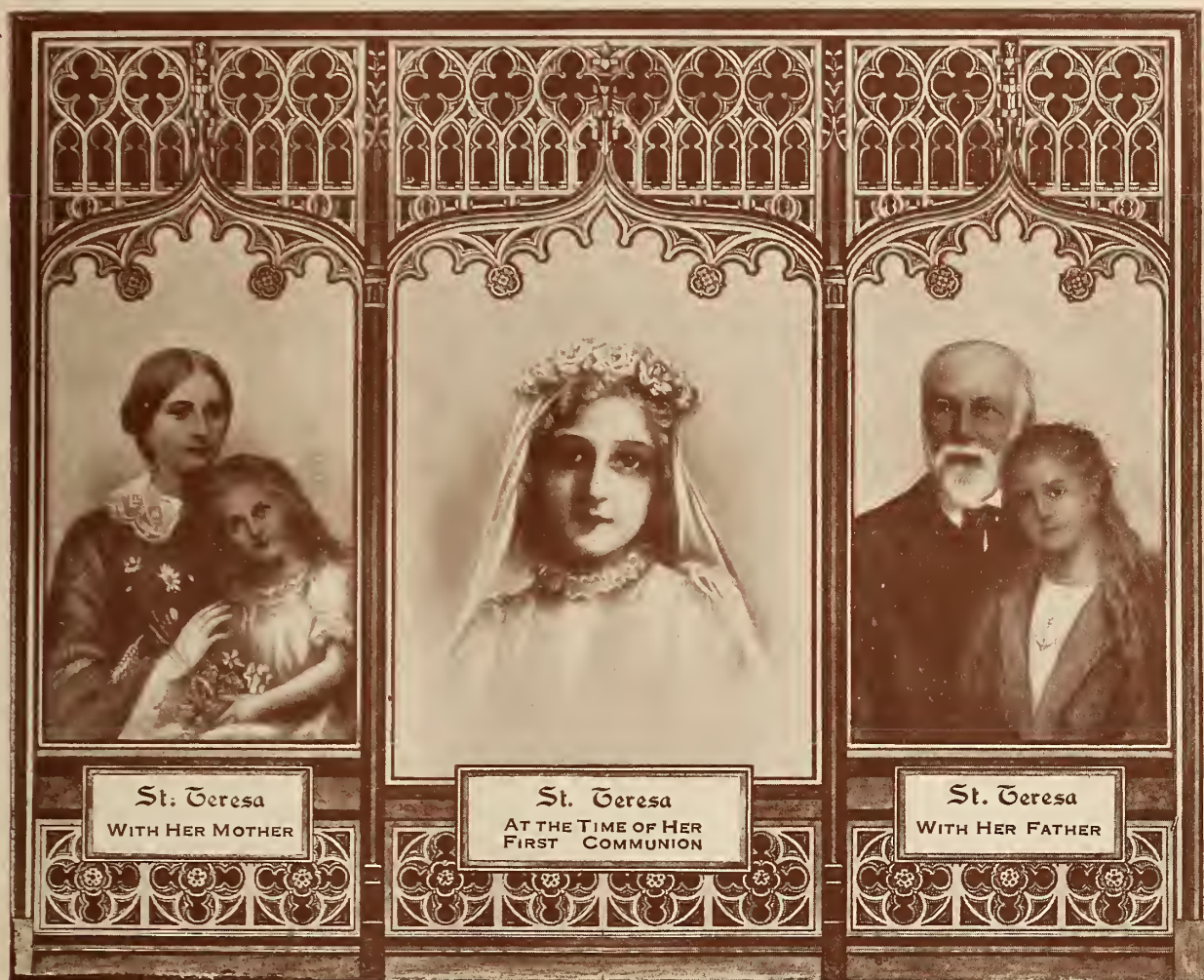


No. 6A (8 x 10) and 6B (4 x 5).  
—(From a painting by Celine).

*"I should like to be a missionary, not for a few years only, but till the end of the world."*



# Patroness of All Missionaries



No. 1A (13 x 16) and 1B (8 x 10)

CHILDHOOD DAYS OF THE LITTLE FLOWER.

A PICTURE, AND A LESSON, FOR THE HOME.

"I feel sure had I been brought up by careless parents I should have become very wicked and perhaps have lost my soul."

## A WORD ABOUT THE KALOGRAPH.

What the KALOGRAPH is, technically, our readers already know. By means of this new Canadian invention it is possible, for the first time in the history of photographic art, to reproduce quickly and at moderate cost, any photo or painting directly upon the surface of a sheet of satin-finished metal.

When we first saw samples of this new process we were at once struck with the beauty and richness of the reproduction. When we learned of its permanence, as proven by tests in the laboratories of Toronto University, our first thought was: "Why not avail of this process to perpetuate something worth while?" We do not know of anything more worth while than the beautiful pictures of the childhood and later life of The Little Flower of Jesus, recently declared by the Holy Father Patroness of all missionaries. We are indebted to Dr. O'Reilly and Dr. Markle of St. Augustine's Seminary, for the majority of the original pictures from which these KALOGRAPHS have been made. Two of them, the authentic portrait (No. 7) and The First Communion picture (No. 2) have been retouched by one of the best artists in North America, one who insisted on reading the whole life and everything he could find relating to The Little Flower before he would even take a brush in hand. Nothing has been spared—neither labor nor expense—to produce a set of pictures worthy of our Little Saint and Patroness and worthy to be perpetuated for all time, as they will be by means of the KALOGRAPH.

As our readers well know, only too often the devotion of our Catholic people is exploited by unscrupulous people

entirely out of sympathy with the spirit of the Catholic faith. At the present moment, for example, there are available many "souvenirs" of The Little Flower, selling at exorbitant prices and making a great deal of money for a well-known class of shrewd business people. As works of art, many of those productions—pictures, medallions, etc.—are sheer monstrosities, the cheapest of the cheap.

Hence, in regard to the KALOGRAPHS of The Little Flower there are two things we wish to avoid, namely, the cheapening of the process by reproducing pictures devoid of artistic value, and secondly, the danger of having it fall into the hands of such unscrupulous vendors who would make our people pay more than double the price at which we are able to place the KALOGRAPHS at your disposal. With this in mind, we have secured a copyright, both in Canada and the United States of all KALOGRAPHS of The Little Flower. For this privilege we are deeply indebted to Mr. Robert Carter, the inventor of the process, who entered wholeheartedly and sympathetically into the idea of thus protecting our readers and protecting ourselves.

Our first idea was to offer KALOGRAPHS, not for sale, but only as premiums for obtaining new subscriptions to CHINA. But friends of ours, who have seen them, and who were not in a position to secure new subscribers, have requested that they be placed on sale as well, for the benefit of readers who may find themselves in the same position and who would like to own a KALOGRAPH. Hence, for those who so desire, these pictures will be available in either way. For complete details please turn to back page.





# News from Far and Near

## THEOPHANE VENARD QUARTER

That the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians is proved in a striking manner at Hanoi, Indo-China, where Blessed Theophane Venard was martyred in 1861. The number of converts is increasing yearly, and in that city an entire section, inhabited by native Catholics, is known as the "Theophane Venard Quarter." Clients of the Little Flower will recall that it was to the Carmelite Convent at Hanoi that she had intended going—but God had other plans.

## "PERILS OF WATERS"

Three Catholic churches were wrecked and a convent belonging to native sisters was partially destroyed as the result of a typhoon and three tidal waves that recently swept the coast near Phat-Diem, Tonkin, Indo-China. Besides the great loss of life and damage to property, hundreds of acres of farm land were ruined for at least three years by the salt water. There are more than 10,000 Catholics in this district.

## THE FRUIT OF XAVIER

The recent entry of the Rt. Rev. Januarius Hayasaka, first native Japanese Bishop, into his episcopal city of Nagasaki recalls the great work done there by St. Francis Xavier. It was there that the great missionary laid the foundation of the fervent Christianity that came triumphantly through the cruel persecutions that swept over Japan from 1615 to 1635. In that time more than 200 missionaries and 300,000 native Catholics were martyred, some of the most ruthless massacres being staged at Nagasaki.

It was in this same city of Nagasaki that the unique discovery of the "lost Christians" took place. Father Petitjean was dedicating his church on March 17, 1865, when he was approached by a number of natives, they were descendants of the Japanese Christians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their faith had been handed down for generations from father to son. In the district there were more than 50,000 who in secret had clung to their beliefs.

Bishop Hayasaka, a native son of Japan, may well be proud of the traditions of his diocese. In his ministry he will be assisted by thirty native priests.

## DIPLOMAT ENTERS MONASTERY

It is too soon to judge the effects of the action of Lou Tseng Tsiang, for-

mer Foreign Minister of China and past President of the Peking Government, in entering the Benedictine monastery of St. Andrew in Switzerland, will have on the intellectual class of China, but they will undoubtedly be in favor of Catholicism. The beginning of his conversion to the Catholic Church may be dated from 1899, when he met a Belgian named Bertha Bolva, whom he later married. His wife, by her example and words, convinced him that Catholicity is the religion most in accordance with man's reason, and he became Catholic. On the death of his wife in 1926 his thoughts turned to the other world, and in October last year he was clothed with the habit of the Benedictine novice. Another Chinese, one who had been secretary of a Catholic Boys' Association, entered the monastery at the same time.

## TROUBLE IN CANTON

As a result of a Communistic attack on the City of Canton, China, the missionary priests of the district were forced to temporarily postpone their annual retreat. The fighting started early in the morning and at the advice of the Rt. Rev. Anthony Fourquet, Vicar-Apostolic of Canton, the visiting priests went aboard a river boat and endeavored to reach Shameen. During the night their boat lay alongside a British battleship, and next day continued the voyage. The fighting lasted three days and the priests then returned to complete their retreat.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, stationed in Canton, went through harrowing experiences during the uprising. Their great anxiety was that the provisions would give out and the orphans would suffer. There was also danger of fire, although the blazing buildings were mostly in the eastern portion of the city. Many of the Chinese, whose homes had been plundered, found shelter in the convent and were very grateful to the Sisters for their protection. On the day after the close of the uprising two Sisters counted twenty-one corpses lying on the street within a distance of five hundred feet. The aftermath of the trouble was: one thousand homes destroyed, ten thousand persons without shelter and hundreds dead.

## NEW VICARS NAMED

The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda announces the following appointments in the Missions in China:

Msgr. Lorenzo Balconi of the Milan Foreign Missionaries is named vicar apostolic of Hanhungfu; and Msgr. Gustave Deswazieres of the Paris Foreign Missionaries is named vicar apostolic of Takhoi.

## PROGRESS IN CHINA.

That the wars, rumors of war, political disruption, and in fact all the troubles, foreign and domestic, with which China has had to contend since the Boxer uprising in 1900, is a national evolution through which China has to pass before it can take its place on an equal basis with the great nations of the modern world, is the opinion voiced by George E. Anderson in the Commonwealth. Other nations took centuries to reach their present status and China, long overlooked, is now taking gigantic strides in order to come abreast. No one will deny that China has advanced, but social, economic and political progress in a country of over four hundred million people cannot be unduly hurried. The process of evolution is continuing, and, unless misdirected by opportunists, it will bring China to an enviable greatness.

## PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The annual sessions of the International Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith were held in Rome recently. This society, founded one hundred and six years ago, is practically the sole source of revenue for many missionaries in foreign countries. The amount collected by the society in the United States last year was \$1,126,871.71, an increase of 10 per cent. over that of the previous year.

## ECHOES OF BOXER UPRISING

Now that the cause of Father Alberico Crescitelli, martyr in the Chinese Boxer uprising of 1900, is being introduced, it is reported that the cases of other victims of the persecution will be investigated.

## VILLAGE CONVERTED

The liturgical beauty of High Mass recently converted a whole village in the Prefecture of Lishien, China. For months the people of the village had been inquiring about Catholicism, and after being permitted to assist at High Mass they sought admission to the Church. The solemnity of the ritual and the devotion of the Chinese Catholics impressed them greatly.



## A MODERN MARTYR

(Continued)

wards by mutual love in the heavenly race." After some weeks spent at Hong-Kong, Fr. Theurel left for Tong-king, leaving Theophane to follow him later. This separation with the last of his fellow-travellers was very trying to our missionary, who consoled himself by writing certain stanzas in honor of his friend. He always had a great taste and talent for poetry, and often used to say that he had to guard himself, like Father Faber, lest it should absorb him too much. Other friends from the Paris Seminary soon joined him, among whom was Father Chapdelaine, who was much older than Theophane, being about forty. Theophane describes Fr. Chapdelaine as "a Norman, with an iron constitution, frank, gay, and loyal in character, a capital companion, and above all, a holy and courageous missionary." Writing to Fr. Dallet, he adds, "Father Chapdelaine (who sends you his best love, by the by) is only waiting till his little lodging is prepared, to start. He is the healthiest, the most active, and the jolliest of us all; and Father Barid might well say on his birthday that he had 'the rosiness of perpetual youth.'" After a few years of arduous toil in the mission of Kwang-si, this joyous, ardent spirit received in 1856 the crown of martyrdom! But he is anticipating.

It was in the month of February, 1854, that Father Venard received his orders for the Western district of Tong-king. He wrote at once to express his joy to Fr. Barran, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary at Paris.

"Very Rev. Father Superior,—Tong-king for China, I shall not lose much by the exchange! I should have liked any mission which was awarded me; but that of Tong-king, under the care of Bishop Retord, so full of holy associations and blessed recollections, oh, this is indeed the post I should most ardently have coveted! I love it as being the heritage which the great Father has awarded to me. I love it because it is the grandest mission of all, 'the Diamond of Asia,' as a poet has called it. When I was at Paris, and so unhappy at being left behind, when my brothers had all been sent to their respective destinations, Fr. Albrand, to console me, said, 'Do not be cast down, this is not a case of *tarde venientibus ossa*!'—I like to think of this, and I beg of you to express my gratitude to that dear, good Father for all his kindness towards me."

Theophane wrote also to his family. "Well, my dear people, I am going to Tong-king. There the venerable Charles Cornay died a martyr. I do not say that the same fate is reserved for me; but if you will only pray ardently, perhaps God may grant me a like grace. . . . I am not going to China, which I have seen as Moses saw the promised land; but I must guide my boat to another shore, a shore on which Frs. Schoeffler and Bonnard (one on the 1st of May, 1851, the other on the 1st of May, 1852) obtained the martyr's palm. It is in the Annamite country, which includes Tong-king, and Cochinchina,



MAILING TIME.

It usually takes two nights each month to wrap and sort "China" after it has come from the addressing machines.

China, where the spirit of persecution is most active. A price is put on the head of each missionary, and when one is found, they put him to death without hesitation. But God knows His own, and only to those whom He chooses is the grace of martyrdom given. One is taken and the other left; and there as everywhere His Holy Will is done. In spite of the violence and the universality of the persecution there, the missions are the most flourishing. 'Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum.' We run the risk likewise of being cut off by pirates in the passage from Hong-Kong to Tong-king; but that must be as God permits. . . . This mission, to which I am appointed, is indeed a great one,—in its organization and in the number and fervor of its converts, who amount to upwards of 150,000 souls; greater still in its hopes; in its native clergy, who number 80 priests, and 1,200 catechists; in its religious communities, for there

are upwards of 600 Sisters; in its seminaries, with more than 300 students; in its chief pastor, of whom the highest praise that can be given is, that since his episcopate, he has added 40,000 sheep to his fold. Is not that a noble escort with which to mount to Heaven? a beautiful crown for all eternity? I cannot tell you with what impatience I am looking forward to being under so holy a bishop, to be initiated by him into the apostolic ministry, to be trained in his school, and to march, as a simple soldier, under the orders of so great a general. There are already six missionaries under him from the Foreign Mission Seminary. May I make a worthy seventh! And then think of the martyrs,—those real glories of Tong-king, those immortal flowers gathered by our Lord's own hand in the garden of His predilection. These martyrs are the patrons and protectors of the mission; their blood, shed in the great cause, is always pleading for us before God, and the remembrance of their triumph gives fresh courage to those who are still in the strife. Only think what an honor and what a happiness it would be for your poor Theophane, if God deigned, . . . you understand. 'Te Deum laudamus . . . Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus!'

He wrote also to his old friend, Father Dallet; and as if martyrdom was the great object of his life, he exclaimed, "Only a few years ago Frs. Galy and Berneux were seized on their arrival at Tong-king; if the same luck could only befall us! Oh, dear old friend, every time the thought of martyrdom comes across me, I thrill with joy and hope! But then this better part is not given to all. I dare not aspire to so brilliant a crown, but I cannot help feeling a longing and sighing for such a grace. You do not forget our mutual prayer. It has for me an inexpressible charm. Pray, pray for your poor little friend, who never forgets you, no, not for a single day!"

To his brother Henry he wrote, "How well I understand what you meant when you said, 'Eusebius has arrived fresh and well, so that we (Continued on page 77)

## REMEMBER

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## CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs - Ont.

See back page





### APPLICATION OF WORDS WITH MEANING.

Teacher—"Give me a sentence using the words 'handsome' and 'ransom.'"

The one answer follows:

The tom cat would sit on the sewing machine,

So tall, and grave and "handsome,"

Until he got ten stitches in his tail,

And then you bet he "ransom."

### DANGEROUS.

A visitor was being shown over a great cotton mill by the proprietor, who proudly displayed some of the fabrics produced. Holding up a piece of printed calico, he said: "Our latest pattern. Excellent work, isn't it?" "It's all right," said the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we turn out in my works!" "Same line?" asked the host, somewhat offended. "No," replied the other; "gunpowder."

### Haunting Memory.

A certain golfer who is so completely absorbed in his pastime that mere domestic matters have long ceased to trouble him, has a small son named William.

One evening, upon returning from the country club, his wife remarked, "William tells me he was caddying for you all afternoon."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the astonished man. "Well, now that you mention it, I thought I had seen that boy before."—The Outlook.

### GONE.

Teacher (meeting pupil on street)—"And how is your brother?"

Willie—"Please ma'am, I haven't no brother."

Teacher—"Willie, where's your grammar?"

Willie—"She went down to Philadelphia last week."

### A KIND WORD OF PRAISE.

Meeting his pet enemy on Main Street one day, Jim observed affably:

"I was sayin' some good things about you to a man this mornin'."

"You was."

"Ya'as. I said you had the best cattle an' sheep of any farmer I knowed. An' what was more, I said that pair o' horses o' yours was the finest in Franklin County—worth at least \$800."

"Who'd you say it to?" queried the flattered foe.

"The tax assessor."

### HONOR AMONG HUSBANDS.

It was their first separation and he promised faithfully, when he started in the morning on a twenty-mile automobile trip to another town, that he would return in time for dinner at 7 o'clock.

But 7 o'clock found him still absent, and the clock kept steadily on until the hour of 10 was registered, and still no husband.

At last the now frantic bride sent telegrams to five of his friends living in towns that he might pass through, asking: "Is John spending the night with you?"

The husband reached home at midnight with a broken automobile trailing behind the wagon that had brought him home.

A few minutes later one after another the answers to the five telegrams arrived: Each one said: "Yes, John is spending the night with me."

The age of loyalty has not passed by.

### Too Expensive.

Plumber — "Yer wife phoned me to come get her diamond ring out of the drain-pipe."

Householder — "Never mind—never mind—I'll get her a new diamond." — Chatham News.



Absent-minded Auctioneer (uncertain as to next lot): "Now, gentlemen, what am I bid for this next lot . . . er"

Assistant (helpfully): "Three spades."

Absent-minded Auctioneer: "Thank you sir. Three spades bid, gentlemen. Will anyone say three no trump?"—"The Goblin."

The old lady in the confectionery was getting impatient at the lack of service. Finally she rapped sharply on the counter:

"Here, young lady," she called. "Who waits on the nuts?"



## A MODERN MARTYR.

(Continued from page 75.)

are almost a complete family party.' And I, poor little I, on the contrary, am going farther and farther away! Ah! I assure you my thoughts travel back to St. Loup very, very often, and the tears come into my eyes when I think of you all and our happy home, and all the joys of my childhood and youth. Never since my departure have I known family happiness and real love; such things are not to be met with every day! But I expected it. I felt that it was inevitable. All I can hope is, that after the wound will come the healing. Every age, every position has its cares, its pains, and its bitternesses. Nothing except what comes from God is good here below; but we have much to thank Him for, and especially for the grace which makes us His friends. . . . Do not think of me as sad; on the contrary, I am very happy and bright; when one is working and living for God, one's heart is at ease. And you, you say, are all day scribbling on musty papers. Well, office life has its charms for some. For me, had I not chosen a different path, I should have preferred to work in the fresh air. The day's shooting you tell me of brought back such pleasant recollections of the good old times. I could have fancied myself there! At Tong-king I wonder what I shall find. Not much game, I fancy. Well, one finds our good God everywhere, and He is our happiness and our joy. There is no use in being sad, so that in the midst of discouragement and disgust, and every kind of mental suffering, one must try to take one's heart in both hands, and force it to cry out, 'Welcome joy all the same!' The soul finds itself in such a different state at different times; some days, gay and calm, and at ease; other days, sad and weary, and broken-hearted. This is the case with everybody who is not a phenomenon. I believe it is the struggle between the upper and lower parts of our nature. When our better half triumphs, we are at peace; but when we let ourselves go, and yield to our natural inclinations, then comes a state of disorder, of anxiety, of longing after the impossible, of dissatisfaction with our lot and with the position in which God has seen fit to place us. This state of mind must be vigorously resisted, for it obscures our judgment and falsifies our ideas. Now there are certain things which strengthen the ascendancy of evil thoughts in us, and these are bad companions, bad books, a forgetfulness of daily duties, and consequent



THE BOILER ROOM GANG.

No, there are not five, but three, and two are specially close friends. "Ginger" (centre) is the only hard-boiled member of the family. All summer and until late fall he lives in the fields and his special diet consists of field mice and birds. With the coming of frost and snow, however, he makes overtures for winter board and lodging only to depart again with the advent of early summer.

vicious habits. But of all these, bad books are the worst. They are the plague of the present day. A book is bad not only when it contains impure and immoral thoughts, but when it gives false ideas, pretending to judge of everything, to ridicule everything sacred or venerable. Such books are all the worse when they are beautifully written, as they often are; they vitiate the taste and give a disgust for all healthy food. I knew a young man in the navy whose mind had been completely poisoned by this kind of reading; and when he came to realize the evil of it, you cannot imagine how he expressed himself to me about these pernicious books. My dearest brother, forgive me for saying all this; but I know your passion for reading, and all I venture to say is, do not play with poison."

To his favorite sister he added a few words of farewell. She had told him that having, for fun, drawn lots at Christmas as to who should represent the different personages at the Nativity, she had drawn the name of "Mary"; but Theophane's lot had fallen on that of the ass. In reply, Theophane says gaily, "I am very much pleased at the portion awarded me in your drawing. I am to be the ass. Very well. I won't accuse you of a little bit of mischief in the matter, but accept my part. The ass knows how to bray; that is to teach me to be a good trumpeter of the Gospel. The ass receives blows without complaint: may his patience be my model. Again, the poor animal is treated with scorn and derision, his very name is the reverse of a compliment; but he goes on his way just the same. Well, like him, I must disregard human opinion, cultivate humility, bear to be despised, and follow my Lord and Master everywhere, always, and in spite of all. As for

you, my darling little sister, you have indeed chosen the better part. Guard it carefully. It is a life of recollection, of union with God. I fancy your sitting like Mary at Bethany, at the feet of Jesus, listening to His Word,—gentle, attentive, loving, and caring nothing for the world outside. Your life must be not only the active one of Martha, but the contemplative one of Mary, for both were united in the Mother of our dear Lord. The true science of piety, in fact, consists in reconciling these two. I know you love best to be Mary, but when duty compels you to act as Martha did, do not be only Martha, full of anxiety, and 'careful about much serving.' Do the works of Martha with the spirit of Mary; let the interior life leaven the exterior, conforming your will to the Will of Jesus. Dearest sister, imitate His holy Mother, and you will be indeed perfect."

(To be continued.)



MASTER LEO. CHRISTIE,  
Claraday, Ont., one of our youthful missionary  
friends.

## GOOD-BYE

No, we're not leaving for China, but "China" is saying farewell to those of its readers for whom this will be the last issue. And "China" does not like good-byes. It much prefers the other greeting, "Pleased to make your acquaintance."

## LAST MONTH

Still further subscriptions "fell by the wayside." We know the separation of "China" and its procrastinating friends "is wrought by want of thought" more than "by want of heart," but that doesn't make the parting more pleasant.

## YOU MAY BE IN DANGER.

Fifty cents will ensure the arrival of your "China" for another year. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"



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## BISHOP SUN

Bishop Sun has been asked to take over the direction of a grammar school, in one of the sub-prefectures of the Prefecture Apostolic of Lishien, by the officials in charge of public education. The school would have the moral support of the officials of the district. Christian doctrine would be obligatory for Catholics and optional for others. The building and furnishings would be supplied by the officials and the current expenses would devolve on the Bishop. Bishop Sun is one of the six Chinese bishops consecrated by Pope Pius XI.

## BANDITS.

Bandits recently captured Father Hugon, S. J., in the district of Hai-Tcheu, north of Kinson, China, according to a report. These bandits have gained control of the district and defy both civil and military authorities. We are very thankful that our district of Chu-Chow is practically free of them.

## SISTER DECORATED

Shortly before her death Sister Antoine of the Order of St. Paul de Chartres was given the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The decoration was bestowed by the French Republic in recognition of her life work: the care of cripples, foundlings, lepers and the aged. Sister Antoine died recently in Tongking, China.

## CONTRIBUTIONS

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received between Feb. 11th and April 1st:

Brandon and Souris Parishes, Man., per Rev. T. B. Grace, \$100; St. Patrick's Mission Circle, Sherbrooke, P.Q., \$100; Catholic Women's League, Toronto, to furnish student's room, \$100; Immaculate Conception Church, Winnipeg, \$77.84; C.C.S.M.C., St. Peter's School, Toronto, \$60; St. Patrick's Euchre, Lancaster, Ont., per Mrs. John Lapierre and Mrs. Frances Cholette, \$47.03; St. John's Church Portage La Prairie, Man., \$35.25; Rev. F. A. Cacciola, P.P., Bar Haven, Nfld., \$32; St. Edward's Church, Winnipeg, \$30; Girls' Sociality, Kearney, Ont., \$29.20; Ten Priests' Fund, Antigonish Diocese, for educating students, \$25; J. M. Dooley, \$25; St. James Parish, Toronto, per Rev. W. P. Heydon, \$21.97; St. Joseph's Parish, South March, Ont., per Rev. J. Cunningham, \$21; St. Anthony's Church, West Kildonan, Man., \$20.56; St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, \$20; "Lover of China," \$20; Rev. J. Paquin, S. J., \$15; St. James' School, Toronto, \$15; P. W., Toronto, \$15; St. Ann's Convent, Renfrew, \$14.60; St. Mary's School, Winnipeg, \$13; Miss Loretta Hickey, \$12.

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J. Scanlon, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Hilliard, \$1.00; Miss P. Slaney, \$1.00; Anon., \$2.00; Miss M. O'Shaughnessy, \$2.50; Bond's Bath School, Nfld., \$1.00; Miss B. Conway, \$2.00; Mrs. Jas. McGrath, \$3.00; Miss B. McMahon, \$2.00; Miss A. Dawzy, \$3.00; Mrs. Mary E. Broderick, \$1.00; Mrs. Alice Beacher, \$1.50; Friend, Sherbrooke, P.Q., \$1.00; Paul Meyer, \$3.00; Mrs. M. Fagan, \$3.00; St. Mary's Chapel, Kensington, \$4.00; Miss R. Blainey, \$2.00; Mrs. J. O'Grady, \$1.00; Miss Mary McDonnell, \$1.00; Mrs. Hamilton, \$3.00; St. Bridget's School, Lourdes, N.S., \$2.00; Miss E. Malloy, \$2.00; M. Box (Raymond La Foret, Marie Johns, James and Joseph Boyle), \$3.00; T. J. Kelly, \$2.50; Friend, Kingston, \$1.00; Miss K. Bird, \$2.00; Miss T. Crilly, \$2.00; Mrs. J. H. Mosack, \$3.00; Mr. Albert Briand, \$1.00; Mrs. T. Mowry, \$1.00; Master H. Jordan, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Dolan, \$2.00; Miss B. O'Connor, \$1.50; Miss C. McDonald, \$1.20; Mrs. D. Ferguson, \$1.00; Leo Freeman,

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Donations received after April 1st will appear in June "China." Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

This picture was taken April 1st, 1928, the day of the last game for the season. And that's no April fool story.



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# EDITORIAL PAGE CHINA

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Editor - Rev. Wm. C. McGrath



Vol. IX.

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St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

Board of Control: Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; Rt. Rev. Michael F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London; Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterboro; Very Rev. J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

Mission Superior in China: Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.Ap.

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Two of our students, Rev. Lawrence Beal and Rev. Desmond Stringer, are to be ordained to the Priesthood this month. And this fall there will be another band of three missionaries ready to leave for China. Our men in the field are jubilant over the prospect of much-needed reinforcements for Chuchow.

\* \* \*

We have already received several applications from new students for admission to our seminary next year. If you are thinking of joining our little band send along your application soon. Space for next year promises to be at a premium.

\* \* \*

There is great activity and much "employment" in our mission of Lungchuan just now. Work on the new church is in full swing under the direction of Father William Fraser. Father Serra is pastor of Lungchuan with Father Kam as his assistant.

\* \* \*

## JUST A WISH.

"If somebody would only leave you a million dollars and endow your seminary!" It was a good friend of ours who made this remark a short time ago. "Your financial worries", he continued, "would be at an end".

We like the spirit that prompted the wish. It is whole-hearted, but it just needs to be directed into the right channels.

\* \* \*

First of all, we don't wish to have our seminary endowed. We do not just "feel", but we

know that an endowment that would set all our "financial worries" at rest would be anything but a blessing. It would eliminate from our work one of its most vital and consoling features, and that is a trust in Divine Providence, that God will continue to supply our wants FROM DAY TO DAY as He has done unfailingly in the past.

\* \* \*

And again, we have no "worries" in regard to matters of finance. There are problems at times. We know that we shall never possess a large bank account, but work is being done in China and students are being prepared for missionary life there and those are the things that matter. As long as a kind Providence provides us with sufficient to carry on we really have no reason to worry. We know that if we but do our part that He who takes care of the birds of the air will not see us want. And with this assurance we can direct our energies to the welfare of our work without a care for the morrow.

\* \* \*

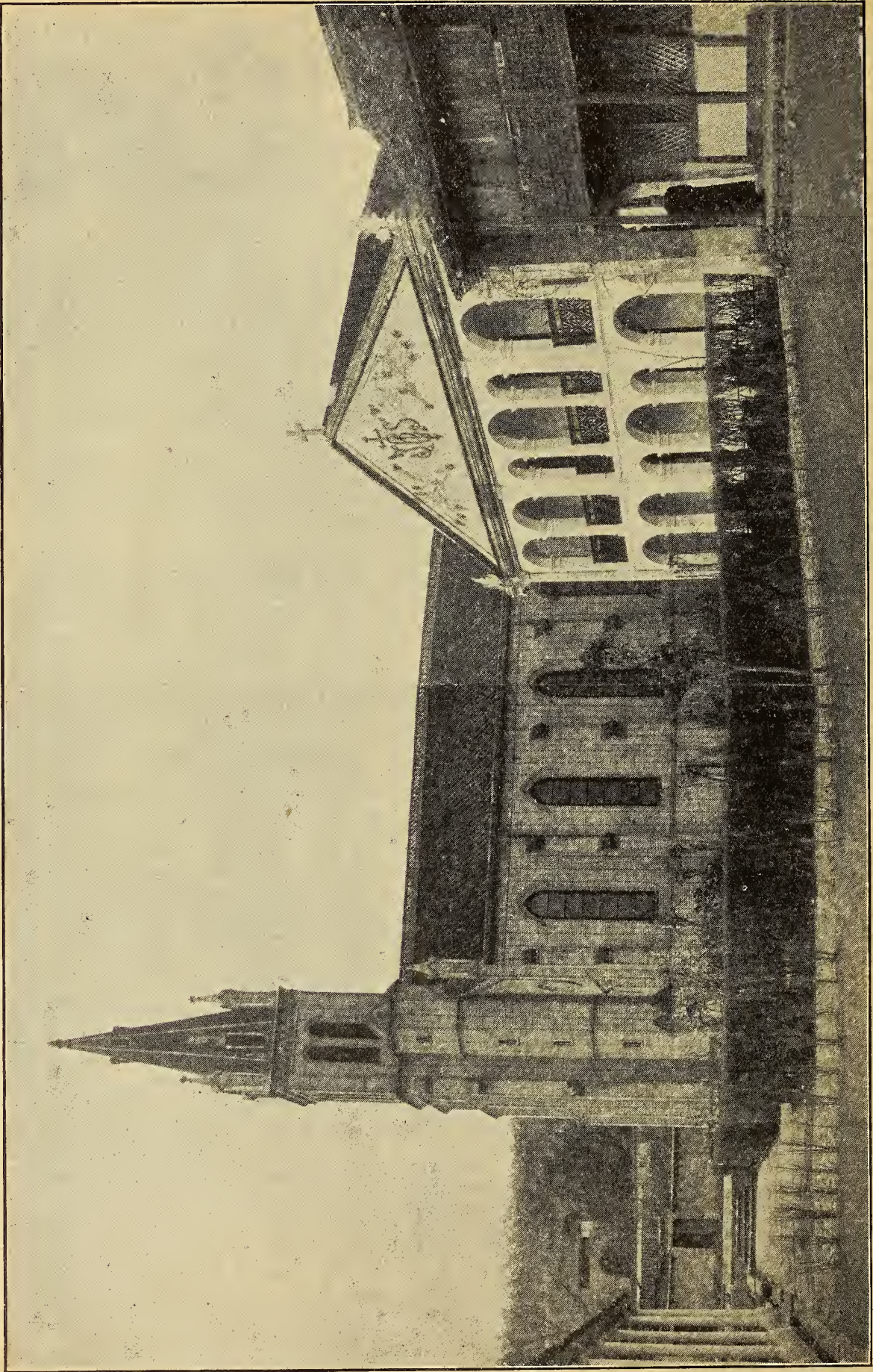
And so, dear friends, when you see a shooting star and make a big wish in our regard let it be not that someone will leave us a million dollars but that God will inspire many generous young souls to join us and work for the conversion of China. Good zealous young priests, and many of them, that is our greatest need. God will take care of them when they come.

## THE LITTLE FLOWER PICTURES.

Our friends are very enthusiastic over the artistic merit of the Kalograph pictures of St. Teresa, and many critics have told us that there is absolutely nothing in this country or in the United States that can compare with three of them for artistic value and fidelity to the originals. The three in question are The Authentic Portrait, The Crucifix and the Roses (just finished and not yet shown in CHINA) and The First Communion picture.

This may seem exaggerated but when you consider that we obtained from Dr. O'Reilly and Dr. Markle of St. Augustine's the very best pictures that they themselves could secure right in Lisieux, and then had these retouched, recreated perhaps we should say, after a study of every picture available, by one of the best artists in North America, it is not surprising that there is nothing else like them now available. The art work on these pictures runs into hundreds of dollars. We have them copyrighted in Canada to prevent their falling into commercial hands and they are available to our readers almost at cost price. We shall not make any money on the turnover of Kalograph pictures but we are happy to contribute something worth while towards the spread of devotion to The Little Flower in Canada.





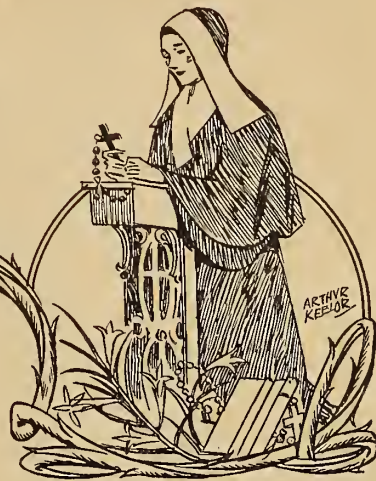
CHURCH AND MISSION RESIDENCE, CHUCHOW.

On the right, standing, is Father Morrison. In return for showing them how to harness the water power of the river and convert it into electricity, the Chinese gave free light for church and house to one of our predecessors, a French priest, who had been formerly an electrical engineer. We still enjoy the privilege.





# A MODERN MARTYR



By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *Arrival at Tong-king.*

On the 26th of May, 1854, Theophane Venard, with an older missionary who was returning to Tong-king, said good-bye to Hong-Kong, and as the wind was favorable, a few hours' sail brought them to Macao, where they were most kindly and hospitably entertained by the Spanish Dominicans. Fr. Venard, speaking of this town, says, "When the Portuguese were masters of the sea, Macao was an important place. Ships of all nations were anchored in its harbor, and it was the centre and emporium of all the European commerce with China. The numberless missionaries who have watered the Chinese soil with their blood all started from Macao, whence they spread themselves to the remotest confines of this great empire. Portugal had a noble mission assigned to her by Providence, but she misunderstood and rejected it. This brought her downfall, and it seemed as if God had broken her as one breaks a useless or worn-out instrument. The kings of the earth have never gained anything in their strifes with the Church of Jesus Christ and against His vicar on earth, and their victory is magnificently rendered in the Psalms, 'Et nunc, reges, intelligite; erudimini qui iudicatis terram.'\* Macao is indeed a ruin. There is a governor, it is true; but he has no longer any *prestige*. Soldiers still mount guard but their number is miserably small, and no one has any money to pay them. There are fine houses, but those which are not shut up are occupied by English or Americans. A rich Portuguese scarcely exists; but the poor actually swarm. The Chinese alone still maintain some kind of trade. Hong-Kong gave the death blow to Macao. There are a few curious things to be seen in the old colony, among them the tomb of Camoens, buried between two rocks in the midst of the most beautiful scenery, just such as one might imagine should be the grave of a poet. This tomb forms the principal ornament of a garden, which, unfortunately, is poorly kept. It is a place much frequented by strangers, and

some of them have had the bad taste to cut their names in the rock; others (among whom, I am sorry to say, are some French sailors) have written stupid and even indecent rhymes on the slab above."

On the 2nd of June our two missionaries left Macao, and we read the following account of their journey in the letters of Theophane to his family:—

"Tong-king,

*The Eve of St. John, June 23, 1854.*

My Dearest Brothers,—To you I am going to write my first Tong-king letter. I arrived safe and sound at the mission of the Spanish Dominican Fathers, and I write now to give you some details of our voyage. Fr. Legrand and I embarked at Macao on the 2nd of June, towards evening. We thought our Chinese captain would weigh anchor immediately. Not a bit of it. A Chinaman will never do anything directly. They had to deliberate as to the voyage, consult the Devil, take precautions against pirates, etc. We were to sail in company with other Chinese junks; but the Chinese mistrust one another, and before making an actual start, they feign to go several times, to see if

the other ships are ready and trustworthy. There we were, two poor European missionaries, among a people who don't admire anything from Europe, and who are always ready to insult those who do not inspire them with fear. We were thrust into a little hole where we could only sit or lie down, breathing foul air, and covered with vermin. Here we had to stay day and night, for if we attempted to leave it the Chinese called us 'Foreign Devils,' and amused themselves by examining all we had on, and all that we did. If the departure was delayed, if the wind blew, if we were threatened by pirates, it was *we* who were to blame. It was impossible to please them. If we tried to they insulted us; if we talked little, and maintained a certain gravity and reserve, we were cold and haughty. The only source of strength and consolation to the missionary in these miseries is the cross. He thus passes over many things which would otherwise irritate and wound; so we can maintain a certain equanimity, a necessary virtue in the East, though sometimes rather difficult to attain. But the courier is waiting. . . . We set sail



Typical scene in Tong-King, where Blessed Theophane Venard was martyred in 1861.

\*And now, ye kings, understand; learn, ye who judge the earth.



at last, in company with seventy vessels, whose skippers, after parleying, had come to an understanding with our captain; they were obliged to make a formidable appearance in number so as to intimidate the pirates. We caught sight of six of the latter's vessels in a place called Tin-Pac, and being well armed, we fired upon them with the small cannon in our bows; they retreated, and we made all sail towards Hai-Nan, a large island, where we remained several days, anchoring under a town which is said to contain two hundred thousand inhabitants. We did not dare to land, or in fact, to show ourselves in any way. One of our missionaries from the diocese of Poitiers, Fr. Bisch, is working here, but we could only salute him with our hearts. On leaving Hai-Nan, the Chinese junks separated, only a small number steering for Tong-king. Until then the sea had been calm and beautiful; afterwards it became windy, and I paid my usual tribute to the fishes. . . . Two days later we sighted the shores of Tong-king. I cannot tell you my feeling as we neared the place of disembarkation. I offered myself again to God, begging Him to dispose of me for His glory and honor, and I invoked my Mother Mary, and my guardian angel, and the Patron Saints of Tong-king. . . . The general view of the country is magnificent,—rich plains, with grassy hills, a luxuriant vegetation, such as one reads of in Robinson Crusoe, and the whole backed by a superb range of snowy mountains. We entered the harbor by the mouth of a beautiful river which glided through woods and gardens till we cast anchor at a place called Cua Cam, which is the centre of the contraband Chinese trade. We were no longer allowed to see the light of day, and even at night we dared to breathe the fresh air on deck only with very great precautions. This state of things lasted (fortunately for us) not more than forty-eight hours. The mandarin of the Customs House came to inspect our vessel. We could see this august personage through the cracks of our prison, while we scarcely ventured to breathe and most carefully abstained from all noise or movement; but the old fox returned to the shore without having scented the nest. The next day a Christian boat came for us, for nearly all the inhabitants of Cua Cam are Christians. There was a misunderstanding between our Christians and the crew; but the Christian rowers, seeing that we were not afraid, took courage and managed to bring us in a few hours to the flourishing Mission House of the Spanish Dominicans. Bishop Hilarion Alcazar received us in his episcopal *palace* (which, you must understand, is in these countries a simple hut or cabin), and treated us with that generous and delicate hospitality which makes one think of the early Christians. He has insisted on my resting here a few days to recover from the effects of the late voyage, and I am enjoying that ineffable peace and joy which seems to me especially sent by our Lord to His missionaries."

Fr. Venard continues his recital to his sister a few weeks later as follows:—



A PAGAN SHRINE NEAR CHUCHOW.

"This place," writes Fr. Venini, "would make a wonderful grotto of Lourdes, but being a pagan shrine, it would be impossible to procure it." Here you see some of our Chuchow school boys who are enjoying an outing for the day.

"Western Mission, Tong-king, Vinh-Tri, July 31, 1854.

My Dearest Sister,—You have doubtless read my letter to Henry and Eusebius, describing our voyage from Macao to Tong-king; we heard afterwards that if we had delayed our landing for a few hours only, the news of our death would have followed that of our arrival; for three royal ships, having heard a rumor of our coming, surrounded the Chinese junk in which we had taken our passage, and examined her minutely in every part, as well as other vessels, so that no escape would have been possible. But God preserved us, and at that very moment we were enjoying the refined hospitality of Bishop Alcazar. We stayed there eight days but I was ill all the time. An Annamite doctor gave me some kind of tonic which enabled me at last to continue my journey. You will wonder at hearing me talk of doctors and medicines, as you probably imagine that I am in a country of savages. But you must know that the civilization of the Annamite equals, if it does not surpass in some points, that of Europe; and they possess physicians of undeniable skill and very high reputations in the country. The one who attended me could tell at once by the pulse the nature of my malady and said that it arose from derangement of the liver. From Bishop Alcazar's we went on to Bishop Hermozilla, a venerable man, like an ancient column standing amidst the ruins. Nothing can equal the simplicity and piety of this good old bishop. One day, while we were there, the heads of the mission came to him with a complaint

that the peasants had not paid up what they call 'the rice of the Blessed Virgin,' a species of tithe for the maintenance of the altars, levied on the congregations and put under Our Lady's protection. The Bishop took the side of the poor, as the rice harvest that month had failed, and he finally gained their cause. We stayed only two days at this episcopal *palace*. Don't let the name mislead you. A bishop's residence here means a poor cabin, half wood and half mud, thatched with straw. The houses are all of the same kind and it is easy to get used to them, for the climate is very hot. All one needs is protection from the sun and the rain.

"The churches are not more beautiful. A straw roof, sustained by wooden pillars, which are hung with silk on festivals, that is all our splendor. A few rough boards form the altar. If the Annamite Church enjoyed any kind of peace, even for a time, more sumptuous temples would be built. But now it is not worth while to construct anything but temporary buildings, which may be removed at the breaking out of any fresh persecution. After a few days we started for the Central Vicariate of the Spanish Fathers. We were to have gone by water, but the wind was against us. So we had to be transported in hammocks, according to the custom of the country, and in this way to traverse many pagan villages. Once we passed near a great market or fair which was being held on the roadside. We were just in the middle of this fair, when we came upon the house of a mandarin the *great man* of the place. Now it is a rule that all travelers, unless of superior rank, shall go on foot before these residences, to testify their respect. We did not dare to conform to this usage and thereby show ourselves to the crowd. Our bearers quickened their pace to a trot. Presently came the cry after us, 'Who are those men that do not get down from their nets?' The catechist, at the head of our escort, replied that we were 'sick people of his household.' 'At least let them lower their nets,' replied the sentinel. The bearers were compelled to obey. Fr. Legrand, who knows the language, was in a blue fright. I, on the contrary, who did not in the least understand our danger, thought that we were supposed to get out, and with joy began to stretch my legs. The bearers, luckily, did not give me time, but hurriedly raised us again and trotted on. If the pagans had paid us a visit what a prize they would have found! We soon came to the river and found several Christian junks, into one of which we gladly stepped, our rowers conveying us safely to the hut of Bishop Diaz, Vicar Apostolic of the Central Mission of Tong-king. Two couriers were waiting for us there, sent by Bishop Retord to escort us to our final destination. After a few days' rest we bade good-bye to their cordial, frank, and noble Spanish hospitality, and the last stage of our journey began, not less dangerous. We went in a junk by night, and had to pass a citadel guarded by four hundred soldiers, stationed there to protect a rice granary belonging to the

(Continued on page 93.)





# IT HAPPENS IN CHUCHOW

By REV. J. M. FRASER

Catholic Mission,  
Chuchow, Che., China.

As I write I can hear the mournful wailing of women over the corpse of a young man who died yesterday. Shortly before his decease two of our little Christian boys came softly up the stairs to my room to beg baptism in his behalf. Not that he had asked for it, but knowing their Christian doctrine well, in their simplicity, they considered it an easy matter to save this soul.

## NO TIME TO LOSE.

"There is no time to be lost," they said; and closing their eyes and throwing their heads back they made the gesture of dying. In ordinary circumstances a pagan dying as he was, surrounded by pagan priests shouting their invocations and performing their incantations, would be looked on by the missionary as a hopeless case. But God rewarded the faith of the little ones; I resolved to do what I could. "Get the sacristan," I said. They were off like a shot, shouting: "Come quick, come quick! a most urgent affair." The sacristan, the one whose picture I sent you recently, was in my room in an instant. I sent him to ask the dying man if he believed in God, wished to be baptized and go to Heaven. The poor man, who could hear but could not speak, nodded assent, and after a brief instruction received the saving sacrament of regeneration.

## BURIAL DELAYED.

The poor are buried soon after death, but the rich, who, however, are few and far between in our district, keep the coffin sometimes for three years in a specially prepared chamber, while elaborate preparations are made for the funeral. It is, however hermetically sealed and causes no

inconvenience. I am sending you with this a picture of a mortuary chamber I took a few days ago. You will realize by it that ancestor worship in China is real, genuine idolatry. The coffin is behind the curtain in the centre, on which is inscribed: "As though we could actually behold her countenance". Note the burning candles, between which is seen the little tablet supposed to contain the deceased person's soul. Note also the vase full of rice with red fruits and chopsticks—an offering to New Year's. The small vase in front contains burning incense.

## THE WATER BUFFALO.

Another picture shows the famous water buffalo of China used to till the land and turn the chain pump to irrigate the rice fields. The little cowherds mount the great beasts by placing their feet between the horns and scrambling up the neck on to its back. This is little "Dutiful Son",

one of our schoolboys, who, however, spends most of his time minding the buffalo. He is a good boy and desires to become a priest, but his family is so poor they cannot permit him to remain continually at his studies.

## AN ORGY OF IDOLATRY.

The last three days there was a regular orgy of idolatry, the people all seeming to vie with one another in the honor paid to the idols. It was the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth of the first moon, days consecrated to three popular goddesses. All the temples of the city, and there are over a hundred, were decorated and illuminated at night, and candles and incense lighted before all the idols without exception. If anybody thinks that idolatry is dead or dying in China, let him come here in the first moon of the year.

Each goddess, before being feted, was washed and dressed in



Turning the first sod for our new church at Lungchuan, March 5, 1928. Left to right: Rev. Wm. Fraser; Rev. P. Kam; Rev. R. Serra (pastor), and Rev. J. M. Fraser.



new robes. The first water used is rather too dirty after a year's dust to drink, but the second, in which some sugar is mixed, is eagerly drunk by the pagan women, who think thus to obtain a blessing! The three goddesses are believed to be the protectresses of children; one to give sons; one to preserve from disease, and the third to give protection in childbirth.

### TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

Each evening there was a wonderful procession, in which the goddess being honored was carried in triumph. If a child takes ill during the year a vow is made to carry it in the procession if it recovers. Many hundred little ones were paraded. Dressed in the brightest colors, with artistic, gala headgears gilded and decorated with spangles, tassels and rows of little idols like a crown around their foreheads, they looked a picture. Some were in arms, some perched on men's shoulders, some in prettily decorated rickshas and some comfortably seated in fancy sedan chairs bedecked with artificial flowers, colored lights and dangling lanterns. Before each child were carried a cluster of lanterns; there were thousands of them, of all shapes and colors, representing butterflies, birds, animals, flowers and vases, in such variety and profusion that the whole presented a

most attractive and fascinating spectacle.

### A SAD SPECTACLE.

The babies seemed quite at home amid the gay lights and swaying lanterns, and although the way was long, and they must have suffered from fatigue, there was not a whimper from any of them. Last of all came the goddess, a comely figure, seated in a gorgeous throne carried by eight men, preceded by a little portable tower with vases of fuming incense. How sad to see so many little innocents promenaded in honor of an idol! The Chinese are initiated into idolatry from their tenderest years. The other evening, in a temple near our church, I saw a little girl, two or three years old, kneeling all alone in the middle of the floor, and bowing down to the ground most reverently before the idol!

### A DIFFICULT TASK.

In witnessing the celebrations of the last few days, one realizes the strong hold paganism has on the masses, and how hard it must be, what a sacrifice (from their point of view) one makes, in leaving all that is bright and gay and glittering, and joining our Church, whose cult to them seems cold and uninviting; for, though in Catholic countries our celebrations far surpass anything seen in China, here our Christians are yet so few and so poor, the display we make even on the greatest festivals does not equal a hundredth part of theirs. God alone can change their hearts, and it is only by fervent prayer, coupled with penance and mortification, that victory in this domain of satan can be gained.

Fraternally yours in the Sacred Heart,

J. M. FRASER.

### A CORRECTION.

A donation of \$100.00 acknowledged last month as Catholic Women's League, Toronto, should have been "Catholic Women's League, Subdivision No. 1, Toronto."

## FATHER FRASER VISITS LUNGCHUAN

Lays Corner Stone of New Church.

A month ago Father William and I started out for Lungchuan, which is situated eighty miles further up the river from Chuchow. The first two days in "The Xavier" the weather was good, the water the right height to get over the rapids, and we made considerable progress — thirty-three miles. Then a heavy downpour of rain came on and the water overnight rose so high the boatmen were powerless to shove the boat against the stream. At one place called Big Cow Rapids we had a narrow escape. Just as we were at the crest of the incline of water, when everybody was straining every nerve to get the boat over the top: Our "boy" was helping the trekker to pull the rope; the other boatman was poling; I was also helping to shove the craft with a pole, when the rope broke, and we were adrift in the rapids! Fortunately the man on board had come to the stern a moment before. With great presence of mind he threw down his poll and grabbed the oar; quickly putting it in place he got the boat under control just in the nick of time—a moment later we would have been dashed against a big rock towards which we were drifting at a great rate! The broken rope was repaired; we tied together our bedding ropes, and all five occupants got to work; the trekker and "boy" pulling on one rope; Father William and I on another, and the head boatman polling. Inch by inch we got the skiff over the hill of water, and moored for the night in a quiet place—we had only made seven miles that, the third day! Next day the water was still higher and the boatmen declared that it was absolutely impossible to advance. We therefore gave orders to wheel about and retrace the seven miles we had made with such labour during the past 24 hours. In less than an hour we covered the distance, such a volume of water was rushing down stream! Here we got carriers, and after several

(Continued on page 91.)



THE AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

Send us three new subscriptions to "China" and receive the above framed kalograph. Size 4 in. x 5 in.



# THE NEAR TRAGEDY OF JADE LAKE

By REV. J. E. VENINI.

"Fools rush in", quotes Father Venini, "where angels fear to tread." His presence of mind on this occasion, however, averted a serious tragedy, and saved a family from ruin.

Has any one an enemy on whom he wishes to wreak his vengeance? Go and hang yourself on his premises. Listen.

I had just finished Mass, etc., on the morning of the Feast of the Annunciation when a sick call came from Jade Lake, distant some fifteen miles. Our Mass-kit is always ready, our bedding is soon rolled up, so in a very few minutes we found ourselves on the road to Jade Lake.

It is very beautiful in the country here at Chuchow at this season. The peach, plum and pear trees present a charming picture. The fields form a huge crazy-quilt with the red, white and purple flowers of the peas, the green of the fall wheat, the yellow of the colza plants.

On arriving at Jade Lake we learned that the sick person was in no immediate danger of death, and as his home was a few miles farther on I decided to say Mass in the chapel here at Jade Lake the following morning and bring him holy Viaticum.

We were chatting on the verandah after dinner—please note the "we" though my part of that we consisted in getting in a few of my twenty-five words of Chinese, and looking intelligent when I was questioned—when I noticed a small procession of women-folk issuing from the house directly opposite us. Nothing extraordinary in this as it seems the women hereabouts seem to usually go about in little groups, but there was something extraordinary when the above-mentioned procession filed through our gate and through our midst, and on the double, and what is even more extraordinary, not a peep out of one of them. Their faces deathly white, their bodies trembling, it was very evident they were frightened and very much so. They passed through our group so quickly that they left us star-

ing at each other in amazement. What's the matter? What's up? Mr. Wong, the catechist, followed them into the house to find them cowering in the hindmost room in the house, and after much questioning one of them finally gathered up enough courage to whisper that some one had hanged himself in their home. On hearing this I naturally surmised that the house from which I had seen them come was theirs, so, followed by my boy, I rushed over in the hope of being able to cut the unfortunate down, still alive. I had another surmisal coming, however, as it was not that house, nor the next, nor the next. One of the inmates offered himself as a guide and we trailed along after him, up streets, down alleys and through court-yards until I was convinced that no ordinary mortal could dangle by his neck for that length of time and live to tell the tale. The whole neighborhood was excited by the event. The street was crowded with people hurrying along in the same direction as we, and each house, and storefront had its group of shouting and gesticulating sons of Han. The presence of the wah cway neng (foreigner) decided many of the still hesitating to fall in line. All roads have an end, however, and the end of ours was a tiny and dirty court-yard, packed tighter than the proverbial tin of sardines. In the house the same conditions prevailed. The nearest illustrative example of the scene that I can offer you is the mob of people that used to form in front of Woolworth's the morning of a broom sale. They eased up a bit for the foreign gentleman, and I managed to gain an entrance to the house, intact. Here I expected to find the remains of some poor creature swinging from the rafters, but, as a matter of fact, I was hardly able to see

my hand in front of me it was so dark in there, though it was clear and bright outside. Such is the interior of the houses here in our mission. The would-be suicide had been cut down very quickly and was lying on the bed. I called for a light and soon ascertained that life was not yet extinct. Her (yes it was a woman) heart was still beating, though ever so weakly, but the breathing was not perceptible. What to do under such circumstances! If it had been a man I might have been free to practise a bit of artificial respiration. A few sips of rice-alcohol strengthened the heart somewhat. Her husband was on the bed beside her, shouting at the top of his voice. "tsu cway lee, tsu cway lee." ("come back, come back"), but never a sign of coming or going did she give. Suddenly it dawned on me that the stifling air of

(Continued on page 91.)



ST. TERESA AT THE TIME OF HER FIRST COMMUNION.

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# News from Far and Near

## A LINK WITH THE PAST.

Sixty-five years a missionary and still active, is the enviable record of Father Aimé Villion, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, who has been laboring in Japan since 1863. It is reported that out of respect for him some prominent Japanese are planning to erect a statue of the venerable priest. In all probability Father Villion was a seminarian in Paris when Blessed Theophane Venard, of the same Society, was martyred in Tongking in 1861.

## EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION.

Archbishop Celso Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China, is organizing a Chinese Catholic Educational Commission in China. The Commission will concern itself with the activities of young people, the press, and schools.

## CHRISTIANS MASSACRED.

One hundred and fifty Chinese Christians were recently massacred in the Province of Kwantung, China, by the Communists. The district is about seventy miles from Hong Kong, and is under the care of the Milan Fathers.

## CANADIAN MISSIONARIES.

Sixty-eight Catholic missionaries left Canada for the foreign fields last year. The figure represents priests, Brothers and Sisters. Twenty-one of the sixty-eight are laboring in China.

## A FEW STATISTICS.

In the year 1927 there were 2,427,831 Catholics in China, an increase of 50,177 over the previous year. There are also 1,837 foreign missionary priests and 1,243 Chinese priests, making a total of 3,080 priests. These are proud figures, but in China there are over five hundred million pagans; more pagans than there are Catholics in the world.

## NEW CHINESE BISHOP.

A new native Chinese Bishop has recently been appointed by Pope Pius XI. The Bishop-elect, Father Peter Tcheng, will become Vicar Apostolic of Swan-Hau-Fu, succeeding Bishop Tchao, who died in October, 1927. The late Bishop Tchao was one of the six Chinese Bishops consecrated by His Holiness two years ago.

## LO PA HONG.

Lo Pa Hong, who was a figure at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago in 1926, suffered serious financial losses during the disturbances in China. It is to him that St. Joseph's

Hospital and Orphanage in the Chinese section of Shanghai owe their being. His eldest son, who was with him in Chicago, has recently died. Mr. Hong, who was probably the most outstanding Catholic layman in China, is now living in retirement. His hospital and orphanage are still functioning.

## SISTERS FOR CHINA.

Four Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Pittsburgh are now on their way to their mission in China, where they will work with the Passionist Fathers. It is to be hoped that Sisters will soon be laboring in our own district of Chu Chow.

## PICTURES FOR MISSIONS.

A Catholic Moving Picture Society has been organized in Tientsin, China. The object of the society, which is under the direction of the Jesuits, is to procure films of an educational character and supply them to the various Catholic missions in China.

## IN IRELAND.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith collected more than \$75,000 in Ireland, last year. Of this sum \$15,000 was given to special missionary societies in Ireland and the remaining \$60,000 forwarded to the headquarters of the Society in Rome.

## THE LITTLE FLOWER.

It is interesting to learn that, before her death, St. Thérèse of the Infant Jesus made the Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier, asking him to obtain for her the favor of doing good on earth and helping countless souls after their death. How her request was answered is known to millions of her clients. This "little Saint" has been proclaimed Patroness of all Missions and Missionaries throughout the universe, equal with the great St. Francis Xavier. Her statue now occupies a place of honor in the Vatican gardens.

## DUTCH MISSION WORK.

Over three thousand Dutch missionary priests, Brothers and Sisters are laboring in different parts of the world, and in Holland there are seventy mission training schools with an enrollment of forty-three hundred pupils. As a result of this love for the foreign missions the Catholic Church has prospered in Holland; during the past ten years many of the diocesan seminaries have had to be rebuilt or enlarged. It is calculated that there is a Dutch missionary for every six hundred and thirty Catholics in the country.

## BOGUS BIBLES.

Communists have been caught selling Bibles in the Chinese section of Shanghai. In these Bibles the prophets are made to deliver revolutionary sermons. Many of the vendors have been arrested.

## CHINESE MARTYRS.

In order to educate the Chinese concerning martyrs of their own race, Bishop Sun, Chinese Bishop of the Prefecture Apostolic of Lih sien, is having pictures made representing events in the lives of native martyrs. The Chinese, as a whole, know little about their own martyrs.

## "THE MISSIONARY POPE."

The missionary Pope, Pius XI., has once more shown his love for the missions. He has lately instructed the General Director of the Apostleship of Prayer (League of the Sacred Heart) to inaugurate a world-wide campaign of prayer for the missions. The Holy Father has reserved for himself the naming of the missionary intention to be prayed for each month.

## DOMINICANS IN JAPAN.

It is reported that the Dominican Fathers of the Province of Canada will shortly assume control of the Diocese of Hakodate, Japan. In this diocese there are four million seven hundred thousand pagans and about three thousand Catholics. The district has been under the care of the Paris Foreign Mission Society.

## MANCHURIA.

The population of Manchuria will soon be increased by two million Chinese, according to a report. Famine is driving them from their ancestral homes. It will be recalled that the Canadian priests from the Canadian Foreign Seminary, near Montreal, are laboring in Manchuria.

## A TRUE MISSIONARY.

After laboring twenty-two years as a missionary on the Gilbert Islands Father Choblet was ordered to return to Sydney, Australia, in order to regain his health. On the point of sailing he was examined by a doctor and informed that he had contracted leprosy. Father Choblet's response to the verdict was: "My work is done. There remains for me only the cross. Since the good God wills it, I shall bear it."

Father Choblet has been sent to the Island of Tarawa, the leper colony, in the same group of islands in which he spent his life. It is doubtful if he will ever visit Sydney.



**Father Fraser Visits.**

(Continued from page 88.)

miles walk over the mountains arrived at Yunhwo city, where we passed the night in our chapel, and next morning after Mass set out in sedan chairs for Lungchuan. It took us two days, making twenty-five miles each day. There was not a chapel nor Christian's house all the way. It was pitch dark when we arrived at a little village the first night. We reckoned on getting lodging at the inn, but a troop of comedians who were presenting a play that night, occupied all available space. The innkeeper, however, kindly went out to try and find us lodging in a private family. He soon came back and showed us the way to a big house, where we had supper, were given a room, and next morning before three, before anyone was stirring, were able to say Mass.

It took us six days to make the trip of eighty miles! On arrival at Lungchuan we received a hearty welcome from Fathers Serra and Kam. Everyone got busy to procure the necessary materials for building—tons of stones were soon on the grounds; lime was purchased; the big timbers brought down river; and the ground where the church is being erected raised four feet. A hundred men were employed for about a week. We arrived on March 3 (Saturday evening), turned the first sod on Monday,

March 5, and exactly two weeks later, March 19, laid the cornerstone of the new church, which is dedicated to Saint Joseph, and is being erected through the generosity of a friend in Canada who wishes to remain anonymous; the cost, \$2,000.

The next day I boarded a boat and in a little over two days made the journey down stream. Here and there I would get out and walk along the bank, which was very pleasant, the way leading through shady groves and a profusion of sweet-smelling, many-coloured wild flowers.

Affectionately yours in the  
Sacred Heart,  
J. M. FRASER.

**The Near Tragedy of Jade Lake**  
(Continued from page 89.)

the packed, dark room was not conducive to good respiration, even in healthy people, so after a great deal of shouting and pushing we managed to get the inanimate form on a door and out into the open. The change had the desired effect, as she began to show signs of life after a few moments of the fresh air. There was no holding her better half when he was convinced she was still living, so aided by some friends away he starts for his home. Here, of course, he again buries her in another black hole of Calcutta. I tried to get him to leave her out in the open, but, no, he would leave her where she was, so

I left him shouting his *tsu cway lee* in her ear, as it was useless to try and revive her in that suffocating, kerosene-saturated atmosphere. I had hardly reached our compound, however, before they came running after me to return. I promised I would do, but only on the condition that she was carried out into the open. This they did, and after an hour or so I left her breathing regularly.

Fools, they say, rush in where angels fear to tread. It was only after all the above excitement had died down that I learned of the mixed up case that had caused this woman to take such a drastic step. There had been a long row between the two families over several matters, and the death of this woman on the property of her enemy would give her family the right to all the possessions of the rival party, who would, besides, be obliged to pay all the funeral expenses. Thus it meant the practical ruining of the family. Such cases are not of infrequent occurrence and the "law" does not interfere. The terror-stricken women remained in the compound until late that night, when they stole away to a neighbor's house to sleep. The next day, when I left for Chuchow, they were still in hiding while the friends of the two parties were trying to negotiate a treaty. And so, dear readers, this is just another episode in the daily life of the pagan population of Chuchow. No doubt you will think I am very cruel and hard-hearted to write of such things in so light a manner, but I can assure you that if any of you had been here to witness the whole scene and at the same time ignorant of what had really taken place I am sure that not one of you would have imagined that it was anything so sad or serious. You will read this in a Christian environment, and here is where the whole difference lies. Between paganism and Christianity there is an abyss that can only be bridged over by the saving truths of our holy religion. Will you help us to build this bridge? The building of a bridge usually calls for a contract. The Architect of Architects has already drawn up the plans for this bridge, in fact, it is nearly two thousand years since He did so. The raw material has

(Continued on page 95.)



Fr. Fraser lays the cornerstone of St. Joseph's Church, Lungchuan, March 19, 1928.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men."*

## What Of It?

Although she has an assortment of hats, she wants a new one.

(That's the woman of it.)

He says he thinks she can get along without it.

(That's the man of it.)

She insists that she can't, and she's going to get it.

(That's the woman of it.)

He says, "not if he knows it."

(That's the man of it.)

She breaks down and weeps.

(That's the woman of it.)

He gives in.

(That's the end of it.)

—Caledonian Caperer.

## If First Was Last.

"Now, my lad," said the police officer, who was investigating the case of a missing check in an office, "I believe you are here first every morning."

"Yes, sir."

"And who is here next—Mr. A. or Mr. B.?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other."

"Well, on what days would Mr. A. be likely to get here first?"

"I can't quite say, sir. At first he was always last, but later he began to be earlier, till at last he was first, though before he had always been behind. He was soon late again, though lately he came a bit sooner. Just now he is as much behind as before, but I expect he will come early sooner or later."

"Oh, quite so," said the officer, "that's all I wanted to know."

## Obliging.

Woman Customer (after clerk had pulled down all but one of the blankets on the shelves)—"I don't really want to buy a blanket to-day. I was only looking for a friend."

Clerk—"Well, madam, if you think your friend's hiding in the other one, I'll gladly take it down for you."—The Staley Journal.

## Taming the Wild.

"Hello, old man, where have you been?"

"Just got back from a camping trip."

"Roughing it, eh?"

"You bet. Why, one day our portable dynamo went on the bum and we had no hot water, heat, electric lights, ice or radio for almost two hours."—Life.

## Broken Shackles.

"My dear," said the old man tenderly, "today is our diamond wedding, and I have a little surprise for you."

"Yes?" asked his silver-haired wife.

He took her hand in his. "You see this engagement ring I gave you 76 years ago?"

"Yes?" said the expectant old lady.

"Well, I paid the final instalment on it today, and I am proud to announce that it is now altogether yours."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

## Our Funny Language.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which a sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper and there is no longer any sleep for the sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

—Can. Nat. Magazine.

## The Same Kind.

She (naively): "A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father was."

He: "What did he say?"

"Cheep, cheep."

"Well, duck told me what kind of a doctor your father is: Quack, quack."

## After the Storm.

There had been a quarrel. Everybody could see that the minute they entered the street car. The woman sat with tightly compressed lips, her hands gripping her umbrella firmly. The man sat glowering at the advertisements.

Then came a dead silence as the car halted to let off a passenger.

Into the silence came the woman's thin, angry voice:

"If it wasn't for me you'd be the biggest fool in the country!"

Then for the first time the man grinned, and the other passengers joined with him.

## A Rare Relic.

"I have a rare old phonograph. It was once in the possession of George Washington."

"But there were no such things as phonographs in Washington's time."

"I know. That's what makes it so rare."—Carolina Buccaneer.

## Reflections.

To the back veldts of South Africa there penetrated one day a traveller, who possessed many treasures the old farmer had never seen before. Among them was a mirror.

"Where did you get that?" asked the farmer, as he gazed into it; "that picture of my father?"

The traveller did not explain, but gave it to him as a souvenir, and it became his most cherished possession. Every day he looked at his "father's picture," and kept it carefully locked up, showing it to no one. But there came a day when he left his keys behind, and his wife, who had long wondered what it was he kept so carefully started rummaging and found the mirror.

"Oh," she murmured, as she gazed into it, "so that's the cat he's after, is it?"—Natty Nonsense.



## A Modern Martyr.

(Continued from page 86.)

king. When our boat was opposite the citadel, we were hailed and asked who we were. The owners of the junk replied the we were mandarins. The soldiers did not believe this, and very soon we heard a drum sound the alarm, and in a moment a vessel came after us in hot pursuit. Luckily, we had a favorable wind, and as we were some distance ahead, their boat could not reach us. A second junk was behind us, carrying our baggage and attendants. This they attacked, but our men defended themselves bravely, so that they too escaped. This will give you some idea, dearest sister, of the way in which we travel in Tong-king. One goes generally by night, for greater security; sometimes by water, on rivers or canals, with a continual change of boats; sometimes by land, like mighty lords, in palanquins, or on the backs of slaves in a species of net or hammock, with matting at the side which hides you from the passers-by. Sometimes one can go only on foot, without shoes, in the little narrow paths between the rice-fields. If it be daytime, one has a fair chance of escaping the difficulties of the road, but at night one must be content to walk 'clumpity-clump,' falling into holes one moment, into rice-water the next, unable to find a firm footing anywhere; and often, when you think you are going on swimmingly, your foot slips on the greasy, damp soil, and you measure your length in the mud. Now, don't you think this is a very picturesque way of travelling? I don't say that it is not a little fatiguing now and then, but I assure you it is very laughable at times and gives rise to a host of comical adventures.

"On the 13th of this month we arrived at the scene of our future labors, and I was introduced for the first time to my Vicar Apostolic, the illustrious Bishop Retord, whose name you have often read in the 'Annals.' I found His Grace busy giving a retreat previous to an ordination. Bishop Jeantet, his coadjutor, and Dean of the Tong-king Mission, was helping him. Two other missionaries had also arrived on business. We were therefore six Europeans together—two bishops and four missionary priests—a rare event in Tong-king. . . . You can't think how happy I felt to be one of them; there was such frankness and simplicity—such goodness and condescension on the part of our superiors. Very soon we felt as if we had known one another all our lives, and we talked of every conceivable subject—France, Rome, the Russian war, etc.; and before we separated, we sang together a whole heap of new and old songs and national hymns."

Soon after he wrote to Fr. Dallet,—

"Whom do you think I found here with Bishop Retord? Who but my dearest friend, Fr. Theurel, to whom I had said good-bye with such bitter tears only one short year ago. What now of possibilities, eh! Father Dallet? Here I have been a month in all the delights of Tong-king, for I assure you there are great pleasures here. Theurel preaches, confesses, burns with desire for work; his health is as good as possible. Mine, perhaps, is not first-rate, but what is the use of

complaining? You know the fable, 'Weak health often goes on longest.' So I console myself. Courage! I am always repeating those maxims of St. Teresa's,—

"Let nothing disturb thee!

Let nothing affright thee!

All passeth away;

God only shall stay.

Patience wins all;

Who hath God needeth nothing,

For God is his all."

"I forgot to tell you that all our worldly goods were pillaged by the pagans, so that we are destitute of everything; but what does that signify? He who has God lacks nothing. You will easily believe that my first visit was to the tomb of Fr. Bonnard. It is close to the altar of the College Chapel."

If Fr. Venard was pleased to find his old friend at Tong-king, the joy to Fr. Theurel was equally great.

"Who would ever have said, or thought, or imagined such good fortune!" exclaimed the latter in a letter to their mutual friend, Father Dallet. "However improbable it may seem, it is nevertheless a positive fact, that here are Father Venard and I, together, in this western mission of Tong-king, actually in the same village, in the same house, in the same room! To describe the pleasure, the joy it has given us! . . . Yes, but then I feel as if you would break your heart at not being here too. Nevertheless, you must take comfort. Will you believe it? Venard, who has been here only a month, already speaks the language with a perfect accent. I think his little voice is made for it. 'All goes well.' I can only wish you the joy and peace of the poor little Tong-king missionaries."

Theophane's happiness is being at last fairly embarked on his work, and in the very mission he would have chosen above all others, found vent in an enthusiastic poem. This outpouring of his heart was occupied with the three great objects of his life: work, the salvation of souls, and death.

(To be continued.)

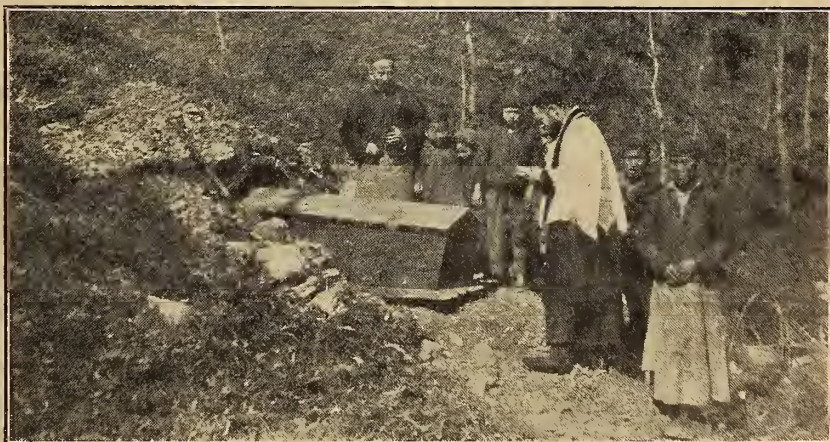
## CHINA AND THE FORD.

"The man who can hurry the East" writes Bishop Walsh from Kongmoon, "has at last been found, and Kipling, like most false prophets, is still living to witness his own confusion. The Man's name is Ford. It is not our own Fr. Ford, who, quite the contrary, is rather an oriental of the orientals himself, and, despite hailing from New York, does not believe in haste. The individual in question is Henry, of Detroit; he who took the load off America's feet. He is now taking the burdens from the backs of China's coolies.

"Eight years ago, Chinese missionaries spent three laborious days chairing from Koehow to Fort Bayard on the South China Sea. To-day, since Henry waved his wand, the time is divided by twenty-four, making it just three hours.

"Nobody ever saw a Chinese in a hurry—except in one circumstance and that is when he is behind the steering wheel of an automobile. Apparently his ingrained deliberateness then deserts him, for no driver in the world could get a second-rate car over a third-rate road with the celerity he attains. And Henry has the call in China, for any other conveyance would quit in indignation under the constant abuse of primitive roads and primeval drivers.

"They say the Orient will never change, but it is changing; they say East and West will never meet, but they are meeting; they say China will never hurry, but it is hurrying. Meanwhile, let us hope our missions can keep the pace. These days, it is not a matter of slowing down; it's a question of keeping up with China."



Father Venini officiates at the burial of the late catechist of Dolu. The majority of the hillside tombs are made in the form of a horseshoe and decorated in keeping with the standing of the family of the deceased. The coffin is placed on the ground and a mound of earth and stones is formed over it.



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### The Near Tragedy of Jade Lake.

(Continued from page 91.)

been lying here for just as long. A few missionaries have already been given a job, but the work is being held up by the lack of sufficient of these missionary laborers. Will you, dear readers, undertake to cover this part of the contract?

Father Tsing, of Ka-Shing, on the Occasion of His Ordination to the Priesthood, Writes a Letter of Gratitude to Father Fraser.

Dear Father:

Do you still remember the little boy from Kinhwa whom you yourself baptised and sent many, many years ago to the preparatory school? By the Grace of God that boy received a vocation to the holy Priesthood and with God's help has persevered in his holy calling. It was with great joy and gratitude that I was recently ordained to the Priesthood by His Lordship Bishop Hou.

But I cannot rejoice and thank God for this great and sublime grace of the Priesthood without thinking of him who is my spiritual father and but for whom I would not be a priest to-day. Indeed, are you not, dear father, my greatest benefactor? It would be impossible for me to put into words the gratitude that is in my heart to-day.

I pray that God may bless yourself and your missionary work and I ask you in return to pray that I may be a good and worthy priest.

Yours very respectfully in the love of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother,

TAI FANG TSING, C.M.



### WHEN PUDSY WENT AWAY.

WHEN Pudsy Kelly went away to somewhere in the east  
(To a missionary semin'ry—he's goin' to be a priest),  
We all trooped up to Kellys', us that used to be his gang,  
And, with Pudsy looking sheepish, we all stood around and sang:

*Hurrah for Pudsy Kelly! Pudsy's goin' away to-night,  
He's goin' to be a missionary, goin' to do what's right,  
Goin' to rescue pagan souls and knock the idols flat—  
Here's Father Pudsy Kelly, folks! Walk up and tip your hat!*

Pudsy tried to stop us, said he'd paste me in the nose,  
But half the gang just held him down (and mussed his brand-new clothes),  
While the rest of us kept singing, so that nobody could know  
That we all felt kind of lonesome, seeing Pudsy Kelly go.

Then out we went to Kellys' car and put his grips on board,  
And after him drove all the gang in Casey's crazy Ford.  
We halted at the station—shucks, the blamed old train was late!  
Don't guys get far more lonesome when they've got to stand and wait?

Still it wasn't only lonesomeness—'cause some of us felt blue  
Seeing Pudsy Kelly going when we weren't going too.  
You'd see tears in Jimmy Griffin's eyes unless your own were blind,  
He was feeling pretty sorry that he'd ever changed his mind!

"Tell us what the place is like." "Send us a letter soon."  
"But we'll see you in vacation." "Yes, I'm coming home in June."  
"When you're coming home in summer, will you have to dress in black?"  
"Are you goin' to wear those collars that they fasten in the back?"

And while the rest was talking, I heard Tony, speaking low:  
"Hey, Pudsy, say a prayer for me that my folks will let me go!"  
And Pudsy promised me the same—just nodded, didn't speak,  
But shucks, the way he gripped my hand I thought the bones would creak!

*Hurrah for Pudsy Kelly! See, the train's begun to move.  
He's hopping off for Heaven while we keep the same old groove.  
Hey, ask them, where you're goin', if they'll take the whole shebang—  
And we'll all go off to China—Father Pudsy Kelly's gang!*

—Nanky Poo in The Far East.



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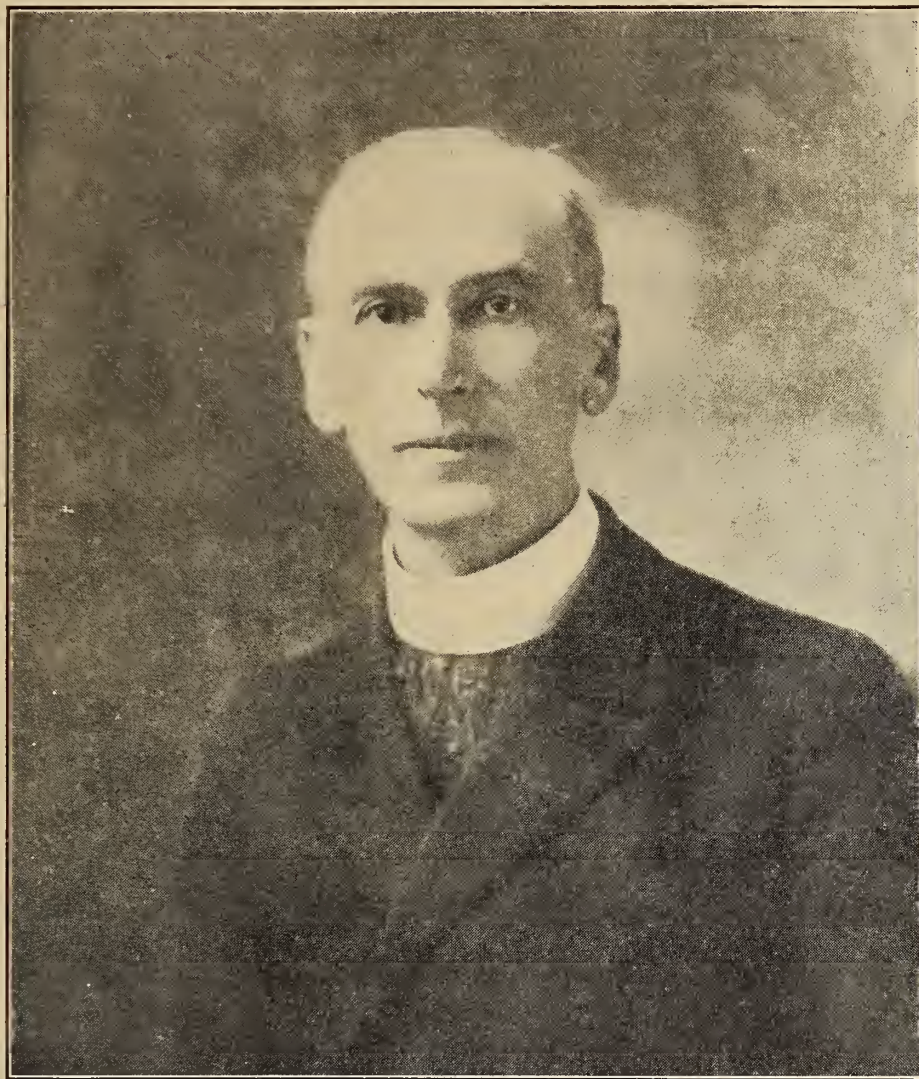
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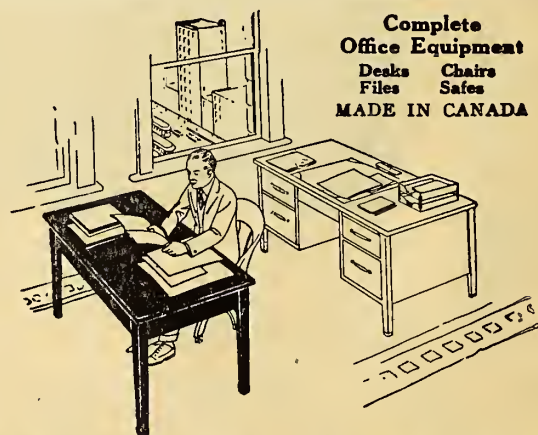
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Vol. IX.

No. 7

St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

Board of Control: Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; Rt. Rev. Michael F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London; Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterboro; Very Rev. J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

Mission Superior in China: Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.Ap.

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## Patroness of Missionaries

In almost every mail that we receive we find letters of thanksgiving to The Little Flower for favors received through her intercession. She herself was an ardent lover of the missions, in fact wished to go to China, so it is not surprising that other lovers of the missions find in her a very special helper and friend.

\* \* \*

The close of the scholastic year will bring many a student to the parting of the ways. Some there will be, let us hope, who will have heard the call of The Master to leave all things and follow Him. Millions of souls in China are waiting. Acceptance or refusal of God's call on the part of one young man may mean salvation or eternal loss for countless thousands of souls.

\* \* \*

According to the latest available figures which we have just received from China the population of that country now exceeds five hundred millions of souls. In other words, one third of the whole human race is Chinese. And of those teeming millions not one two-hundredth part is christian. What a gigantic task is the work for the conversion of China!

\* \* \*

Since you read the last issue of this paper, just one month ago, over one million souls in China have passed into eternity. And almost all of these were souls who in life openly worshipped the devil and knew nothing of the true God. Do we appreciate the blessings of our Holy Faith and are we prepared to make some sacrifice to help share it with those who are still in the dread darkness of paganism?

## After Ten Years

Ten years ago, almost to the day, Father Fraser landed in Canada to start his work, the establishment of a seminary for China. We knew little about China then. We cared less. Few were interested even to the extent of a "go ahead! and God bless you." Single handed and alone and in the face of every conceivable obstacle and discouragement, Father Fraser began his task.

\* \* \*

If we were to attempt to-day to inaugurate a weekly aeroplane service across the Pacific we would not meet with more discouragement and sound advice as to the impossibility of the project, than he encountered as a result of a scheme which even well-meaning souls, God bless them, saw fit to deem "visionary and impossible."

\* \* \*

To tell the whole story would require a book. Some day, no doubt, it will be written. In the very shadow of the cross, in the midst of trial and tribulation the seminary for China gradually took shape. Never for a moment did Father Fraser doubt of the ultimate success of the work which meant so much for pagan souls. And time has shown that his strong faith and singleness of purpose were blessed by God; his trust in Providence was not misplaced.

\* \* \*

What has been accomplished in those ten years? With the departure of three more missionaries for China this fall there will be ten priests working in our district. The seminary has become a tangible reality, built and paid for to the last farthing; and within its wall young men are being prepared for missionary life in China. Once more Father Fraser



is laboring in the land and among the people he has learned to love, this time with the assurance that as the years go by more and more young missionaries will leave our seminary to devote themselves to a work dearer to him than life itself.

\* \* \*

What things we, too, might accomplish for God had we but less of worldly wisdom and more of a

simple, childlike trust in our Heavenly Father! Some day, when time makes possible a true perspective, the story will be written. When, to the already glorious page of the history of the church in Canada, there will be added the chapter of her work for the Foreign Missions "the name of Father Fraser will be inscribed in letters of gold."

#### FATHER FRASER WRITES.

Catholic Mission,

Chuchow, Che., China.

Dear Father McGrath,

I enclose three groups of our school-boys. They are all new converts not yet baptized except eleven. "Pristine Glory," whom I baptized last Christmas, tells me that when I was away at Lungchuan his father beat him unmercifully with a big stick to try to force him to commit an act of superstition, but that he persevered in the Faith. I congratulated him on having shed some of his blood for Christ—for the beating

actually brought blood! and told him the story of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence. Perhaps he would have been actually martyred had he not succeeded in extracting himself from his father's grasp, and fled to the church for protection. A catechist accompanied him back home and succeeded in bringing the father to a more reasonable frame of mind.

We do not change the names of our scholars on their becoming Christians. Of course, they get Christian names then, and know what they are, John, James, Peter, etc., but they are never called by

them, but by the original name they got in infancy, or when they started to go to school; for school teachers sometimes give their scholars new names of their own manufacture. Since a name is made to order for each individual that comes into the world in China, the number of different names must run into the hundreds of millions; and the names of this generation are different from those of the past; and those of the next generation will be different from those of this! Here are the names of our school-boys:

(Continued on page 108.)



NEW CONVERTS ALL.

Eleven of these boys are already baptised and the others are preparing for baptism. Encouraging fruit, surely, of our missionary labors in Chuchow.





# A MODERN MARTYR

By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.



## CHAPTER X.

### Persecutions in Tong-king.

Of all missions those of Cochin-China, Korea, and Tong-king have been exposed to the cruellest persecutions. Tong-king, perhaps, deserves first rank, and young missionaries have consequently looked upon it as the vestibule to Heaven. The cross has been the program of Tong-king missionaries; for, from the first, their lives have been one long martyrdom—pre-figured by a great cross found on the Annamite shore by a Dominican missionary, Diego Advarte, in 1596, before any European had entered the country.

Jesuits were the founders of the mission, in the person of Father Alexander Rhodes, who died in 1660. From them it passed into the hands of the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary, to whose priests it has always proved a land of special interest. In fact, from the martyrdom of the first missionary in 1684 until the present day, the Church of Tong-king, always under the shadow of persecution, may be said to have grown with her head on the block, and her children's feet steeped in blood.

Still, there have been moments of calm between the storms. The first great persecution was in the eighteenth century, and God avenged it by destroying its authors and depriving them of their thrones. The dynasties of Cochin-China and Tong-king were swept off the face of the earth, and the rightful heir, replaced by the hand of a Christian Bishop, resumed his sceptre when he had torn asunder the bloody edicts of the persecutors. Twenty years of peace under this Prince Gia-Long gave breathing time to the Annamite Church, and prepared it for the frightful persecutions of Minh-Menh, a monster in human form who rivalled Nero in his cruelties. The "Annals" narrate the horrible persecution which broke out in 1833 and lasted till 1841. Frs. Gage-  
lin, Marchand, Cornay, Jaccard, Borie, with a great number of Spanish Dominicans and native teachers, fell victims to this relentless tyrant. God did not leave him unpunished, however, for Minh-Menh was killed by a fall from his horse on the 21st

of January, 1841, execrated equally by pagans and Christians. The new king, Thien-Tri, weary of the bloody edicts of his predecessor, passed an act of amnesty, annulling the penal laws. Unfortunately he died in 1848, and was succeeded by Tu-Duc. During the reign of this prince, famine, cholera, typhus, and other plagues decimated his people; and although these trials enabled the Christians to show themselves in their true colors, and to repay their persecutors by acts of superhuman charity, still these calamities were looked on as the result of Divine vengeance upon the new sect; and the mandarins, working on the credulity of the people, fanned the flame of a new persecution, in which, among other, Frs. Schoeffler and Bonnard were sacrificed. A temporary peace followed, and during this time of comparative security Theophane Venard arrived.

Notwithstanding all the obstacles thrown in the way of preaching the Gospel; in spite of the small numbers of apostolic laborers and the

insufficiency of their resources; in spite of this furious persecution of Minh-Menh, which lasted twenty years, in no country had Christianity made such wonderful progress as in Tong-king. Bishop Retord wrote at this very time as follows:—

"When I undertook to govern this mission, sixteen years ago, it did not contain more than a hundred thousand Christians. Now there are 140,000, although the cholera of 1851 carried off 10,000. All these converts, with very few exceptions, practise their religion in a way that would shame many Europeans. They are constant attendants at the Sacraments and most diligent in the performance of their religious duties. It is useless to add that they are all Catholics. Heretical ministers, with their wives and children, have never attempted to approach these inhospitable and unhealthful shores, or to face a persecution which can only end one way—martyrdom."

Bishop Retord was only fifty years old when Theophane Vénard arrived at Tong-king. He was still strong and vigorous, in spite of trials and sufferings. He had established a large seminary of native priests, which numbered upwards of seventy-five, all well instructed and full of zeal for the conversion of their countrymen. The college, which he had erected close to his house, had more than two hundred students, divided into different classes, as in France; while various smaller schools had been established all over the diocese. When the students finished their college terms they passed an examination as catechists. Before receiving his diploma, however, each must have converted at least ten pagans. The theologians were chosen from among the catechists, but were admitted to Holy Orders only after a long and rigorous trial. The work of God prospered visibly in this land. In the year 1854 fifteen hundred more souls were added to the Christian ranks. Still the number of pagans was enormous, though crowded into small area.

But let us return to Theophane Vénard. Before his arrival in Tong-king and during his passage, he had suffered from an attack of inflamma-

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Two novenas of benedictions are offered for them each year.

They receive a remembrance in more than three thousand Masses annually.

Special prayers are offered for their intentions, by request, at any time.

They have the consolation of knowing that they will have a great share in the merit of our work for the conversion of pagan souls in China.



tion of the lungs, which seemed to get worse every day, in spite of the prescriptions of the Chinese physicians. His entire recovery can be attributed only to a direct Divine interposition. The account of it will be found in the following letter to his father, written in March, 1855:—

"When I wrote to you last, my dearest father, I was with Bishop Retord, at his College of Vinh-Tri. At the end of August, the Bishop sent me to a college in the village of Kê-Doan to study the Annamite language, and associated with me two catechists, who could speak a little Latin. As I had to pass by Kê-non, where there is a seminary directed by Bishop Jeantet, Bishop Retord's coadjutor, I stayed there for eight days. Bishop Jeantet is sixty-three years old, and has been thirty-seven years in the mission. He is a most venerable man, kind and amiable. He was never tired asking me questions about France, that country so dear to the missionary's heart. I was also very much interested in the seminary, and stammered some words of Annamite which I had just learned. From here I left for the college of Làng-Doan. A month in such study as this went like lightning. On the second Sunday in October I ventured to preach a short sermon in the little church. The chiefs of the village came to congratulate me, not that they could understand much of my allocution, but being Annamites, they are very civil and courteous; and though I had made such a hash of their language, they thought it right to compliment me.

"Some days later I fell sick of a pestilential illness which declared itself in the college. I was one of its



#### BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR!

Here you see Fr. Kam's "stock in trade," a fairly representative medicine chest.

first victims. My catechists nursed me with great care and attention, and Bp. Retord, Bp. Jeantet, and Fr. Castex, Pro-Vicar-General of the mission, sent me all sorts of medicines, which, with the grace of God, cured me. As soon as I could stand, I went by boat for a change of air to another village, named Kê-Dâm, where an Annamite priest has his principal residence. Remark that I went in a boat across the fields, because every year at this time there is a flood caused by the overflow of the rivers, the result of the tropical rains in the western mountains. The whole country becomes like one vast sea. The villages themselves are all under water and the only means of communication is by boats. I found myself well enough on All Saints' Day to say a low Mass. The evening before, all the village gathered around the church to congratulate me on my recovery. The chiefs, dressed in their best clothes, came to conduct me solemnly to church, to the sound of native music and repeated hurrahs. You see, dearest father, that the Annamites care for their missionaries. But the evening of the Feast of All Saints was the reverse of the medal. I had hardly gone to bed when they came to wake me, and to announce the arrival of a mandarin for a domiciliary visit. They were in a great fright and implored me to go on to another village. Though the news was not very certain, I thought that I had better comply with their wishes, and so packed up my traps as fast as I could. I was carried with all my little establishment on men's backs in the middle of the night to the said village. This was my first nocturnal flight; since then I have had many others! I remained eight days in the house of a devout Christian in this place, who acted as if he could not make enough of me; and to show my gratitude I made a great distribution of

medals and rosaries. Then I went on to a college in the little town of Hoàng-Nguyên, where Fr. Castex has his principal residence. Fr. Castex was on a diocesan tour and would not return till December. I was, therefore, the only European in the college, at the head of which was a native priest, an Annamite Father. Here I began to hear confessions, first among the students, and then among the Christians of the village; but I made little or no progress, because very soon I fell sick again with inflammation of the lungs, which endangered my life. But I recovered. Fr. Castex returned with Fr. Titaud, and then another of our missionaries, Fr. Néron, came along, so that we were four altogether. You can fancy what a pleasure it was! After some days of mutual enjoyment, Fr. Titaud went back to his district. Fr. Néron also prepared to leave for his College of Vinh-Tri, of which he is the superior; but he was taken prisoner in crossing the river and very nearly gave us a fresh martyr. By a special providence, the soldier who had hastened to the village to get a reinforcement in order to secure our poor brother, met the chief of the canton, who knew Fr. Néron and had a great regard for him; although a pagan, he connived at his escape and the only loss was a sum of money.

"You want to know more about my health. On New Year's day I was so ill that I could hardly receive the visits of congratulation from the Christians of the district. The bishop sent me his own physician, a very clever man, whose medicines did me some good, but after his departure I fell ill again. Fr. Castex took every possible care of me and was ex-



—Photo by Simpson Bros.

#### REV. DESMOND E. STRINGER.

One of our students of Class 28, was ordained to the holy priesthood by Most Rev. Wm. Forbes in his native parish (St. Bridget's, Ottawa, on June 7th, and celebrated his first solemn mass on Sunday, June 10th.



—Photo by Simpson Bros.

#### REV. LAWRENCE J. BEAL.

Also of Class 28, was ordained to the holy priesthood in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by Most Rev. Neil McNeil, and on June 2nd celebrated his first solemn mass in his native parish in St. Mary's, La Salette, Ont., June 3rd.



tremely anxious on my account. I was obliged to give up confessing, saying Mass, or Office, even reading and writing, and I was scarcely allowed to speak at all. At last Fr. Castex advised me to make a novena to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and insisted on sharing it with me. We began on the day of the Purification and at once I felt myself getting better; since then all bad symptoms have disappeared and my strength has nearly returned. To the Sacred Hearts of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph be the praise.

"About this time the political horizon darkened; a revolutionary party broke out in Tong-king; a new edict, emanating from the king, denounced our holy religion; evil-disposed persons betrayed to the mandarins the residences of the missionaries; the College of Kê-Vinh was broken up; and Bishop Retord, with several of his missionaries, had to keep himself in hiding. The mandarin of Kê-Cho, the capital of Tong-king, laid siege to the Seminary of Kê-Non, but Bishop Jeantet had already taken flight to the mountains, whence he wrote to Fr. Castex and me: 'I have been looking up my old haunts, and the caves where I lived at the time of the persecution of Minh-Menh,—not that it is very easy for an old man like me to scramble up and down rocks and precipices. I sometimes wonder how I manage to get on at all.'

"The mandarin found only an Annamite Father and a deacon, whom he released soon after, although not without the payment of 10,000 francs. The College of Kê-Non is at least still standing.

"As for Fr. Castex and myself, after having been chased from one village to another, we have finally taken refuge in a convent near the town of Bút-Dông, where we have lived as hermits with two catechists for the last two months. Very soon, however, I hope we shall be able to show our faces again, as the storm



FATHER PAUL WONG.  
Recently ordained for our mission in Chuchow.

seems to have subsided. Yet we must be prudent, for the denouncer of Bishop Jeantet, having failed to catch him, has offered his own head to the mandarin if he cannot deliver a European into his hands before the end of the year. Everyone, therefore, keeps himself on guard. What will happen, God knows; in any case it is better to hope than to fear. Bishop Retord writes to us, 'Jesus and Mary will not abandon us now any more than they have done before. Pray then with great confidence, and do not let us be discouraged or give way to sadness. If any of us win the martyr's palm so much the better. Sicut fuerit voluntas tua, sic fiat.'†

†Be it done according to Thy will.

#### R. I. P.

A sad bereavement has come to Father Sammon, in the death of his mother, which occurred on the 6th of May, and which we learned only after the June China had gone to press, Father Sammon, who was the first missionary to go to China from our college at Almonte, needs no introduction to our readers, who will join with us in extending to him our sincere sympathy and our promise of prayers for the repose of his dear mother's soul.

Father Sammon labored in our former territory of Kwei-Chow until a complete breakdown, consequent upon ill-health and a delicate constitution necessitated his returning to parochial work in Canada after he had blazed the trail for our young missionaries. He is now parish priest of North Onslow, P.Q.

"The rebellion goes on spreading; it wants to re-establish the ancient dynasty on the throne, and the revolutionists say that they will soon present the new king. On the other hand the misery is very great. Last year's rice harvest was bad enough; this year in many places it is simply lost. Thousands of people are dying of hunger. It is enough to move anyone to compassion. People in Europe have no idea of the common misery in this unhappy country. The feasts of the New Year, which are generally so gay, have this year passed in sadness and mourning, and it is not probable that the end of the year will be brighter. Now, dearest father, I must stop. Adieu. Do not be anxious about me. What God keeps is well kept. Stay well; pray for me; and may the joy of our Lord Jesus Christ fill your heart forevermore."

(To be continued)

#### A Prospective Missionary.

"When I was looking over the China paper I saw your picture with the rest of your victorious team. I hope my picture will be there when I am studying for the priesthood and if my mind doesn't change I will be doing it. I wish you would pray that I will know my vocation and I will pray for you."

#### Petit Fort, Nfld.

Dear Rev. Father:

I am a little boy four years old and I want to buy a pagan baby, for which I enclose P.O. Order of \$5.00. I have saved nearly all this money myself in my little safe. My little sister helped me some and now I am going to help her. And (please God) I hope she will be able to buy a little pagan girl by Christmas as a gift to our dear Lord, I would like a little boy of my own age."

I remain Dear Rev. Father,  
Your little friend,

Vincent De Paul Hayden.



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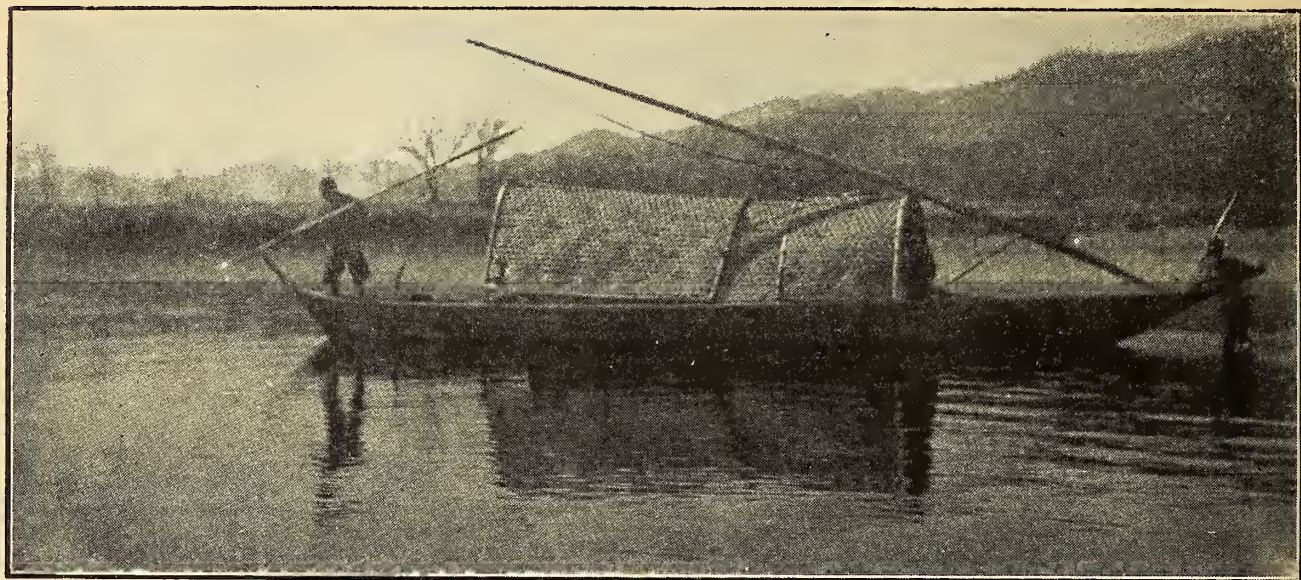
ST. TERESA AT THE TIME OF HER FIRST COMMUNION.

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# Random Notes on Things Chinese

by "Missionary"



TYPICAL CHUCHOW BOAT.

After a hard struggle they have succeeded in reaching the top of the rapids. The man in front is ready to climb aboard while his companion is starting to pole the boat along.

## Boats and Boatmen.

The boat population of China is immense. The people who man the boats, generally speaking, regard them as their homes. Birth, marriage, death, the three most important events in life, take place on these floating dwellings. The boats themselves are infinite in variety. It would seem that the people of each bay, cove, inlet and river built a boat of their own design, suitable to local conditions—and each has its own beauty. Many are gaily painted with historical scenes and fabulous creatures, animals and birds. Many have faces at the bow, and nearly all have something that corresponds to an eye. The Chinese believe that if the boats are made to look as much as possible like some sea monster, its terrifying appearance will act as a protection against evil spirits.

## Bridges.

The Chinese are justly famous for their skill as bridge builders. Anything more perfect than the arches they plan it would be difficult to imagine. When on a calm and windless day the stone semicircle of the arch, mirrored in the water, becomes a complete circle, it is a symbol of that perfectly balanced harmony—in itself the key-stone of Chinese culture.

## Sanitation—Is Not!

A journey in the Yangtze Delta is certainly a plunge into another age, and it must never be forgotten that sanitation has no connection with any age but the present; and furthermore that personal cleanliness, as exemplified by the daily bath, is an extremely modern luxury still indulged in by but a small percentage of the population in any country. In a word, throughout the Yangtze Delta, sanitation—is not!

## Value of Learning.

The point of view of the Chinese people differs from ours in many ways, and in none more greatly than in regard to the practical value of learning as such. The educational system which held good for so many years, whereby the scholars of the Empire became automatically the ruling class, has so impregnated the idea of all the "uninstructed people" that, be they never so ignorant themselves, they are convinced that learning is the most desirable of all acquisitions.

## Houses.

Chinese houses are built upon the same principle as our reinforced concrete buildings, that is, the framework which supports the roof is first placed in position and the walls are filled in afterwards. The

framework, which in China is of wood, must first be carefully prepared and mortised together, so the ridge-pole cannot be raised until some time after the foundations are pounded in. As a rule, no nails are used in the construction of a Chinese house, and those required to nail down non-Chinese floor boards are an extra item in the contract. In China, the rich use a paving of tiles or fine stone, and the poor are content with Mother Earth for their flooring. The woodwork takes some time to get ready, as the transverse beams of the guest hall are usually carved with historical scenes, and figures of legendary and actual characters.

## A Great Chinese Patriot.

Yo Fei was a famous general who lived at the close of the Sung Dynasty, and was foully murdered in the year 1141. His life ended in tragedy, but his memory has proved a great inspiration to the progressive and thoughtful among those of his countrymen who promoted the revolution of 1911; and he is honored in modern schools as the prototype of loyalty and patriotism. In his life time the Golden Tartars were invading China, and the Emperor was unwilling to support him in his effort to drive them back. As a matter of fact, the Em-



peror was completely under the influence of the Prime Minister, Ch'in Kuei, who in his turn was in the pay of the Tartars. One of their officers wrote Ch'in Kuei privately, saying: "You are always talking of peace, and at the same time here in the North, Yo Fei does nothing but fight, fight, fight. Kill him, and then there will be peace." So Ch'in Kuei spun a web of treachery about Yo Fei and contrived that he should be thrown into prison on various trumped-up charges. His case was at once investigated, and when being questioned by the Imperial Envoy, Yo Fei took off his coat and showed four large characters which his mother had tattooed on his back when he was a boy: "Ch'in chung pao kuo"—to the last loyal in defence of the country. Nothing could be proved against him nor against his son, who also was a prisoner. So one day Ch'in Kuei called a messenger and sent a very small "writing" in to the prison addressed to the Head Gaoler; whereupon the Gaoler, in a Memorial to the Throne, reported that Yo Fei was dead!

#### Fire and Noise.

Fire, candles and lanterns are used by the Chinese as a protection from evil. To increase the awe-inspiring effect of bonfires, it is said that in the Dark Ages, pieces of bamboo which produced a crackling, popping noise were thrown into the flames. Later, tubes of paper filled with gunpowder took the place of bamboos, and these have developed into the firecrackers of infinite variety in use today. I suppose that the terrifying

effect of noise is at the root of the conviction that drums, cymbals and gongs are a protection against demons. At all events, noise-making in China is a work of merit!

#### Earth-Spirit Festival.

The Seventh Moon may be called the Carnival of Spirits. They are supposed to pass between the two worlds with more freedom than at any time of the year. However, with the darkness which attends the waning moon their sway is ended. On the twenty-ninth day of the Moon, when it shows no light, the festival of the Earth Spirit, Ti Tsang Wang, falls. It is his duty to see that the spirits from the World of Shade are safely locked away from the World of Light until the seventh month of the following year, and in order that he may perform this duty thoroughly, the people honor and propitiate him with a charming but very simple ceremony. In the popular belief Ti Tsang's eyes are closed except on this day, when he opens them in order that he may find any stray wraiths from the World of Shade, and with the purpose of making this world beautiful and acceptable in his sight, little bundles of burning incense-sticks are placed in a long line, punctuated with flaming candles, in front of each house. It is the business of the children to plant these barricades in the earth as soon as dusk falls. Ceremonies, as a rule, are attended with so much noise, so many crackers, so many gongs and clashing cymbals, that this quiet, intimate proceeding leaves an indelible impression on the mind.

#### Moon Festival.

The Mid-Autumn, Harvest, or Moon-Festival, is one of the four important equinoctial celebrations of the year. On the fifteenth day of the eighth month, when the moon attains its greatest brilliance, when its perfect circle is a symbol of unity, it is considered most important that husband and wife be together. It is supposed to be the women's gala day, but men take an active part in the festivities, which reach their height in the evening. The ceremonies vary in different parts of the country, but have certain features in common. For instance, everybody eats Moon Cakes, most delicious, round, sweet pasties made of flour, mixed with nuts and fruits; and the feast spread by the women all over China in honor of the Moon is always composed of symbolic fruits and seeds. Many different kinds are used, and for various reasons, but reasons all connected with matrimony and posterity. Matermelons, a root stock of lotus, water chestnuts, the taro and other edible tubers, the pear, the chestnut and the persimmon, round, red and sweet, obviously a symbol of happiness and unity. Moon cakes are there. Sometimes thirteen are used, of different sizes, piled high in a pyramid; they suggest a circle of happiness for each month in the year.

#### The God of Literature.

Many and varying legends are told of the origin of the God of Literature. According to one, he was a brilliant scholar who was unfortunately terribly disfigured. It was customary for the Emperor to give with his own hand a rose



PIWU-KA.

Here we see the landing place at Piwu-ka, a town of several thousand people, where we have a chapel. It is thirteen miles from Chuchow and would make an ideal central residence for a missionary.



of gold to the student who won the highest place in the triennial examinations. This feat was accomplished by the scholar in question, but the Son of Heaven was so terrified by his hideous countenance that he withheld the rose, and the unfortunate man walked straight from the Imperial audience and threw himself into a river. He did not drown, however, as a sea monster, who happened to be swimming about, brought him to the surface and saved his life. He then ascended to heaven and assumed control of the "Literati" on earth. He is shown in a conventional form, holding a writing brush in his left hand and a square measure in his right; one of his legs is raised in the air and he has the head of a demon. He is generally spoken of as the Star of Literature. His figure is naturally very popular among men of letters, who are apt to keep either a little statue or a painted portrait in their studies.

#### Bamboo.

It is difficult for an Occidental to realize the all-important role played in Chinese life, art and symbolism, by this remarkable member of the grass tribe, the bamboo. Its uses are infinite. Household articles, agricultural implements, water pipes, toys, boatmen's poles, ribs for sails, mat sheds, ropes,

fences, paper, and so on and so forth, are all made from its stalk, and the tender edible sprouts are a noted delicacy which appear on the table either dried, salted or fresh. The bamboo of filial obedience is supposed to sprout from inside the clump during summer in order to afford shade to the parent stems, and from outside in the cold weather as a protective screen. The virtues of the great grass are seven. Clean and unspotted within itself, it is shielded from without by a sheath, which covers the stem until it has risen well above the ground. Its emptiness suggests a pure heart, its strength is a symbol of determination. The divisions of the stem show that it is orderly, and it is also without blemish and long-enduring. Beautiful feathery clumps are grown as wind screens to the north of many hamlets, and are carefully cultivated by the farmers, whose manner of life is largely dependent on its stalks, shoots and leaves.

#### Spoilt Children.

One of the most curious manifestations of Chinese social life is the upbringing of children. Occidentals have a firm belief in discipline. "Do as I say, not as I do," is a phrase which has been known to fall from the lips of a European parent. To the Chinese this seems

the height of absurdity. Their social system is erected upon the pillars of example, and until a child is old enough to appreciate example he is not bothered with commands. He does *what* he likes, *when* he likes, *as* he likes; in a word, he is shockingly spoiled. It is an indisputable fact that after a certain age the spoilt infant evolves into a filial son or daughter, who, until the revered parents are laid to rest in the family graveyard, hearkens to their every word, and tries to fulfil their every wish.

#### The Kitchen and Its God.

A Chinese stove is, in itself, very picturesque. Built of plastered brick, it is gaily decorated with flowers, landscapes, or historical scenes, painted in freehand on its white surface. Huge iron pans, sunk into the top, are used for boiling rice. The front is solid and the fire is tended from behind. Half-way up the chimney breast, so arranged as to face south, is a little niche where sits a portrait of Ts'ao Chun, Lord of the Stove, generally referred to by Occidentals as the Kitchen God. Five days before New Year, Ts'ao Chun's portrait is placed in a green official chair made of paper; and is despatched by means of fire, to the court of Yu Huang, the Jade Emperor. This is in order that he may be enabled to take care of the household which he is supposed to oversee. Candles to light his way, a little food for the journey, and a sheet of red paper with an auspicious inscription such as "May fair wind attend your road" are placed before him, and just before departure his lips are smeared with something sweet and sticky in order to assure that the report he makes will be honey-mouthed. During the five days of his absence one may have the comfortable feeling that no supervision over any action is exercised, but before dawn on New Year's morning he must be reinstalled, in readiness to shoulder his duties for the coming year.

#### Physical Comfort.

The Chinese, as a rule, do not worry about physical comfort. The most expensively appointed house is, to our ideas, miserably cold and uncomfortable, and the houses of the poor are very squalid indeed. How much effect do the written words in universal use, actually have upon men's minds? Over the doorway of a wretched group



Left to Right—Father Kam, Fr. Morrison, Fr. J. M. Fraser, Fr. Wm. Fraser and Fr. Serra. This picture was taken on the occasion of the retreat at Ningpo.



of buildings one may read "Hamlet of Ten Thousand Joys," and though not one of these ten thousand joys may be apparent to the eye, though the inhabitants may be utterly incapable of reading the characters themselves, I cannot help feeling that psychologically these words have influence. At all events, the Chinese consider them vastly important, and a house lacking "tui-tzu" or parallel sentences, is looked upon as hopelessly uninteresting. These sentences are often carved on panels of wood so they can be treated like pictures.

### **Ink Rubbings.**

Ink rubbings are a great specialty among the Chinese and are immensely popular. They form a convenient method of preserving historical and artistic records, and no city lacks its quota of shops devoted to their sale. A sheet of thin tough paper is stretched over the incision to be treated, and is moistened with a paste made from seawater algae. It is then protected by coarser paper and skilfully tapped into all interstices of the carving by means of a stiff two-ended brush. The ink itself is applied to the thin paper, with a pad of wool tied in a smooth silk cover. When dry, the rubbing shows in black and white, a perfect replica of the inscription or carving thus dealt with.

### **Names.**

In addition to a man's surname he has what is called a "milk" name given at a sort of christening feast which takes place when he is a month old. Relatives and intimate neighbors use the milk name throughout a man's life, but when he goes to school his teacher generally bestows upon him a "book" name consisting of two characters selected with reference to a boy's prospects and temperament. On marriage he adopts a "style" name, and during after life may choose an infinite number of "distinguishing style"; these are frequently used with no surname whatsoever.

### **The Grand Canal.**

The Grand Canal of China has been a wonderful water-way in its day and well deserves the epithet "grand," though that is not what the Chinese call it. To them it is Imperial River, Transport River, or River of Locks. The part which lies between the two great streams of China—the Yellow River and the Yangtze—was built

about 485 B.C., but the rest is far more modern. Its total length is some twelve hundred miles, and its principal function has always been to afford safe transport for provincial tribute on the road to the Imperial Capital, whether that lay North at Peking or South at Hangchow.

### **Rice.**

There is dry rice and water-grown rice; rice of the hills and rice of the plains. The Chinese call it "white jade beads," and say that it "benefits the breath, removes anxiety and thirst, warms the viscera, harmonizes the gases of the stomach, and causes the growth of flesh!" The thin rice-water gruel with which they break their fast each morning, is considered to "benefit the vital principle, strengthen the will, clarify the hearing and brighten the eye," but to us rice-water seems a singularly unstimulating beverage.

### **Fish Traps.**

It appears that in April when spawn is floating on the water the fishermen go out in their little boats and collect it. They hatch out the tiny fish in curious little traps along the shore, and when a sufficient number are ready, hawk them about the country in jars. The country people buy them in order to stock the ponds and inland waters.

### **Religious Tenets.**

Study of Chinese Classics shows that in the earliest days of recorded history the following tenets were held in China: first, a belief in the Supreme Being; second, a recognition of the lesser beings who served Him; third, a conviction that the soul survived death; and fourth, a firm belief in the efficacy of sacrifice—that is, in communication between men and the various spiritual essences of other worlds. These four points still cover the fundamental faith of the Chinese people. The teachings of Buddhism, and the superstitious practices of debased Taoism, are more or less superficial, and have been superimposed upon the original structure. In Chinese belief there is no idea of Satan or any power that attempts to keep a soul in hell. The ruler of the World of Shade, King Yen Lo himself, and his followers, are willing to aid in the defeat of evil by volunteering to shield all virtuous men and women from physical or moral injury. Such a one can pass

unharmed through the ranks of demons who are assembled in readiness to mete out punishment, these demons being spirits or genii including souls or ghosts of deceased persons.

### **Door Spirits.**

T'ai Tsung (A.D. 627-650) second Emperor of the T'ang dynasty, being once obsessed by demons who made sleep impossible, could rest peacefully only when his officials undertook to guard his door and ward off the evil ones. Time went on and T'ai Tsung was troubled to think that his ministers were obliged to pass wakeful nights, so he suggested that their portraits be painted life-size, and pasted on to his door. The experiment proved a success; the portraits of the faithful officers were as efficacious as their very selves had been. The fame of this exploit spread far and wide, and from that day the use of painted Door Spirits has been universally popular.

### **Ceremonies for the Dead.**

During the second month of the year, it is imperative that offerings of food and drink be made to the dead, and that ancestral tombs be put in perfect order. Little bands of mourners visit the family graves, place lighted candles and bowls of food before them, repeat a ceremonial prayer begging protection, burn great packets of spirit money, wait a little, and finally place paper streamers on the grave mounds. The streamers serve not only as guides to the spirits, but are also evidence that the descendants have not neglected to perform the proper ceremonies. It is expressly laid down in the Book of Rites—foundation of all correct behaviour to the Chinese mind—that after a decent interval the offerings of food which have been presented to the spirits shall be eaten by those who make the offering. During the interval the spirits are supposed to have approached and partaken of its essence! During the seventh month of the year, in addition to the ancestral sacrifices, offerings are made to all lonely and wandering spirits such as the souls of those who have died a violent death, of suicides, and of the drowned. Throughout the month the people band together and provide paper garments and various necessities for these lonely wraiths. The Orphan Demons, as the Chinese call them, are supposed to be embittered



tered, dangerous and revengeful, therefore the motives of the donors may possibly be mixed, charity may be mingled with the idea of self-protection. Nevertheless, the custom is beautiful and is universally followed. It is very difficult to induce highly educated Chinese to discuss the details of popular superstitious practices. These they consider fit for women and the ignorant but they themselves do not doubt the survival of the soul, nor minimize the ceremonies for the dead.

#### FATHER FRASER WRITES.

(Continued from page 100.)

Constant Disciple, Unfailing Rectitude, Precious River, Tower of Reverence, Solar Clarity, Crane Grove, Pool of the Moon, Pristine Glory, Always Possessing, Mutual Progress, Ever Abundant, Friend of the Pines, Grove of Rectitude, Stellar Brightness, Determined to Advance, Helping to Flourish, Manifesting Glory, Beneficent Heart, Resplendent Glory, Minute Light, Aid to Ability, Mercy Fountain, Nation's Grove, Friend of the Clouds, Dragon Nobility, Super-congratulations, Increasing Fortitude, Literary Heart, Abounding in Literature, Brightness Comes, Minute Glory, Scenic Glory, Rustic Strength, Golden Earth, Full of Glory, Virtuous Felicity, Friend Maker, Golden Power, Abounding in Friends, Presaging Splendor, Happy Spring.

Family names in China, as elsewhere, remain the same from generation to generation. They are very few compared to America and Europe. All of the five hundred million Chinese belong to one or the other of a few hundred family names! They are called



ON WITH THE WORK.

The workmen "struck" for a brief period during the early stages of the building of our Lungchuan church. Frs. Serra, Wm. Fraser and Kam kept things going.

the hundred families, though they are really more than a hundred.

Yours faithfully,  
J. M. FRASER.

#### CHINA HAS NEWSPAPER OVER 1,000 YEARS OLD.

Austria and France have had a pretty little rivalry as to which country has the honor of having started the first newspaper.

It has long been conceded that the "Gazette de France," founded in 1631, was entitled to the honor of being the precursor of them all. But recently, says The Pathfinder, Dr. Karl Junker, searching in the archives of the Royal State Library at Vienna, found a copy of the "Reichzeitung dated 1620." It was said to have appeared regularly thereafter.

It is hard to say just when newspapers began, for the first papers, or pamphlets, publishing news, did not appear with any regularity. They appeared when there was something important to tell. For instance, there was a French pamphlet published in 1492, telling of the surrender of

Granada by the Moors to Ferdinand and Isabella. Possibly there was another edition when Columbus discovered America, but no record has been found of that.

Another authority is inclined to give the credit for the earliest European newspaper to the Netherlands. A "Nieuwe Zeytung" or "New Newspaper," was found dated in 1526 and telling of the great Battle with the Turks. But back in the days of old Rome there was the "Acta Diurna," or "Daily Events," which regularly chronicled battles, elections, games, religious rites, etc. That daily paper or bulletin lasted to the fall of the Western Empire.

But, as usual, we must go back to China to find the beginning. The "Peking Gazette" has appeared regularly ever since the Tang Dynasty, A.D. 618-905. It gave out imperial rescripts and official news. And there was another publication, called the "Pekin News," which, it is claimed, goes back still further—to the sixth century, in fact. It may be truly said that the newspaper is nothing new.



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# Catholic Students Conduct Mission Convention

## 350 Gather to Discuss Fine Work

Fourth Convention of Catholic Students Mission Crusade Held Yesterday in St. Patrick's Girls' High School.

### AN INSPIRING EVENT.

Splendid Progress Reported At Meeting—March to St. Patrick's Church at Close of Session for Solemn Benediction.

Those who decry the faults and failings of modern youth would perhaps reconsider their judgments were they present at the fourth annual convention of the Halifax Conference of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, held yesterday afternoon, at St. Patrick's girls' high school. Three hundred boys and girls of high school and college age, met to report their mission activities of the past year and to discuss present-day problems, and in the light of the latter, to plan a programme for the coming year.

The Halifax Conference of this national organization is made up of five units from St. Mary's College, Mount St. Vincent College Academy, Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Patrick's Girls' High School, and St. Patrick's Boys' High School. The representatives of each of these units wearing the distinctive badge of their school, met for a business meeting in the Assembly Hall of the High School. Reverend Doctor Charles Curran, Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, presided at the meeting.

#### Number on Platform.

On the platform were the Reverend Charles McManus, Reverend John Quinan, Reverend Thomas LeBlanc, Brothers Sterling and Murphy, of St. Mary's College; F. J. Phelan, Principal of St. Patrick's Boys' School; Mrs. R. O. N. Duggan, and Miss Mary Delaney, vice-presidents of the Catholic Women's League, and Misses Margaret Wittemore and Monica Flavin, representing the Propagation of the Faith Society. The meeting was honored also with the presence of Reverend Mother General of the Sisters of Charity, Reverend Mother Superior of Mount St. Vincent, and Sister M. de Chantal and Sister M. Evaristus, past principals of the High School.

In his opening address, Rev. Charles Curran reviewed the work of the Conference since its inception four years ago, pointing out that it was not only

holding its own, but making great progress. He quoted the Encyclicals of Pius X., Benedict XVI. and Pius XI., which stress the urgent need of interest in the missions. "God wills that we co-operate," said the reverend speaker, "and the Crusade represents the adaptation of the mission spirit to youth. We must think missions."

Reports from the four units were then read, Miss Jean Montague reading the report from Mount St. Vincent, Miss Geraldine Simms that of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Miss Delphine Stokes of St. Patrick's Girls' High School, and James Dyer that of St. Mary's College. After the presentation of the reports came the reading of papers. Miss Cassie Ferguson, who will receive her B.A. Degree from Mount St. Vincent College at this year's Commencement, read an able discussion of "The Church and the New Canadian." Miss Ferguson's paper gave evidence of broad outlook, religious, political, patriotic. The relation of the Church to the immigrant was stressed, and the particular need of mission interest in Western Canada.

Miss Joan Sweeney of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, followed Miss Ferguson's reading with a paper on "The Native Clergy and the Catechist." "The Ideal Student Mission Crusader" was described by Alain Frecker, of St. Mary's College. The potency of desire was characterized as the main factor in the making of the ideal Crusader, and Mr. Frecker registered a touching plea on behalf of the Missions. Miss Marion MacDonald, of St. Patrick's Girls' High School, took for her topic "The Spiritual Reactions of Missionary Interests," and gave a careful estimate of the educational, formative, and spiritual results of Crusade activities on the individual and on the student body.

#### Addresses Delivered.

The chairman then called for addresses from those on the platform. In a stirring appeal, Father McManus spoke of the prevalence of atheism in the United States, "which," he said,

"has been mainly populated by immigrants from Europe during the last century. Canada is now opening a new century; the same conditions exist here as existed in the United States one hundred years ago. The future of Canada is in the hands of the Crusaders. It is for you to make Canada a country of Christ, a country of Christianity. Canada will be a model nation insofar as she holds to the principals of Christianity." Rev. John Quinan, in a brief address, spoke of the role of the missionary in history, and showed our debt to St. Augustine, St. Patrick and St. Boniface, but for whose missionary labors we would to-day be pagans. Brief addresses were given by Reverend Thomas LeBlanc, Brothers Sterling and Mr. Phelan.

Resolutions were then drafted relative to the obtaining of the same spiritual favors for the Canadian organization as have been obtained for that of the United States; and to the observance of the Feast of St. Francis Xavier as a missionary patron, and to the setting aside of a monthly mission day in each unit. A resolution extending a vote of thanks to His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and his clergy for their interest in establishing the publication of the C.C.S.M.C. magazine, was also drafted. The Crusaders' pledge was then read by Miss Florence Larkin. The business meeting closed with the singing of the C.S.M.C. hymn, "God Wills It," Miss Alice Horley accompanying at the piano.

After a social intermission, the members of the Convention formed in procession and marched to St. Patrick's Church for Solemn Benediction, at which Rev. Dr. Curran was the celebrant, Rev. Thomas LeBlanc, deacon, and Rev. Leo Day, sub-deacon. The music of the service was sung by the boys of St. Mary's College, organist Mr. Walter Page.

[It is with much pleasure that we reprint the "Halifax Herald's" account of this Crusade Convention. Congratulations, Crusaders, on your zealous and thoughtful mission work. Ed.]



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# Wit and Wisdom

## Spring Medicine Wanted!

"What's the lump on the front of your car?"

"Oh, the radiator just had a boil."  
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

"Are you a sailor's sweetheart?"

"No. I don't like salt with my mush."—U. of Wash. Columns.

"That sign says, 'Parking Fifteen Minutes.'"

"Isn't that the limit?"—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

## Ladies First.

Tilly: "Don't you dare swear before me."

Billy: "Pardon me, go ahead."—Webfoot.

He: Darn this course in Chinese religion.

She: Why, what's the matter?

He: Aw, there's so much confucian about it.—Reserve Red Cat.

Well—such a thing never entered my head till this moment!" exclaimed Goliath as David opened up with his slingshot.

## Epitaphs for Speeders.

Beneath this stone sleeps William Raines; ice on hill; he had no chains.

Here lies the body of William Jay; who died maintaining the right-of-way.

At ninety miles drove Eddie Shawn, the motor stopped, but "Ed" kept on.

## Back-Seat Driver At Sea.

"For goodness sake, be careful, Captain—you nearly ran over a whale that time. . . . This ship has a queer, throbbing motion. Are you sure our engine is hitting on all cylinders? . . . Look! There's another boat. Blow your whistle, Captain. . . . Captain, I'm sure the water's much too shallow here. . . . Don't go so fast. Fifteen knots an hour is enough speed for any reasonable person. . . . I certainly hope you see that iceberg over there off the port bow. . . . I'll bet you forgot to bring the foghorn. . . . Ah! Be careful, Captain. Remember that fishing smack has the right of way. . . . Why did you come this way, Captain? It's a much nicer trip across the Indian Ocean. . . . My Goodness, Captain, you'll be arrested for trying to make a left turn into the English Channel!"—Life.

## Thirsty Arizona.

Lost, a fountain pen by a man half filled with ink.—Arizona paper.

Miss Jenkins: "Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."

Knecht: "I have, Miss Jenkins."

Miss Jenkins: "What is it?"

Knecht: "Thirty days."

Smile: As helpless as a bride without a can opener.—Missouri Outlaw.

## "2 2," Tooted The Locomotive.

There was a young lady of Crews  
Who wanted to catch the 2.2.;

Said a porter, "Don't hurry,

Or worry or hurry,

It's a minute or 2 2 2."

—Everybody's Weekly (London).

## DONATION LIST, APRIL 1st TO JUNE 1st.

### Miscellaneous Amounts:

St. Andrew's Parish, Port Arthur, Ont., \$138.28; St. Patrick's Church, Fort William, Ont., \$76.37; St. Joseph's School, North Sydney, N.S., \$40.00; Holy Angel School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., \$33.00; Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., \$32.50; Rev. R. P. Walsh, \$25.00; St. Vincent's Academy, Halifax, \$15.15; St. Peter's School, Fort William, Ont., \$25.00; "Friends," Hamilton, Ont., \$26.00; Miss Mary A. Monaghan, \$25.00; St. Peter's School, Dartmouth, N.S., \$25.00; Separate School, Barry's Bay, Ont., \$13.52; St. Joseph's Church, Sudbury, Ont., \$39.46; St. Stanislaus' Church, Sudbury, Ont., \$53.65; Creighton Mine Parish, \$38.72; St. Augustine's Seminary, Unit C.C.S.M.C., \$28.35; Oxford School, Halifax, N.S., \$18.75; Miss Elsa Kastner, \$18.00; R. J. Twohig, \$30.25; Little Flower Club, St. Vincent de Paul School, Toronto, \$50.00; Per Miss Elizabeth Masterson, \$16.00; St. Patrick's Girls' High School, Halifax, \$50.00; Mrs. P. Kelly, \$27.25; Girls of St. Catherine's School, St. Catherine's, Ont., \$36.00; Mr. Fogarty, \$10.66; School Mite box, per Rev. G. L. Blonde, Ford, Ont., \$15.00; Rev. J. Egan, \$20.00. \$10.00 Each:

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# CHINA



His Lordship Bishop De Febre (in centre) pays his first official visit to our priests in Chuchow.

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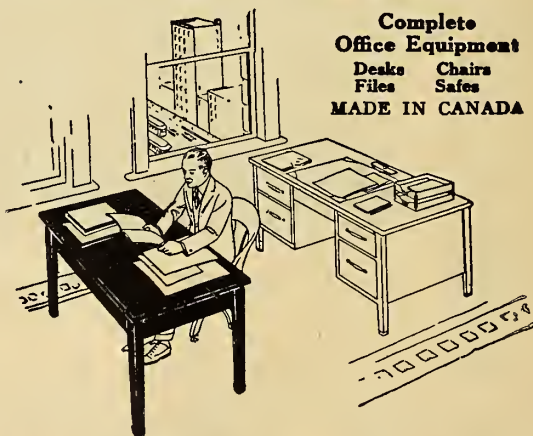
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Vol. IX.

No. 8

St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

Board of Control: Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; Rt. Rev. Michael F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London; Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterboro; Very Rev. J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

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## Vocations

The decree of Pope Pius X in regard to frequent communion gave rise to disquieting fears in the hearts of many of the faithful. Some felt that it would be better for children to wait until a later age; others that nobody was "worthy" to receive Communion daily. They were wrong, of course, in their feelings. It was because Jansenism was still alive in the Church. God be praised for the wisdom of Pope Pius in this regard.

Jansenism is not yet dead in the Catholic Church. It is still poisoning the minds of good catholic people, young and old, in regard to the matter of vocation to the priesthood. Many Catholic parents there are who cannot be disabused of the idea that it is absolutely out of the question for their son to become a priest. And deep down in their hearts they would love, more than anything else in life, to have a boy of their's a priest of God.

Who can estimate the consequences of this species of Jansenism that still prevails among us! "My boy a priest! God help us, Father, it is out of the question. He is not worthy of such a calling." And as far as those poor souls are concerned there the matter ends. And only too often, as a sequel to their firm conviction of their child's unworthiness the boy's career is shaped along other lines before he comes to an age to decide for himself. Very often, indeed, he is taken away from school altogether. We have met many such in later life, who made heroic efforts, after long years away from school, to catch up in their studies but who became discouraged and gave up the attempt.

Not worthy to be a priest! There is the substance of the whole objection. Who is worthy, may we

ask? If God were to wait to save souls until such time as some individual appeared who were worthy of the unspeakable dignity of the Priesthood He would wait forever and not a sacrament would be administered throughout the land. How long will people cling to the utterly false belief either that Holy Communion is a prize, a reward for virtue, or that the Priesthood is conferred upon an individual for his own sake and because of merits of his own. "Sacerdos propter alios" A priest for the sake of others! That expresses the purpose of the Priesthood and if God in His wisdom sees fit to make use of poor, weak human instruments to co-operate with Him in the great work of Man's Redemption far be it from us to question His ever Blessed Will.

There are today, throughout the length and breadth of this fair land, hundreds of boys working on farms or behind counters who might have been priests had they but received the proper encouragement or had their parents but provided them with sufficient preparatory education. And of the two hundred thousand pagan souls in China who passed to eternity during the past week many might have been christian were it not for the terrible tragedy of countless lost vocations.

"Alas, alas," writes Cardinal Newman, "for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to be holy and who lived in sin, who were called to fight and remained idle, who were called to worship Christ and plunged into this giddy unbelieving world. Alas for those who have had gifts and who have not used, or who misused or abused them. The world goes on from age to age but the holy angels and blessed saints are forever crying 'Alas, alas,' and 'woe, woe,' over the loss of vocations and the disappointment of hopes and the scorn of God's love and the ruin of souls."





#### MODERN MEANS OF TRAVEL COMING IN CHINA.

The above map will show the land route from Shanghai to Chuchow. There is a railway from Shanghai to Hangchow, where one may take a bydroplane speed boat as far as Lanche. The service is more or less uncertain up to the present. A motor bus road is being planned from Lanche to Yunkang, which is only 35 miles from our mission headquarters at Chuchow. It is quite possible that this route may be followed in the not-distant future. At present our missionaries travel from Shanghai by boat, via Ningpo, Haimen and Wenchow.



## News From China

### FATHER FRASER'S LETTER.

Dear Father McGrath,

At present we are in urgent need of a big sum to establish a convent school. I have written about it at length to Father McRae. We have the land on which to build, and I am buying another piece to enlarge it. A number of buildings will have to be erected—a convent with chapel, girls' school, women's catechumenate, and, if possible, a small hospital. The buildings will have to have very solid foundations, as occasionally we have inundations. This institution will benefit the whole district, including Lungchuan or any other new parish formed. In a couple of weeks the Bishop will give me a document signed and sealed authorizing me to procure Sisters. Say some fervent prayers that God may grant us the most suitable Sisters for our work.

### Bishop Defebvre's Visit.

Under another cover, I am sending you a group taken last Sunday on the occasion of Bishop Defebvre's pastoral visit to Chuchow. The Bishop, Right Rev. Andrew Defebvre, D.D., Vicar Apostolic of Ningpo, is seated between two little boys of our school. They are not yet baptized, but hope to be next Thursday. Standing (left to right) are: Father Marques, the new parish priest who replaces Father Aroud at Wenchow, Father Venini, Father Morrison, Father Zi, first curate at Wenchow, who was one of the early pioneers of our district, and Yours truly.

### A Great Reception.

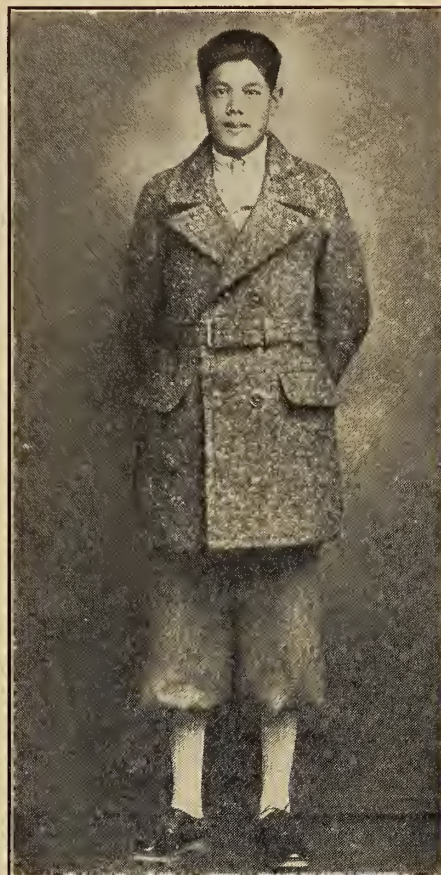
On April 30, Bishop Defebvre, accompanied by Frs. Marques and Zi, arrived at Wenchow by motor launch, where our houseboat was awaiting to convey them the remaining ten miles to Tsingtien. After a quiet night spent at our chapel of that city, Confirmation was administered to twenty-four persons, and we boarded two small boats for Chuchow, ninety miles further up stream. It took us two days to make it, but the weather being good, and the scenery constantly changing, we did not notice the time passing. On landing at Chuchow the Bishop and priests were taken by

chair to the church, the bells of which rang out merrily as we approached, and hundreds of fire-crackers were exploded. After vesting in the parlour, a solemn entrance of the church was made, the Bishop sprinkling holy water and receiving incense in the vestibule, and proceeding up the centre aisle blessing the people who knelt reverently on either side with bowed heads. He then celebrated Mass. Imagine the joy of the people, most of whom saw a Bishop for the first time! After Mass, he paternally sat at the Communion rail, and all came up two by two to kiss his ring.

### Church is Blessed.

But last Sunday was the great day. After the usual morning prayers and recitation of catechism in the church, His Lordship preached. Then the church was blessed; for, though erected nearly ten years ago, there had not been the occasion for performing the ceremony till now. Everything was carried out according to the ritual. The edifice was vacated of people; a procession was formed, and His Lordship went around the building inside and out, copiously sprinkling the walls with holy water. Litanies were recited, the people chanting them in their own tongue in front of the church. Confirmation followed. Fifty-five approached the altar to receive the Sacrament. Then Pontifical High Mass with Deacon and Subdeacon. Father Zi as Deacon, Father Morrison as Subdeacon, Father Venini directed the choir, and I kept an eye on things generally. Eight young men served, and as many little boys in red soutanes, surplices and red capes carried torches. In the afternoon the Bishop gave solemn Benediction. The church was beautifully decorated, as also the passage way from the house to the church, with lanterns and streamers. Our Christians had every reason to be proud of the celebration. Early Monday morning, His Lordship and the two priests from Wenchow sailed for the coast.

In Bishop Defebvre we have a real missionary bishop, not afraid of hardship and fatigue. I was much edified for several reasons.



A MODERN CHINESE STUDENT.

East may be East, but it is rapidly assimilating Western ideas.

May the 1st, the day he gave Confirmation at Tsingtien, was the first anniversary of his episcopal consecration—he had foregone the big celebration he would have had in Ningpo on that occasion to be with us and officiate in a tiny chapel! Again, last Saturday, he himself drilled in the ceremonies all the participants in the next day's ceremonies! Everyone felt at home with him, even the children. May God bless him, and preserve him many's the year to extend His Kingdom, and govern His flock!

Yours most faithfully and affectionately,

J. M. FRASER.

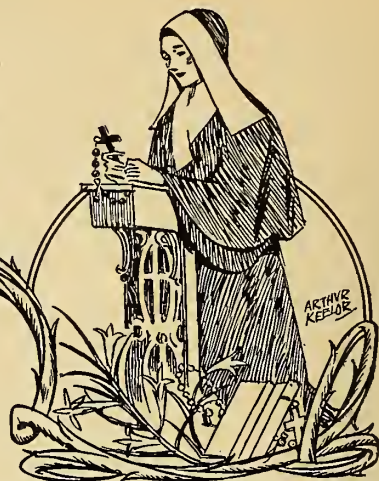
### Chinese Prelate Consecrated June 3. (Fides Service)

Shuanhwafu, China.—The Rt. Rev. Peter Tch'eng was consecrated Vicar Apostolic of Shuanhwafu, June 3. The new bishop succeeds Bishop Philip Tchao, who died October, 1927, a year after his consecration by Pope Pius at the Vatican. On the day following the consecration of Bishop Tch'eng, memorial services were held for the former prelate.





# A MODERN MARTYR



By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Vénard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *Labors and Trials.*

Up to this time Theophane had not said much of his relations with the people. He filled up this void in the following letter to his sister:—

"You say you would like to be a little bird, my dearest sister, and see how I get on with my new children. Well, I assure you I begin to love them very much. The Annamite people are thoroughly good and their respect for the missionaries is very great. Until now the state of the country and my small acquaintance with the language have prevented my doing much, but the principal people of the villages often come to see me and bring some little present. I could only say a few unintelligible sentences at first, which I saw made them very much inclined to laugh; but they would not have done so for all the world, they are so afraid of hurting my feelings. Very often the peasants come to pay me a visit: one day it is the father of a family who has married off one of his children and brings me a pig's head killed for the feast; another day some mother arrives who wishes to recommend her son just starting for the army; or four or five poor women will come together to offer me a little basket of fruit, or to ask me for a rosary or a cross. I can answer only in a few words but every one goes away pleased and satisfied. It is the custom among Annamites that no one shall present himself to a superior without offering a present. If our poor Christians ever have any fine fruit, or extra good fish, or any vegetable larger than usual, they take the greatest delight in coming to offer it to the missionaries. I assure you, *Mélanie*, I love the Annamites very much, and I thank God every day that He has consecrated me to their service. All is not, certainly, *colour de rose*, but there will always be thorns in every path.

"One word as to these nuns of Tongking, about whom you make such eager inquiries. They are natives living in community under the authority of an abbess; they do not take vows and are received very young. They work in the fields, prepare the cotton for linen cloths, or *sell pills*, which will astonish you, and probably

make you laugh; but it is by this means that they gain access to pagan children who are ill and baptize those in danger of death.

"They live poorly, pray a great deal, give themselves the discipline, and fast far more than ordinary Christians. When necessary they act as couriers to carry letters from one mission to another, in which capacity they are often invaluable; there is nothing in this occupation which shocks the feelings or customs of their country. On such occasions they always go in pairs. They often carry great loads, but they are accustomed

Our students pray daily for the welfare and the intention of our benefactors.

A High Mass is celebrated for their intentions on the first Friday of each month.

Two novenas of benedictions are offered for them each year.

They receive a remembrance in more than three thousand Masses annually.

Special prayers are offered for their intentions, by request, at any time.

They have the consolation of knowing that they will have a great share in the merit of our work for the conversion of pagan souls in China.

to toil and fatigue, as all Annamite women are. The Christians always call them '*Sisters*,' and they are universally loved and respected.

"It is very pleasant to hear the native prayers, especially when they are said well together; their harmony has often touched me more than the most beautiful European music. The people have some very pretty litanies of Our Lady, especially one of the Immaculate Conception. But their

acts of thanksgiving after Communion are the most touching; when I hear them, it moves me almost to tears. The Annamites do not know how to pray in silence or in a low voice; and even if there is only one communicant, he intones his thanksgiving aloud, either alone or in company with the choir. The catechists sing the plain chant very well, and sometimes chant High Mass; but then there is always a musical accompaniment. Their instruments are the violin, harp, drums, fife, and cymbals. They have not much variety in their music, and during High Mass will play a single tune over and over till one is satiated with it. But, after all, God is, perhaps, as much praised and glorified by this simple, devout congregational music as by the most magnificent harmony, executed by first-class artists. It is the vibration of the heart, and not of the chords, which is acceptable to Him.

"And my Latin scholars, you ask, are they very learned? It is difficult for them to be, since they have no dictionaries. At the end of their studies they understand the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and of late years Bishop Retord has started a class of Philosophy which is conducted in Latin. You may well imagine that we do not trouble our heads to teach Ovid, Horace, or heathen mythology to these poor Annamites. Hence the controversy as to the classics must be judged by itself."

In a letter to an old friend about this time we find a touching passage showing the simplicity and *naïveté* of these people in their religious rites:—

"I am quite sure that your first experience in performing a marriage ceremony was widely different from mine. In Tongking there are no marriage processions and no bridesmaids, as in France. The married couple receive the sacrament as they do the Blessed Eucharist without any demonstration. Well, my *fiancées* having been to confession, and thus prepared themselves, the day was fixed. I went very early in the morning, and sang Mass for the whole population (they keep early hours in Tongking). Then my catechist made a signal for the young couple—each was about eighteen years of age—to go up to the altar. The young girl mounted the



steps; but where was the betrothed? He never appeared. After waiting some time in vain, the poor child was quietly told to go back, and come again at the same time to-morrow. Resigned and gentle, she obeyed. The next day the future husband made his appearance at the proper moment and I blessed the marriage. In the course of the day the newly-married couple, conducted by the sister of the bride, came to pay me a visit, and to thank me. I ventured to ask why the young gentleman had not made his appearance the first day. He answered with perfect simplicity, that he 'did not wake in time.'"

We cannot better describe the people and the life of the young missionary, than by his letters, which are graphic pictures of his daily trials and their consolations. In September, 1855, Theophane wrote again to his family:—

"I hope that my last letters, written in March, have reached you. Since then it has pleased God to throw me again on a bed of sickness. On Ash Wednesday I went to Father Castex, Vicar-General of the mission, who was at the College of Hoang-Nguyen. The distance was not more than a quarter of a league but the road was full of mud and water. I took a violent chill and fever, and from that moment I got worse and worse. I was also obliged to flee by night several times from the mandarins and hide in the rice-fields. This did not mend matters. The people around me thought the end was at hand and prepared everything for my funeral. But God sent me a doctor, who gave me some new sort of medicine which brought me to life again. I received Extreme Unction twice, and each time God was pleased, in strengthening my soul, to restore my body. I am now staying at Ke-Vinh with Bishop Retord, who hopes to complete my cure; but I am afraid it will be difficult, as my left lung is almost gone. I have terrible perspirations and an oppression on my chest; in the morning I sometimes have such violent expectoration and running at the nose that I cannot say Mass. On the other hand my appetite is good, so that I can go on with my

little studies. Do not let my illness make you unhappy, my dearly-loved people! but pray for me, that the sufferings of my body may be for the spiritual welfare of my soul..."

In this September letter he alludes as follows to the persecutions:—

"They threatened to be terrible; but thank God! our worst apprehensions have not been realized. Our purses have suffered most; for one could close the mandarins' mouths only by bars of silver. Our poor missions have indeed been bled to satisfy pagan rapacity. These poor Annamites are always the victims of some misfortune or some act of oppression. One year an inundation comes; the next, a drought. The harvest almost always fails. A bowl of rice is all that the people want, and even this much they cannot always obtain. Yet these rapacious gentlemen, the mandarins, who are nominally their fathers and protectors, think of nothing but pillage and robbery, and how to suck wealth out of these unhappy people like so many leeches. I really believe there is no such thing as an honest man among the mandarins. The Christians are a capital bank for them; their religion being proscribed by the king, it is the easiest thing in the world to accuse them at any moment of 'treason and rebellion against the state.' From the village mayors up to the mandarin governors of the provinces, every man, will have his share in the plunder. In a village which is half Christian and half pagan, the Christians pay a heavy ransom to have liberty of conscience. This year we have had no martyrdom. I have heard of a doctor and his two brothers who were thrown into prison by the mandarin and who are still in captivity. I know this physician; he is a most fervent and excellent man, and has already been a Confessor for the Faith in the Minh-Menh persecution. Thanks to the interposition of a friendly mandarin at court, Bishop Retord has been able to return to his college; and Bishop Jeantet has also gone back to his seminary. So after the storm comes the calm, and God protects His own. Since January I have not had a line from any of you



RICE AND FLOUR MILL NEAR PIWU-KA. There are many of these along the rivers of our district.

and am getting rather anxious forebodings. May God and His Holy Mother preserve you, my dearest father, and sister, and brothers, from all evil, now and forevermore!"

A little later he writes:—

"I am dying out like a candle, and holding to life by a mere thread. I think the doctors have given me up but I can still rejoice in whatever God appoints. Perhaps this is the last note you will receive from me. Pray for me, that, though my poor body perishes from day to day, my soul may be saved through the merits of Him Who died for me. We shall meet one another in a brighter and better home. Adieu!"

On the 1st of December he wrote again to his sister, saying that he had recovered his strength; that his left side was much better; and that she must join with him in thanking and praising God for having so unexpectedly restored him to health. He continues:—

"We are in a period of comparative peace, so that our schools are reopened. The bishop can officiate pontifically on festivals; and we may go, in the daytime, to walk in the college gardens—a favor of which you would understand the magnitude better if you had been confined, like us, for so



LOGGING ON THE CHUCHOW RIVER.

At night the men anchor the "boom" and sleep in the improvised board shelter, shown at left.



long a time in one room, without daring either to sing or speak above a whisper. Lately the government has been put in a state of excitement by the appearance of an English man-of-war at Touranne, which is close to the capital of the kingdom in Cochin-China. I believe that the Governor General of Hong-Kong and the Plenipotentiaries of Queen Victoria came to propose a treaty of commerce to Tu-Duc, the Annamite king. However, this 'gracious sovereign' would not receive the despatches; so the English had to retire without doing anything. But the consequences have been rather disastrous for us, as they choose to fancy that we sent for the English. We have had no news from home for more than a year. I try to be patient but each courier who arrives and brings no letters is a fresh mortification. Pray for me, that I may strive to live above all these feelings and become a more worthy priest of

Jesus Christ; so that in the difficult post which I now occupy, I may have the necessary grace and prudence. As for me I never cease to pray for you all. Remember your poor little Theophane!"

At this time the Crimean war and the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception occupied the minds of men of every class in Europe. Although sixteen months had elapsed since Theophane had received any letters from home, yet the news of these two great events reached our missionaries and rejoiced their sad hearts. Theophane wrote to express his joy to his sister, and adds:—

"Since my last letter the persecution has been renewed and one of our native priests, Huong, has been martyred. This did not prevent Bishop Retord from preaching his Lenten missions, and, thanks to Our Lady's protection, we have not had to take many more precautions than usual. As far as I am concerned, I had the pleasure of accompanying His Grace in one of his diocesan tours, where the work was arduous and incessant. celebrated the Offices of Holy Week and Easter at Ke-Vinh before an immense congregation, and everything passed off well, and in comparative peace, if such a word can be used in connection with people in our position. You will perhaps wonder how, being continually on the 'qui vive,' and in hiding, with a price put upon our heads, we can think of keeping feasts and talk of peace. But it seems as if a special protection of God and the Blessed Virgin rested upon us, so that we may 'serve Him without fear.'

Besides, when we do get a little liberty, we set it against the continual vexations and constraints to which we are generally subject. We are like rats coming out for a little bite, regardless of the cat, and hastening to regain our holes on the first alarm or sound of danger."

At last, after a nineteen months' fast, the poor missionaries received their letters from home. Theophane then wrote:—

"On the feast of St. Peter, Bishop Retord called in all his missionaries and his coadjutor, Bishop Jeantet, to meet him at the College of Ke-Vinh. We made a retreat in common, and passed fifteen days in the most perfect calm and peace, in spite of the emissaries of the mandarins who were spying in the neighborhood. We sang heaps of French songs and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Just before we parted, a courier arrived from Cochin-China, bringing news from Europe of the

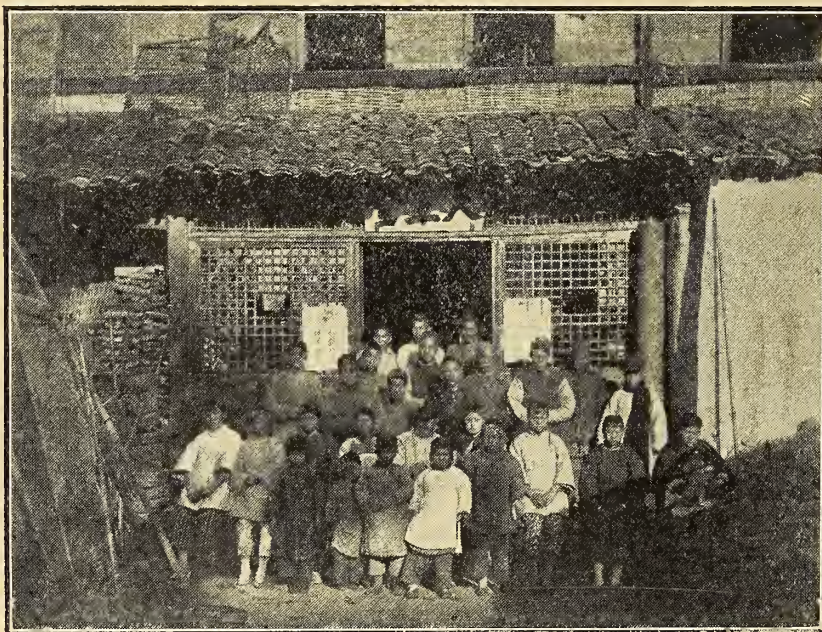
and thousands of persons drowned, or killed by the falling of the mud walls of their houses. Many took refuge in the mountains; others huddled close to the dykes which had resisted the rush of waters, and remained there without food for days; others again, like ourselves, were kept prisoners in their houses, obliged to battle with the ever-rising flood. Often it was necessary to take up the flooring and make a temporary standing-ground in the upper story or close under the roof, which had to be pierced to give air.

"In the villages where inundations are an annual occurrence, there is a system of boats, which are kept ready in the case of need, but in other places you can imagine the misery! Besides, the gardens are all destroyed, trees killed, and cattle and domestic animals drowned. As for ourselves, the students of the college, by working day and night, contrived to build a dyke

sufficiently strong to protect the church and our place of refuge, but the bishop's house was full of water. In the midst of this I fell sick of a violent fever with an attack of asthma, and it was in one of the worst fits that your letter was brought to me and acted like the dew on the parched ground. Don't fancy that this is a figure of speech. I do assure you it is a fact that the sight of your hand-writing, and the joy that I felt, reacted on my whole system, and the fever was sensibly diminished. However, just as I was beginning to rejoice in a kind of convalescence, I caught typhoid fever, which again brought me to the very gates of death. Bishop

Retord and my fellow-missionaries said Masses for me to St. Peter of Alcantara (to whom, St. Teresa says, our Lord refuses nothing), and I got better from that time. The end of all this succession of fevers is, that although I am about again, I am still very weak; but as my appetite has returned, I hope to be able to work soon. My left side no longer gives me so much pain; and as God has preserved me until now, I hope that He will do so to the end, and enable me to do something for His glory before I die."

A collection attorney received an account accompanied by a request that he "move heaven and earth to get this scoundrel." He replied: "There would be no use in moving either locality in this instance. The debtor died last week."—Utica Gas and Electric News.



THE CHRISTIANS OF GNO-CHI.

Gno-Chi is six miles upstream from Piwa-Ka, and could be attended from the latter place if there were a resident priest there. The "chapel" shown in the picture is 300 years old, and is located on the second storey. The priest's room is to the left. The boy standing beside the pillar on the right is a brother of Fr. Paul Wong, recently ordained for our mission.

allies' success, the proclamation of peace, the birth of the Prince Imperial, and the rejoicings of the people at the new dogma. We were told also of the embassy sent by the Emperor to negotiate with the Annamite king, so as to stop the persecution of Christians, and especially of the French missionaries, whose blood this king, a worthy successor of his father, has so cruelly shed. We were about to disperse to our respective missions and had already taken leave of one another, when a tremendous inundation came, worse than any in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and it compelled us to stay where we were. The flood lasted a whole month and the waters covered four large provinces, besides breaking down the dykes in many places. The newly-sown rice was completely lost; that which was almost ready for the harvest was submerged, and the greater portion rotted; many villages were destroyed.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

A REELOR

## No Crime of Crimes.

A colored preacher was vehemently denouncing the sins of his congregation. "Bredren an sistern, Ah warns yo' 'gainst de benious sin of shootin' craps! Ah charges yo' 'gainst de black rascality of liftin' pullets. But above all else, bredren an' sistern, Ah demolishes yo' 'gainst de crime of melon-stealin'."

A brother in the back seat made an odd sound with his lips, rose and snapped his fingers. Then he sat down again with an abashed look.

"Whoffo', ma fren'," said the parson, sternly, "does you 'r'ar up an' snap yo' fingers when Ah speaks ob melon-stealin'?"

"Yo' jes' remin's me, parson," the man in the back seat answered, meekly, "whar Ah lef' mah knife."—The Busy East.

A paper hanger has a tough time of it. Every time he thinks things are going smoothly he gets another job and goes to the wall.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

## Unheeded Advice.

He—When I was young, the doctors said that if I didn't stop smoking I would become feeble-minded.

She—Well, why didn't you stop?—Extension Magazine.

## Call the Sheriff.

Simpering Spinster—"When I was born my father made me a promise to give me £10 every birthday, and I have £190 now."

Bachelor (dubiously)—"When is he going to pay you the balance?"—London Answers.

## No Sense.

"Say, Sam, how you all gettin' on with that theah saxophone of you-ahs?"

"Well, Ah blows into it the sweetest noises you-all evah heard, but de mos' awful of a blah come out of de otha end." — Northern Star, Ottawa.

## Embarrassing Situations.

His relative telephoned to the nearest florist's. The ribbon must be extra wide, with "Rest in Peace" on both sides, and if there was room, "We Shall Meet in Heaven."

The florist was away and his new assistant handled the job. There was a sensation when the flowers turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide, indeed, and on it was the inscription:

"Rest in peace on both sides, and, if there is room, we shall meet in heaven."—Northern Star, Ottawa.

They laughed at me when I spoke to the waiter in Italian—but he came right back with some Scotch.—Life.

## Unfamiliar Locality.

"Where did the car hit him?" asked the Coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," replied the medical witness.

And the burly foreman rose from his seat.

"Man and boy, I've lived in these parts for 50 years," he protested, ponderously, "an' I never heard of the place."—Exchange.

## Crooked.

"Look heah, niggah; you're cheating on me."

"Black man, ah ain't cheating on you."

"Yes, you is; ah neveh dealt you that ace." —Wasp.

Diner: "Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken?"

Waiter: "I don't know, sir. Why do you ask?"

Diner: "Well, one with a real mother could never be as tough as this bird."

## SETTLING UP AND DOWN.

A West Virginia negro, a blacksmith, recently announced a change in his business as follows:

"Notice — De copardnership heretofore resisting between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owed de firm will settle with me, and what de firm owes will settle with Mose."

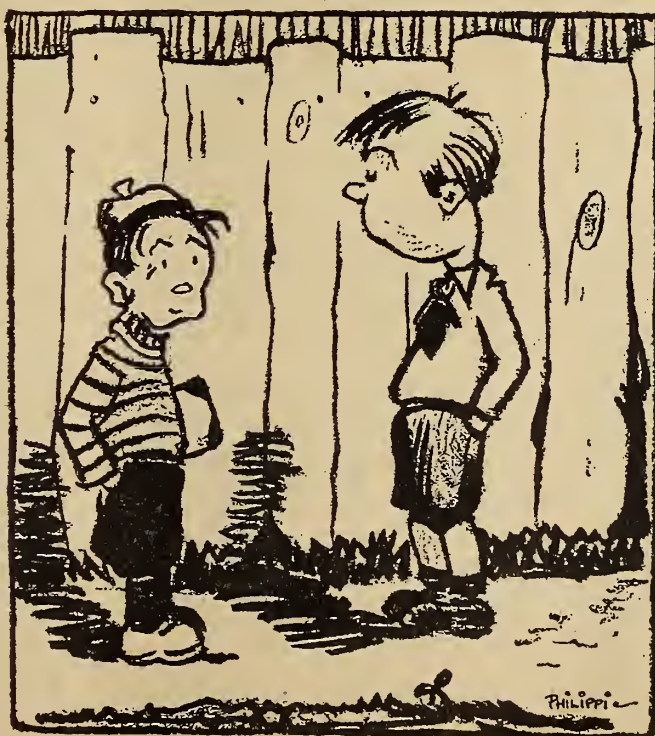
## Knew It Without Telling.

Surgeon (to attendant)—"Go and get the name of the accident victim so that we can inform his mother."

Attendant (three minutes later) — "He says his mother knows his name."—Answers.

## Personal Representative.

A kiss will last but a day. Ten pounds of candy she will eat and forget. The roses you send will fade with the dawn, but a Persian kitten or a nice puppy is an hourly reminder of you. McEden's Kennels.



Re-opening of school brings out the latest boy wonder—"How many days till Christmas?"



# The C.C.S.M.C. Issues



# Call to Arms

## C.C.S.M.C.

Those magic letters C.C.S.M.C.—What wonders they wrought during the past year. Within a year, more than seventy institutions claimed participation in that organization known as the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. In the book of good deeds how often these letters stand proudly after the name of School, High School, College, Convent, Academy or Seminary.

## MISSIONARIES ALL.

C.C.S.M.C. written after a name means that that institution is a Unit associated with other Units, the common objective of all to assist the Missionaries laboring for Our Blessed Lord in the Home and Foreign Fields. Each member of a Unit is a Crusader—crusading to regain souls for Christ—souls that are in the Darkness of Paganism or shadows of Infidelity.

## CALL TO ARMS.

Catholic Students! Let us be heroes in the strife—let us join together to combat the enemies of Our Lord. Think of the result of every Student in Canada becoming a warring Crusader. What an invincible army—what a ceaseless, courageous, and never-to-be-beaten spirit would prevail. How is the war waged? First, by prayer—because that is the most deadly weapon that can be used in fighting the warriors of Satan; and secondly, by alms.

## CRUSADE PERIODICAL.

The C.C.S.M.C. issues every two weeks "The Students' Mission Crusade," which is the official organ of the society, for which the half-yearly subscription is twenty-five cents. Last year there were four thousand student subscribers. If you are interested, student reader, and we know that you are interested in anything that will help Missionary Priests, Sisters and Brothers, write for detailed information to Crusade Headquarters, 67 Bond Street, Toronto.

## THANKS "CHINA."

The Crusade Executive thanks the Editor of China, who very generously offered us space to make known the object of the Crusade. May the Missionaries of China Mission Seminary receive in return the whole-hearted support from Crusaders which they deserve as the unflinching and valiant representatives of Canada in the far-away Mission fields of China.

## FIVE THOUSAND STUDENTS NEEDED TO WIN MOST GLORIOUS VICTORY IN HISTORY.

### Crusade Headquarters:

67 Bond St., Toronto.

We have read glowing accounts of courageous exploits in various battles fought centuries ago, we have been thrilled with the details of valiant warriors in the late war, we have taken part in enthusiastic demonstrations of joy because of victories—but these were human conquests and the path of their glory leads but to the grave.

## THOUSAND MILLION PAGANS.

There is, dear students, a more brilliant victory—a much more desirable victory—than ever gained in any earthly victory, and that is the glorious victory of a soul won for Christ, but think of the thousand million souls to be won from Satan and his conspirators because there are a hundred thousand poor pagan souls who know not our dear Lord.

## WEAPON IS PRAYER.

To win these souls for Christ their rightful King is to-day the object of thousands of students in Canada—Crusaders are they—courageous and valiant. They do not mind making a little sacrifice, because the victory is worthy of supreme sacrifice. They are quite desirous of spending their time in prayer, because they know it is the most efficient way in which to procure these souls.

## 5,000 STUDENTS NEEDED.

In order to win this most glorious victory in history the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has need of five thousand students—it has need of every institution of learning in Canada from the primary school to the university. Shall victory be ours? Shall a thousand million pagans become a thousand million adorers of the true God and devout members of the holy Mother Church?

Yes—if you become a Crusader—if your institution enrolls under the glorious banner of the C.C.S.M.C. Victory shall be ours and our victory shall be for Christ, our King.

## CATHOLIC STUDENTS CRUSADE.

Acrostic by Rev. James F.  
McGuire, Duoro, Ont.

Could we see from some high  
mountain  
All the world brought into view,  
Nations plunged in deepest darkness  
And the workers all too few:  
Dark the state of many millions  
In the depths of sin and strife  
All our hearts would fill with  
mourning,  
Noble acts would spring to life.

Could we glimpse for one short  
moment  
At the plight of some poor soul  
Toiling on in inky darkness  
Helpless to attain that Goal,  
O'er our hearts would come a shadow  
Like a storm cloud from the west.  
Into action we would hurry  
Cheerfully to do our best.

Students! Teachers! Men and women!  
There's a way for each to aid!  
Union is the pledge of victory!  
Did you join our New Crusade?  
Every one put forth an effort—  
Never mind if it be small—  
Think of what it means to others!  
Side by side let's hear the call.

Missionaries, tired and footsore,  
In the fields of far-off lands  
Send the call—they need assistance.  
Shall they sand with empty hands?  
Is their cry to go unheeded and their  
work to be in vain?  
Or will we crowd round the standard  
Now advancing o'er the plain?

Crusade work will solve the problem,  
Round the Cross we'll all unite,  
Unity will bring us victory  
Since our cause is in the right.  
And we'll train our student body in  
the needs of those far lands.  
Distant fields shall feel our efforts  
Even in far desert sands.





Three of our little schoolboys—Chuchow.

### THE UNSUNG HERO OF THE MISSION FIELD.

He left his home, his friends, his all,

He bade the world adieu;  
His sacred hands with unction blessed

Still tingled as with dew;  
The words of ordination day  
Re-echoed in his soul,

As he departed on his way  
To reach his mission goal.

He left his land of boyhood dreams,

He crossed the deep blue sea,  
For he had heard the luring call  
Of Christ's vast ministry.

With outstretched arms and yearning heart,

With Christ's banner unfurled,  
Alone he marched to foreign fields  
To win the pagan world.

For many years he labored there  
Amid a hostile race,  
Bestowing on their darkened souls

The radiance of God's grace.  
And though his form was bent  
with age,

His brow furrowed with care,  
His heart still flamed with all the zeal

That God first planted there.

No words of love or gratitude  
Rang sweetly in his ears,  
The world forgets men's greatest deeds

In the rush of passing years.  
No epitaphs of glowing praise  
Adorn his lonely grave,

Unknown, unsung his dust shall lie

In the land he died to save.

His crown is not a laurel wreath  
For such things fade and die;

His diadem is one that shines  
Before God's throne on high,  
The souls he saved from hell's abyss

Forever chant his praise,  
While he who gave his life for Christ,

Lives on through endless days.

Shine on, O lovely jewel so fair,  
Shine on, O soul of God.

And from thy regal home above  
Teach me the way to God!

J. P. K.

### VOCATION.

Prize Essay, by Cecile Herbert,  
Aged 12 Years, Lancaster, Ont.

One day Jesus was preaching  
and he met a rich young man.

"Jesus! What shall I do to be saved?" And Jesus, looking at him, loved him, and said to him: "One thing is wanting unto thee; go, sell whatever thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow me."

The man being struck sad at that language went away sorrowful; for he had great possessions.

Alas, if that man had followed Our Lord as he was told, he

would probably have saved thousands and thousands of souls.

We must learn from that story how important it is to know what vocation is and how necessary it is to follow it.

Cardinal Newman said: "Alas for those who die without completing their missions, those who were called to fight and remained indolent. And those who had gifts and talents and have not used them.

If a man wants to be a priest to go to China and his parents do not want that, he must obey God rather than his parents, because we must love God more than our parents. We must not do what the rich man did.

"The world goes on from age to age but the holy Angels and the Saints are always crying, 'Alas and woe over the loss of vocation'."

There are more pagans in China than there are Catholics in the world.

We should all pray daily and ask God to make known to us what he wants us to do in this world for his greater honour and glory and we should pray daily for more vocations to the religious life.

When we think that at the present day two-thirds of the world's peoples are pagans, we can realize the need of more sisters and priests.

If the rich young man had followed Our Lord instead of turning away sad, we do not know the number of souls that might have been saved. There have been many lost vocations ever since that time, and why? It is because the young people do not follow the call from God. They cannot give up the riches and pleasures that the world offers them. It is too hard.

How are we to know if we have a vocation to religious life?

One way is, What are we thinking about? Do I want to be a priest, or sister, and have I a good intention? There are three conditions necessary for religious life: 1. The desire to serve God by giving all my talents and time in saving souls. 2. If I have been faithful in saying my prayers, going to mass and receiving Holy Communion often? 3. Have I the average mental ability? Am I able to keep up my class work in school?



# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

*Edited by*  
**FATHER JIM**



## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCE- MENT TO ALL YOUNG READERS OF CHINA.

Well boys and girls, the publishers of "China" have finally come to it. They have found out that they cannot get along without a reading public among the younger set. Hence this page—all our own, notice? I'm the only one above the age limit, and you couldn't say I'm grown up, not really. I like to play ball, own my own dog, swim, and even fight better than studying or doing my work. Perhaps I am the exception that proves the rule.

And then you need someone to look after the Little Flower's Garden. Who is going to keep the weeds out, the soil loose and moist around the young plants if I am barred? But I will need help. Loads of it. I want every boy and girl who reads this announcement to sit down and write to me. Tell me just what you think should appear on this page, and send along any stories, poems, pictures, riddles or games that you think would be useful. We will have a correspondence column. We have had several letters from our young readers, and you will see one on this page today. Each writer should sign his full name, give age and address, and then add a pen-name or a nick-name. Do you know what they used to call me? "Hungry." But you musn't refer to that, or I'll resign in a body. I'm only mentioning it, because—well, because I'm hungry right now.

Anyway, to continue, we will print such letters as have merit, and which we think will be of general interest, but the pen-name, or nick-name, only will be used. But each letter will be acknowledged, and to those that

have a special devotion to The Little Flower, the patron of this page, we will send a little memento.

Now fellows, get out the tablet, and the ink bottle, and let's hear from you. And yes, I want to hear from the girls, too. Girls are rather a necessity sometimes—when buttons have parted company from our clothes, and our toes are a half a step ahead of our socks, and our handkerchiefs have gone into mourning, and when we need some real brainy competition to make us (do our best work) put back our ears and do our level best.

Haven't the rules ready for you yet; maybe we won't have any rules. But write on one side of the paper only, or we'll catch it from the printers; use pen and ink, if it's convenient, and address your letters to

FATHER JIM,  
c/o "China",  
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Toronto.

Reverend and Dear Father:

I am an ardent reader, and would like to subscribe to your wonderful magazine, "China." I am fourteen and can finish a good book in a half day—steady reading. At present we are receiving The Catholic Record, The Lamp, Sacred Heart Messenger, and others, but I would like more news of the missions. I have the ardent desire of becoming a missionary, so has my brother, if it be God's holy will. I hope to go to China, if it is not wholly converted by the time I am prepared.

Enclosed find money order for my subscription.

Respectfully,  
JOSEPH \_\_\_\_\_.

Thanks for subscription, Joe, and hope "China" arrived. Look at our announcement elsewhere on this page. What do you think of our heading? Isn't it a happy selection? You remember the Little Flower said, "I would like to be a missionary not only for a lifetime but until the end of the world." I feel that you will lend your prayers and your aid to the success of our new department. We are only allotted a small corner now, but we will show 'em!

FATHER JIM.

## A SONG OF CHEERFULNESS.

Sing a song of cheerfulness  
To brighten up the day.  
Sing it when you labor,  
And sing it when you play.  
Sing it, if you're able,  
No matter what they say.  
Sing a song of cheerfulness,  
Every blessed day.

Just sing a song of cheerfulness,  
'Twill glorify the day,  
For the sun is shining earthward,  
And od is in the way;  
And heaven beams above us,  
And the shining angels say:  
"Sing a song of cheerfulness,  
And sing it every day."

Sing a song of cheerfulness:  
'Twill surely better prove;  
Brave in all misfortune,  
No matter where you rove,  
Fix your mind on duty,  
And fill your heart with love;  
Sing a song of cheerfulness,  
And trust to od above.

## A TONGUE TWISTER.

If a Hottentot tot taught a Hottentot tot to talk e'er the tot could totter, ought the Hottentot tot be taught to say aught or naught, or what ought to be taught her?

If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot be taught by a Hottentot tutor, should the tutor get hot if the Hottentot tot hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?



# The Boy Jesus



At the time Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of King Herod, behold, there came Wise Men from the East to Jerusalem saying:

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and are come to adore Him."

And King Herod, hearing this, was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And assembling together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where Christ should be born. But they said to him:

"In Bethlehem of Judea: for so it is written by the prophet: 'And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Judea, are not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule My people Israel.'"

Then Herod, privately calling the Wise Men, learned diligently of them the time of the star which appeared to them; and sending them into Bethlehem, said:

"Go and diligently inquire after the Child, and when you have found Him bring me word again, that I also may come and adore Him."

Who having heard the king, went their way; and behold, the star which they had seen in the East, went before them, until it came and stood over where the Child was. And seeing the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house, they found the Child with Mary, His Mother, and falling down they adored Him; and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

And having received an answer in sleep that they should not return to Herod, they went back another way into their country. And after they were departed, behold, an Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying:

"Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass

that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him."

Who arose, and took the Child and His Mother by night, and retired into Egypt: and He was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying: "Out of Egypt have I called My Son."

Then Herod, perceiving that he was deluded by the Wise Men, was exceedingly angry; and sending, killed all the men-children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to

"Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and go into the land of Israel. For they are dead that sought the life of the Child."

Who arose, and took the Child and His Mother, and came into the land of Israel.

But hearing that Archelaus reigned in Judea in the room of Herod, his father, he was afraid to go thither: and being warned in sleep, retired into the quarters of Galilee. And coming he dwelt in a city called Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was said by the prophets: that He shall be called a Nazarene. (St. Matt. ii: 1-23.)

And the Child grew, and waxed strong, full of wisdom; and the grace of God was in Him. And His parents went every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn day of the Pasch.

And when He was twelve years old, they going up into Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast, and having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the Child Jesus remained in Jerusalem; and His parents knew it not. And thinking that He was in the company, they came a day's journey, and sought Him among their kinsfolks and acquaintance. And not finding Him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking Him. And it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers. . . . And His Mother said to Him:

"Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

And He said to them:

"How is it that you sought Me? Did you not know, that I must be about My Father's business?"

And they understood not the word that He spoke unto them. And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them. And His Mother kept all these words in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men. (St. Luke ii: 40-52.)



the time which he had diligently inquired of the Wise Men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremias the prophet, saying:

"A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning: Rachel bemoaning her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

But when Herod was dead, behold, an Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph in Egypt, saying:



## Mission Notes

### CANADIAN NUNS EXTEND MISSION IN CHINA.

Montreal, July 27.—The Canadian Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are extending their activities in China this month to the Vicariate Apostolic of Haimen, in Kiangsu Province. They will work under the direction of Bishop Tsu, S.J., one of the six Chinese bishops consecrated by the Pope at Rome in 1926.

The Vicariate already has Chinese Sisters, but the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are the first foreign nuns to offer their services to Bishop Tsu. They will have charge of the infant asylums and the orphanages of the mission. There are 32,571 Catholics in the Vicariate, out of a population of about 6,500,000.

The Congregation of the Canadian Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception was found by the late Abbe Bourassa in 1902 at Outremont, near Montreal. They began work in China as early as 1909. They already have establishments at Canton, the leper island of Sheklun, Hong Kong and Liao-Yuan-Sien, in northern Manchuria.

### FRENCH INDO-CHINA.

Paris.—News received in this city from Indo-China announces that 60,000 persons attended the session of the Eucharistic Congress held there, 120,000 took part in the procession, and 50,000 received Holy Communion. Five bishops attended the Congress.

### CHINESE CENSUS.

Peking, Jan. 26.—A new version of the population of China is carried in the local press which asserts that the latest census of the post office discloses that there are 436,000,000 Chinese within the boundaries of China proper.

San Francisco.—The three Jesuit scholastics who will sail from here in August with the Rev. P. L. Moore, S.J., formerly President of St. Ignatius College, and the Rev. J. A. Lennon, S.J., of the University of Santa Clara, have now been chosen. They are Cornelius Lynch and Thomas Phillips of Mt. St. Michael's, Wash., and Carl Simmons of

Seattle. They will go to St. Ignatius College, near Zikawai, where they will spend at least a year studying the Chinese language and teaching English.

### EUCCHARISTIC PROCESSION HELD ABOARD A SHIP.

Naples, July 9.—What is said to be the first Eucharistic procession ever held aboard a ship occurred on the steamship "Saturnia," sailing from New York and arriving here recently.

The "Saturnia" took advantage of the Holy Father's recent concession permitting the preservation of the Holy Eucharist in ships' chapels. One day the Host was carried over the entire vessel, followed by the crew and the ship's passengers, about 1,200 in number.

### EX-BUDDHIST PRIESTS IN PRIESTS' CLASS FOR JAPANESE.

Seattle.—The Rev. John C. Murrett, who is in charge of the Maryknoll mission for the Japanese of this city, holds a weekly catechism class for Japanese men. Among those who attend, only three are Catholics, while sixty-five are non-Christians. Two of these men were formerly Buddhist priests.

Out of the seven thousand Japanese in Seattle, there are only eighty-nine Catholics, virtually all of whom are recent converts. A number have been baptized in the last few months.

### DONATION LIST, JUNE—JULY

Friend, to the Little Flower Bursary, \$250.00; Friend, Western Canada, \$250.00; St. Peter's School, Toronto, \$65.46; College St. School, Halifax, \$65.00; Friend, Toronto, \$50.00; Joseph Finnerty, \$35.00; St. Rita's School, Toronto, \$25.00; Mrs. J. Morry, \$25.00; Anon, Toronto, \$25.00; St. David's School, Toronto, \$22.00; St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax, \$20.00; Miss B. McCarthy, \$20.00; Mr. Arthur Donnelly (deceased), \$20.00; St. Mary's Boys' School, Hamilton, \$18.50; St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, \$16.14; Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, \$15.15; Mrs. F. B. Fuerth, \$15.00; St. Joseph's School Halifax, \$15.00; St. Mary's College, Halifax, \$15.00; S. M. Frecker, \$15.00; Separate School, Preston, \$13.25; Notre Dame High School, Ford, \$13.00; Form I Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, \$13.00; Daniel O'Neill, \$12.75; Grade IX, St. Anne's Convent, Glace Bay, \$12.00; St. Peter's School, Toronto, \$11.00; Children of Mary North, Sydney, \$10.25.

\$10.00 Each: Rev. Chas. McKinnon; Miss F. McCarthy; J. F. Kavanagh; G. A. Hardie; J. J. Carolan; St. Peter's School, Toronto; Miss Gena Hobson; Sunday School Class, Holy Family Convent, West Buthurst, N.B.; Mission Bureau, Grand Seminary, Montreal; St. Jerome's College, Kitchener; Rev. T. White; L. P. Teevens; Rev. M. B. Flannery; M. J. S., Toronto; J. J. Carolan; Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax; Peter Buckley; Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax.

Miscellaneous Amounts: St. Mary's Convent, Toronto, per Sister M. Elizabeth, \$9.00; St. Augustine Academy,

Montreal, \$8.60; Separate School, Brantford, \$8.10; Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, \$7.70; Sunday School, St. Stephen's, N.B., \$7.00; Miss S. McGowan, \$7.00; Separate School, Renfrew, \$6.25; C. Pilley, \$6.00; Boys' Grades V and VI, St. Mary's School, Sydney Mines, N.S., \$6.00; Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Knox, \$6.00; St. Joseph's School, Port Arthur, \$5.70.

\$5.00 Each: Miss B. Cameron; Friend, Toronto; J. M. Speechly; Miss Agnes Kelly; Rev. W. J. Smith; Pupils, Convent of Annunciation, Cheticamp; Miss G. Burke; Room II, Girls, St. Clare's School, Toronto; Senior Pupils, St. Gregory's School, Oshawa; Mrs. Alex McNeil; Rev. A. M. McNabb; St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catherine's; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Mrs. Thos. Buckley; M. A. Cochrane; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Primary Class and Grade IV, St. Clare's School, Toronto; Mrs. Lydon; Mrs. D. A. McDonald; Miss V. Harris; Mrs. E. F. Kelly; Rev. D. L. Brisson; Rev. D. J. Egan; Children Farrelton Parish, P.Q., per Rev. M. J. Gorman; Brescia Hall, London; Miss E. G. Shea; Mrs. P. C. Finnegan; Rev. F. Ryan; St. Mary's Sunday School, St. Catherine's, Ont.; Mrs. Brophy; St. Patrick's School, Niagara Falls; J. O'Brien; J. M. Speechly; Friend, Toronto; St. Aloysius' Sunday School, Sudbury; Miss M. E. McIver; Mrs. E. Lapierre.

### Miscellaneous Amounts:

Columbus Bousher, \$1.00; Mrs. D. J. Kearns, \$2.00; Miss Annie Meaney, \$1.50; Separate School, Crysler, Ont., \$4.00; Miss Irene C. Gillerlain, \$1.00; St. Mary's Convent, Toronto, \$3.00; John Connolly, \$1.00; Mrs. W. Richardson, \$2.00; Mrs. M. F. Grace, \$1.00; Miss F. Lynett, \$4.15; Grade III, St. Joseph's School, Reserve Mines, \$2.40; Mrs. Joseph Lunney, \$3.00; Miss W. Kardahl, \$1.25; Miss M. E. Whelan, \$1.50; Academy St. Rose du Lac, \$1.00; Room 2, Lourdes School, Toronto, \$1.00; St. Mary's Convent School, Peterboro, \$4.38; Miss Myrtle Madden, \$2.00; Rev. B. P. Malone, \$1.50; Mrs. D. A. O. Sullivan, \$4.00; Per. Register Extension, \$2.50; Friend, Lindsay, Ont., \$1.50; Mrs. Patrick Murphy, \$2.00; Jr. Primary Class, Sacred Heart School, Espanola, \$1.50; Miss Veronica White, \$2.47; Sr. First Class, Holy Family School, Toronto, \$2.45; Miss M. Devine, \$2.00; Mrs. M. Flanagan, \$1.00; Mrs. P. Gorman, \$1.00; Mrs. Chas. and Miss K. Le Scelleur, \$4.00; Mrs. Ed. Thompson, \$1.00; Patrick Koughan, \$2.00; Miss M. O'Callaghan, \$2.00; Mrs. E. Churchill, \$2.00; St. Mary's Boys' School, Hamilton, \$3.50; Friend Sydney, N.S., \$4.00; Miss M. Damask, \$1.50; Miss M. B. McDonald, \$1.00; Miss K. Bird, \$2.00; Miss E. Hogan, \$1.50; Junior Room, St. Mary's School, Campbellford, Ont., \$1.25; Friend Martintown, Ont., \$1.00; Miss Violet McIntosh, \$1.00; Miss M. O'Connor, \$4.00; Mrs. Thos. O'Connor, \$3.00; A. J. MacDonald, \$1.50; Mrs. Lucy McNeil, \$1.00; Thos. F. Sullivan, \$1.50; Friend Barrie, \$2.00; Miss Mary McDonald, \$2.00; Mrs. J. V. McCarten, \$1.50; Miss Agnes Dawzy, \$2.00; Miss J. Robson, \$1.00; Sep. School, Lafontaine, Ont., \$3.25; St. Patrick's School, Kinkora, \$2.25; Miss Mary Corkery, \$1.20; Mrs. Leo McKenna, \$2.00; Pupils, Millcone School, P.E.I., \$1.00; Mrs. Frederick J. Edwards, \$1.00; Miss M. McBrady, \$2.00; Friend, Calgary, \$1.00; Miss Nellie Foley, \$4.00; Per Rev. H. Martel, P.P.; Sep. School, Calumet Island, \$2.05; Sep. School, Dimraven, \$2.00; Sep. School, Barry River, \$1.00; Sep. School, (Griffin's), \$1.36; Sep. School, (Mountain), \$1.00; H. B. Dowker, \$2.00; Rev. Fr. Brennan, \$1.00; Mr. Lowry, \$1.00; Per Sister M. Perpetua, M. Box, \$1.00; Miss Statia Walkins, \$1.50; Miss Mary E. Deane, \$1.50; Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Keeley, \$2.00; Mrs. E. Livingston, \$1.00; Mrs. Dan Campbell, \$1.00; Mrs. F. J. McAuliffe, \$2.00; Miss R. Blarney, \$1.00; St. Michael's Convent, Wedgeport, \$1.00; St. Augustine's School, Dundas, Ont., \$1.00; Friend, Toronto, \$2.00; Rev. J. J. MacNeil, \$4.15; Miss Agnes Dawzy, \$4.00; Miss Mary M. Arsenault, \$1.00; Anthony McGilke, \$1.50; Miss Mary Maloney, \$2.00; John Holly, \$2.00; Chas. O. Curley, \$2.00; Mr. Jas. Carroll, \$2.00; Benedict McIsaac, \$2.00; T. P. Long, \$2.00; Sister M. of St. Ann d'Aauray, R.S.C., \$1.00; Mrs. Tim Dwyer, \$2.00; Pupils, O. L. A. Convent, Arichat, \$2.75; A. J. MacDonald, \$1.50; "Molly Bawn," \$1.50; Mrs. C. Dugas, \$2.00; Mrs. F. J. Dunnigan, \$2.50; S. J. McDonnell, \$1.50; Miss Josephine Burke, \$2.50; Friend, Barrie, \$2.00; Peter Kearns, \$1.00; Mrs. L. Maillet, \$2.00; Jr. IV Class, Sacred Heart School, Peterboro, \$4.00; Rev. J. Kerby, \$2.00.



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# St. Francis Xavier Seminary

## Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

### Object:

St. Francis Xavier Seminary has for its object the education of students for the priesthood in China.

### Requirements for Admission:

Students seeking admission will be required to have:

- (a) Such piety, love of study and discipline, and docile disposition as will give promise of a holy and zealous priesthood.
- (b) A decided inclination for the priesthood, and missionary life.
- (c) Applicants should have ordinary good health.

### Papers Necessary:

- 1. Personal letter of application.
- 2. Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation.
- 3. Letter of recommendation from a Priest.
- 4. Report from former school.
- 5. Physician's certificate.

### Course of Studies:

The seminary course comprises two years philosophy and four years theology. Students who have passed matriculation or its equivalent will be eligible for admission to the seminary. Senior associate is the corresponding standard for students from Newfoundland.

### Tuition:

Burses are available for students who have been well recommended but who are unable to defray the expenses of their own education. These burses will enable such young men to pursue their entire course at the seminary free, or partially free. If necessary, special arrangements will be made to assist students to complete their High School course.

For further information apply to:—

**REV. JOHN E. McRAE, Rector**

**St. Francis Xavier Seminary**

**Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.**



# CHINA



Scarboro Bluffs

Ontario

October, 1928



# ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

## SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.



Saint Francis Xavier Seminary was established in 1918 by the Very Reverend J. M. Fraser, M.Ap., for the purpose of providing, on behalf of Canada and Newfoundland, secular priests for the missions of China.

It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in Rome and is managed by the Bishops of Ontario through a Board of Control consisting of the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, the Right Reverend Michael F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London, the Right Reverend Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterboro, Very Reverend J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector, and Rev. W. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

At the present time it has in the neighborhood of twenty students on their way to priesthood, seven priests in China, and six resident priests—three of whom are leaving for China at the end of this month.

### Our Work

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in colleges and in our Seminary.

It supports parishes, churches, and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

"China" is the official organ of the Seminary. Subscription 50 cents a year.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We

need your assistance, dear Reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 3, 35, 15, 12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

### Privileges of Benefactors.

1. They share in all the masses and devotions offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors of the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

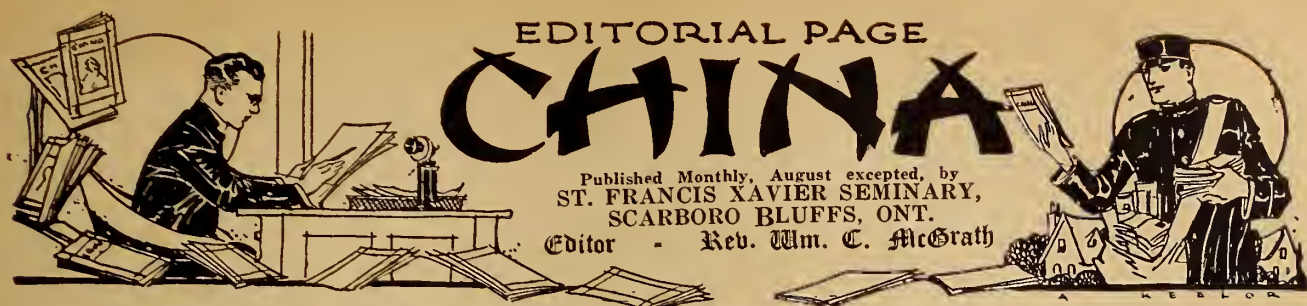
4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

St. Francis Xavier Seminary,  
Scarboro Bluffs,  
Ontario.





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July 10, 1924.

## HERE WE ARE AGAIN

Another seminary year is in full swing and to our former students and to our new students we extend "the glad hand."

The ordination ceremony which terminated the opening retreat has advanced two of our senior students in major orders and some of our junior students into minor orders. Already the Chuchow skyline is looming into sight. Only a few more months and the Rector will again be pestered for more one way tickets to Chuchow.

To those of us who, because of lack of talent or other valid reasons, witnessed many re-openings of college, there was one feature which was noticeably missing at the re-opening of our seminary. After listening attentively to the descriptions of summer camps, fishing trips, motor tours etc., and witnessing the "crowning" of our Stewart St. nimrod for his prize story of swimming ashore towing a 97 pound sardine, we failed to hear the time worn "Well cheer up fellows,—just 108 more days until Christmas." On the contrary the feeling was "Well I'm glad to be back home again." Yes already our cosy homelike seminary with its ready access to St. Augustine's, spacious campus, the tennis, baseball, handball, golf, alpine climbing has grown into the spirit of our students; but more pleasing than our beautiful surroundings or the freshness of the Lake Ontario breezes wafted through the neighboring pines, is the sweetness of a common purpose uniting all for the one great cause. Our students are glad to be

"about their Father's business." From our quiet retreat here, three hundred feet above the blue waters of our own little Pacific Ocean they see in the distant hills of the opposite shore our own beloved China and they are bending every effort to prepare themselves fittingly for the great apostolate which awaits them "over there." May God bless their noble efforts and may their splendid example attract many more to the cause, for "the harvest is indeed great but the laborers are few."

\* \* \* \* \*

## S. O. S.

Friends of St Francis Xavier's, again we appeal to you not as benefactors only, but as co-workers in the Lord.

In this work for the evangelization of China, God's blessing has been distinctly visible; and under His Divine Providence, your co-operation with ours has made possible results, which to human view, would seem miraculous.

This month our third mission band will set out from Canada for their Chosen Land—distant, pagan China. Would you like to provide for even one mile of the long journey? Would you, too, be a missionary to China in as far as lies in your power? Here, then, is your chance, and we know that you will regard it, not as a common charity, nor an ordinary alms-giving, but as a glorious opportunity to do something for God and for holy Faith.



## DEPARTURE HYMN.

Dear friends on wings of the wind ye'll soon be riding;  
 May happy breezes then bear ye afar;  
 Fear not for Mary her children e'er is guiding  
 Look up to her, to your hope, to your star.  
 Respect their mission thou broad mighty ocean  
 And bear them safe to their long journey's end;  
 Zeal so sublime should still your proud commotion  
 Your waves to their service swiftly bend."

Fr. Dallet.

OUR THIRD MISSION BAND  
LEAVES FOR CHINA

Towards the end of this month, our third mission band will leave for China—the date of departure and the personell of the band will be announced through the daily press.

This group of Missionaries is privileged in having as their travelling companion our genial President Very Rev. Dr. McRae who will make his first official visitation of our missions in China.

No false dreams of wordly power has called our missionaries from home and friends. No necessity save the charity of Christ urges them on their long journey. In the strength and generosity of youth they have looked deeply into the eyes of Jesus Crucified and they have heard his quiet pleading voice. "The fields are white with harvest." "The Harvest is indeed great but the laborers are few. Come work in my vineyard" and without waiting to weigh the sacrifice entailed they have pleaded with Him "Lord commission me; for he that loveth father or mother more than thee is not worthy of Thee." And the reply which called them forth on their journey was "Harken, and see and incline thine ear; and forget thy people and thy father's house (Ps. XLIV) and come into the land which I shall show thee"(Gen. XII—I.)

For their parents, the members of their families, and for us their companions who have for years basked in the sunshine of their genial personalities, their departure will be an

occasion of sadness; but it will be a sadness mingled with pride and joy. For while we will miss their pleasant companionship there is joy in the thought of the coming of the kingdom of God, we must take off our hats in admiration for men who have scorned



Very Rev. J. E. McRae, J.C.D.  
 Who leaves this month on his first official  
 tour of our Missions in China.

lucrative positions and wealth in order to bring salvation to the poor neglected Chinese. Innumerable civic celebrations have been held on this continent in the past few years to do honor to heroes, who crossed the Atlantic by aeroplane or rescued persons from drowning or being burned to death, but greater love than this no man hath that he give his life for the salvation of the poor pagans.

Father Fraser and our other priests "over there", are already overworked and are anxiously awaiting the arrival of their comrades. The poor people in remote towns and villages of our mission district who can have mass only occasionally are eagerly watching for the ship which will bring to them a "Sen-fu" all their own.

May God speed you dear comrades to your chosen land, may he shower his choicest blessings on your noble apostolate—Adieu.

"Adieu such is the word for us  
 'Tis more than word—'tis prayer.  
 They do not part who do part thus,  
 For God is everywhere."

Fr. Ryan.

## HOW TO FINANCE THE JOURNEY

From Scarboro to Chuchow is 8,500 miles. The passage money, including equipment for our missionaries, is over \$1,400, or

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# News From China

## LETTERS FROM FATHER FRASER

August 3, 1928

Dear Father McGrath,

I am receipt to-day of your cablegram announcing HUNDRED EIGHTY-FIVE Mass Intentions. Many thanks—this will bring joy and encouragement to a number of needy priests besides keeping our own supplied. You are deserving great credit for this work of charity.

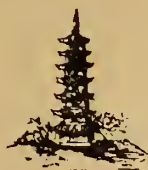
For your satisfaction and encouragement I enclose a letter from the Dean of the next district N.W. of here in the neighbouring Vicariate, Father Ting. He has no French companion priests, so, the letter was written without help. What do you think of that for a Chinese! I hear that he will probably be made Bishop of that district. Show it to Father McRae, it will interest him, as he knows French well. Father Ting is kindly taking care of an out-of-the-way chapel belonging to our district. The catechist came here a few days ago for his salary. He was six days on the way! He waded across a torrent forty times, sometimes up to his waist in water! Father Ting has a chapel only five miles from the chapel in question.

I have started the compilation of a Dictionary of the Chuchow English-Chinese. When finished, if ever, it will be a great boon to newcomers, as there is no work in the English or any other European language to aid beginners in our dialect. I have finished twelve pages from A to AGO, giving the equivalent in the dialect and the Chinese characters. I am following closely the ENGLISH-NINGPO DICTIONARY. As the Chuchow dialect is not very different from that of Ningpo which I know well the work is not so difficult.

With best wishes,

Yours,

J. M. Fraser.



Catholic Mission of Chii-Chow  
West Che-Kiang  
July 11th, 1928.

Dear Reverend Father:

Only this afternoon I had the honor of writing you a letter and of requesting some Mass intentions, and behold, this evening how great was my joy to receive your welcome letter of the 6th, inst., containing a cheque for \$44.00 for 44 holy Masses. Divine Providence, of whom you are the instrument in this case, seems so very near in our extreme need that I am exceedingly touched. I am very grateful for this generous act of yours and I beg you to accept this expression of my great appreciation.

I also thank you, Father, for conveying to me my mother's regards and it will be a great pleasure to write her.

Another cause of great joy is to learn that you expect two or three more fathers to join you in the quest of souls for Heaven. Accept my congratulations on the progress and success you have met with in so short a time. I pray for a great army of missionaries to come from your dear country to save my poor countrymen. While at Hang-Chow I enjoyed reading your "China," but here I do not see it.

Work among your Christians of Yang-Tsi-Yuen will be a great pleasure until you have enough missionaries for all the sub-prefectures, especially that of Sui-Chang. So far I have been so busy that I have not been able to visit this mission but shall do so at the earliest opportunity.

As we have no other mass intentions here yours will be attended to immediately. Please accept my promise for this.

I am also extremely grateful for your invitation to visit Chuchow. I would go very willingly,

but up to the present I have not been able to visit all the Christians under my charge. Besides this I was at Kiang-Spain for a week and now there are matters requiring my presence at Mapong. How unfortunate not to be able to travel as much as I should.

My fellow missionaries join me in thanking you for the "intentions." They remember you in their prayers and send their regards.

In a few days we expect a visit from Father Matthew Wang, a young priest who comes originally from Mapong.

Your grateful servant in the Lord.

Luke Ting, C.M.

Sympathy to Father Morrison

Father Morrison has just sent us word from China of the death of his sister (Teresa). Mrs. Neil MacDonald of Savage Harbour P.E.I. To her bereaved mother, sister and brothers we extend our sincere sympathy and we assure Father Morrison of the prayers of our priests and students for the repose of her soul. May she rest in peace.

From Rev. Arsenius Mullin, O.F.M., we received the following communication.

964 Dorchester St.,  
Montreal.

Rev. and Dear Father,

For the past few months you have been sending my "China" to the above address. As I leave for my new address Catholic Mission, Taiyuanfu Shansi, China, on Sept. 18th, will you kindly note my change of address.

Editor Note: Father Mullin is a veteran missionary. He has spent twelve years on the missions in China, before being recalled to look after the Chinese Mission in Montreal. Our best wishes accompany him.

### CHIH-CHI-CHINA.

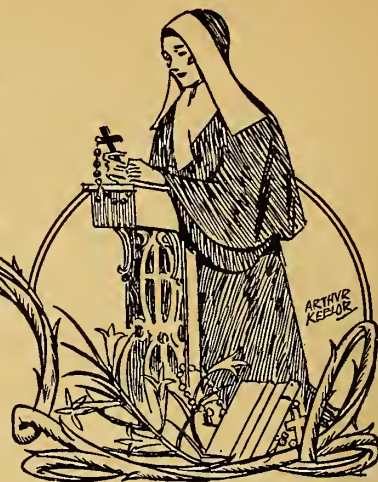
Peking, China.—A second Trappist Monastery has been opened in China. This institution, like the first, is located in the Province of Chihli, but is in a different Ecclesiastical district.





# A MODERN MARTYR

By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.



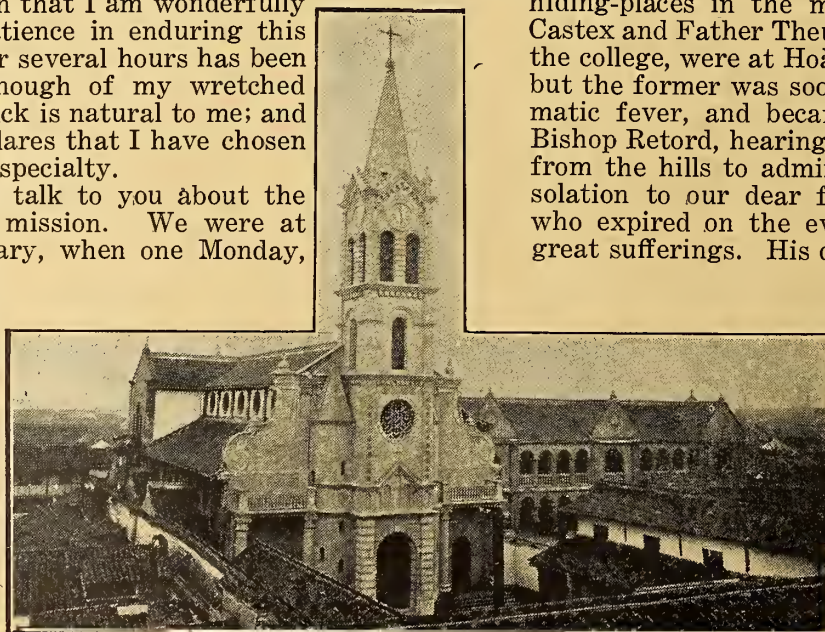
## Chapter XI. (Continued.)

After receiving these letters, his family naturally feared that the following courier would bring the news of his death. Their surprise and joy were therefore very great at the contents of a letter, dated June, 1857, in which he says, "At the end of the year 1856 every one thought I was dying. So I took the advice of Bishop Retord and consented to try a Chinese remedy, which is used only in extreme cases, and is called, in Annamite, 'Phep-Quenou.' In Europe it would be considered a species of cauterization. It consists in applying little burning balls of a certain herb, something like absinthe, to different parts of the body. There are, the Chinese doctors say, three hundred and sixty points in the human body which may thus be burnt. The difficulty is to know which is the right spot; otherwise, you may be lamed, or become blind, or have your mouth drawn to one side, etc., etc. I was burnt in five hundred different places, about two hundred of which were near the lungs. At the end of a few days these cauterizations, or inoculations, produced a little yellow pustule full of matter; this is a sign that the operation has been successful, as the system is supposed thus to reject all that is noxious. The result has been that I am wonderfully better, and my patience in enduring this small purgatory for several hours has been rewarded. But enough of my wretched ailments, for to be sick is natural to me; and Bishop Retord declares that I have chosen sufferings for my specialty.

"I would rather talk to you about the state of our poor mission. We were at Ke-Vinh in February, when one Monday, at eight o'clock, one of the villagers came in hot haste to tell us that the mandarin of the southern province had surrounded the village and was coming to seize us. Bishop Retord was forced by the students into a subterranean hiding-place;

Father Charbonnier and I were stuffed into a place between two walls, where we remained for four hours without seeing the light of day. At the end of this time, some one came to announce to us that the domiciliary visit was over, and the mandarin gone; but that he had carried off with him the director of the college (a venerable priest named Tinh,) one of the catechists, and the mayor of the place. The truth was, that in the neighboring province certain Christians had been forced by blows to reveal the bishop's residence; and a poor woman, who was the bearer of some European letters to one of our missionaries, was seized, and, being put to the torture, confessed in her agony, that they were destined for the College of Ké-Vinh. But this was only the beginning of a series of misfortunes. In March the mandarin returned with two hundred soldiers to destroy both the church and the college; but we had received warning in time, and had all taken refuge in the mountains. The next day we returned to find everything in ruins, and as we were surrounded by spies, it was thought best to leave the place for a time. I went by night, secretly, in a boat, to my old quarters at Hoàng-Nguyên, while Bishop Retord and Father Charbonnier returned to their hiding-places in the mountains. Father Castex and Father Theurel, the superior of the college, were at Hoàng when I arrived; but the former was soon seized with rheumatic fever, and became dangerously ill. Bishop Retord, hearing of this, came down from the hills to administer the last consolation to our dear friend and brother, who expired on the eve of Trinity, after great sufferings. His death was, however,

perfectly peaceful, and he slept the sleep of the just. To me, who had lived in great intimacy with him for two years, the loss is very great, and I have scarcely courage to face the future. Bishop Retord has given me his post, for which I feel ut-



Catholic Cathedral, Ningpo.



terly unworthy May I only imitate the holiness of my predecessor and win as many souls for our dear Master as he did!

"Our good old priest, Tinh, of whom I spoke as having been carried off by the persecutor, made a glorious confession of faith, and was instantly beheaded. The Christians had no time to help him in his last moments, but he was one who kept his lamp always burning. The sword of the executioner broke in halves during the operation. The mandarins thought this a bad omen, and in consequence offered pagan sacrifices to appease the dead ancestors of the victim. Poor Tinh's three companions, having also generously confessed the faith, were condemned to perpetual banishment in a distant, unhealthy mountain. A few months later, a pagan prefect, having taken a spite against Bishop Diaz, a Dominican, denounced him to the mandarins, and his Lordship was seized at his residence in the village of Biú-Chu and dragged to the prefecture, where he is now imprisoned and rigorously guarded. We expect every day to hear that he has been condemned to death. The great mandarin has a special hatred for all Christians just now, and has placed crosses at the gates of the town, so that everyone going out or coming in shall trample them under foot. The unhappy Christians have been subject to domiciliary visits day and night. Fortunately, however, they were warned in time, and the greater number have taken flight. In Cochinchina the state of things is still worse.

"I told you, in a previous letter, that the Emperor was going to send a plenipotentiary to plead the cause of the Christians with the Annamites. Well, M. de Montigny arrived in due time, but with only two little steamers



Pulling the boats up the rapids on the Chuchow River. Rather cold work in winter time.

and a small war-ship, and with no real powers to treat. So the king refused to hear him and the Frenchmen had to weigh anchor and go. The people, Christians and pagans, who had been rejoicing at the prospect of being delivered from the tyrants, seeing the complete failure, were not only thoroughly discouraged, but began to despise a power which could do nothing, and this shame has fallen heavily on us poor missionaries. If France meddles at all, she ought to do it thoroughly, so as to carry her point. Still, all hope is not gone, as the Chinese war has brought a large fleet into these waters. M. de Montigny, unable to help us as he wished, threatened the king with the account which he would have to render for the French blood shed in his dominions. The king seeing the interest which M. de Montigny took in the Christian Missioners, imagined that we had sent for him; so that when M. de Montigny went away he left us in the claws of a tiger more than ever irritated against us. In consequence, they seized a Christian mandarin with thirty of his neophytes, and after having made them suffer horrible tortures, condemned them to be beheaded. Then the poor mandarin was dragged through all the streets of the capital, and at each corner his sentence was read out, while he received thirty blows with a stick. This sentence was full of blasphemies against our Lord such as these: 'The Christians pretend that those who suffer are sure of Paradise after their death. Who knows that? Fools that they are! If it were so, why does not their Jesus come and deliver them?' Oh, my Lord! Thou hast heard their words, and wilt remember them. Yes, I have a firm conviction that Thou wilt aid us and avenge Thy



"CHINA" in China. The priests (seated) in this picture are Father Yao, formerly curate to Fr. Fraser at Taichow, and Father Kam.

little steamers

and avenge Thy



name!" After the death of Fr. Castex, as we have said, Fr. Vénard remained at the College of Hoàng-Nguyên, where he had the joy of being once more with his great friend, Fr. Theurel. But the difficulty of carrying on the work of the missions, owing to the violence of the persecution, weighed heavily on his mind. "I sometimes ask myself," he writes, "Is God's grace no longer so effective as before? Has the time passed for the conversion of the Gentiles? Or are we poor missionaries less zealous than our predecessors?" It is quite heart-breaking to look around and to see nothing but heathen pagodas, to hear nothing but the bells of the bonzes, to witness only diabolical processions! Our dear Lord has to bow before the ministers of Buddha and Confucius. His missionaries live in holes and caverns and a price is put upon their heads. Is not the day of their deliverance at hand? In this Annamite kingdom the penal laws are most cruel and rigid, but they are only half carried out, on account of the greed of mandarins, who

simply use them as a means to extort money. If at least one might buy peace with the money! But no; this half and half persecution undoes everything. One day you build a church, open a school, establish a college. The next week perhaps you have to flee and your works are all destroyed. Another time you pay a large sum to a mandarin to be left in peace. Then he goes out

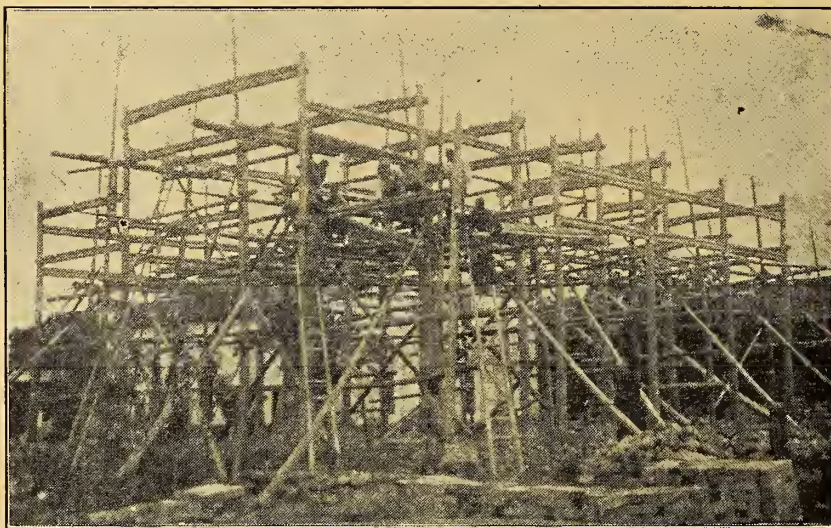
of office, and another comes, who perhaps asks double the price, which it is impossible to raise; and the edifice you have reared with such pains and labor crumbles away! As for me, I have no hope but in God and in His Immaculate Mother, whose Conception has just been so gloriously proclaimed. Under the yoke of the oppressor, we are like the Jewish captives. 'Super flumina Babylonis.' But I look on this proclamation as a rainbow, which is to announce to us the end of the storm."

In September, 1857, he wrote again to his sister, "My Dearest Sister,—You will have seen by my last letter that my health is improved, and that Bishop Retord has given me a new district. I have upwards of twelve thousand Christians here divided into four large parishes, with six or seven native priests under me. My duty is to go from parish to parish, seeing that all is in good order; establish peace if there should be discord; give the necessary dispensations; confirm, in cases where the Bishop or Vicar Apostolic cannot come to perform that sacramental function; give retreats and missions; in fact, try to augment in all hearts the

love of God and the zeal for His Church. As to the pagans, I have never counted them, but there must be from 250,000 to 300,000. It needs ten St. Francis Xaviers to bring all these people to the knowledge of the Gospel. At this moment it is difficult for us to do much in the way of conversion on account of the violence of the persecution. Still from time to time souls are garnered. When the children are ill, the mothers bring them for baptism. The other day a young widow bought her little one who was dying. She herself was in the greatest misery, having eaten only five times in twelve days. I baptized her child, and then entrusted her to the care of one of our Christian women, who is now preparing the mother likewise for that holy sacrament.

"After the Feast of the Assumption I went to a district almost entirely pagan. Only about two hundred Christians were scattered here and there. It was close to the residence of the mandarin. No European had ever penetrated so far into the

interior; so I had to keep myself as hidden as I possibly could. But the children whom I had confirmed, unintentionally betrayed me by chattering and saying 'A little European has come into the village, very small but very white and pretty;' for you must know, my dear little sister, that we poor Europeans pass for great beauties, and one who is considered dark in France appears white among these



Another new church in the making—at Lungchuan.  
Fr. Wm. Fraser is directing the building operations.

people, who are burnt a mahogany color by the tropical sun. Well, what was to be done? The hare was started and the dogs on the scent! I resolved not to lose courage; but putting my whole trust in God, I worked day and night in this, His neglected vineyard, during one whole week; meanwhile the Christians, who were in a terrible fright, acted as sentinels, and refused all visitors whose curiosity prompted them to wish to have a look at the European. Having finished my work, I departed secretly by night, favored by the darkness, and came to another place, where the villagers, amounting to four or five thousand souls, were all Christians, and the neighborhood, though pagan, was favorable to christianity.

"My goings and comings are easy at this season of the year, as the inundations last for four or five months. The country becomes an immense sea, in which float green villages. There are no roads. Everyone goes in boats; but fortunately there are plenty of these in all shapes and sizes. I have one which holds just one person. It is very light, and woven of bamboo; every evening, sitting like a

(to be continued.)





### Expertise.

Motor Cop (to Professor of Mathematics)—So you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?

Professor—"I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed.—Caledonian Jes-ter.

### Trickonometry

Teacher—"Give me a sentence with 'triangle' in it."

Student—"If flies don't catch them, try angle worms."

### AT Your Service Sir

Bellhop (after guest has rung for ten minutes)—Did you ring, sir?

Guest—No! I was tolling; I thought you were dead!

### No Sense.

Two negroes were arguing.

"You ain't got no sense," said one.

"No sense. Den what's dis head o' mine for?"

"Head? Dat's no head, nigger. Dat's jes' a button on top of yo' body to keep yo' backbone from unravelling."

### Rolling Home.

A man entered a chemist's very hurriedly and asked for a dozen quinine pills.

"Do you want them put in a box, sir?" asked the assistant, as he was counting them out.

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied the customer. "I was thinking of rolling them home."—Tit-Bits.

### Caught On The Fly.

Irate Master (to negro servant)—Rastus, I thought I told you to get a domestic turkey. This one has shot in it.

Rastus—I done got a domestic turkey.

Master—Well, how did the shot get in it?

Rastus—I specks they was meant for me, sah.—Judge.

### Anybody Feel Flattered?

Bobby: "Daddy! A boy at school told me that I looked just like you!"

The Dad: "That so?—and what did you say?"

Bobby: "Nothin'. He was bigger'n me."—Passing Show (London).

### Damming The Flood.

Molly (weary of sermon, in very audible whisper)—Mummy, if the church caught fire, would he stop then?—Punch.

"Lady," said Mike, "would you lend me a cake of soap?"

"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"

"Yes'm. Me partner's got de hic-cups an' I want to scare him.—Goblin.

### Education Costs

Father: "My boy, your studies are costing me a lot of money."

Son: "I know, dad, and I don't study very hard either."

### But Education Pays

"When the boys got home last night from their fishing trip I suppose they divided their catch?"

"Yes, and multiplied it, too."

### Caught The Symptoms.

"Did that patent medicine you bought cure your aunt?"

"Mercy, no! On reading the circular that was wrapped around the bottle she got two more diseases."—Watchman-Examiner.



He: You ought to see the altar in our new church.

She: Well, lead me to it.

—Texas Ranger.

### You Don't Say!

He: "I admit, my dear, that women are more beautiful than men!" She: "Naturally." He: "No, artificially."

### Watchful Waiting.

The lecturer warmed to his task. "The consequences of drunkenness are terrible. If I had my way I would throw every cask of beer, every bottle of wine, every keg of brandy into the middle of the sea."

Voice from the Audience—Bravo! Bravo!

Lecturer (very pleased)—You are also a confirmed teetotaler, my friend?

Voice from the audience—No. I'm a deep-sea diver.—Buen Humor (Madrid).

### Why He Was Late.

Why are you so late?" inquired the teacher of one of her pupils.

"Father wanted me at home," was the reply.

"Wouldn't some one else have done?" she inquired.

"No," said the boy, shaking his head emphatically, "'cos he was giving me a spanking."

### Turning Over a New Leaf.

It was visiting day at the jail, and the uplifters were on deck.

"My good man," said one kindly lady, "I hope that since you have come here you have had time for meditation and have decided to correct your faults."

"I have that, mum," replied the prisoner in heartfelt tones. "Believe me, the next job I pull, this baby wears gloves."—The American Legion Weekly.

"Let's go for a spin."

"All right, old top."

—Brown Jug.

### Nuff Said.

"Is this a picture of your fiancée?"

"Yes."

"She must be very wealthy."—Dodo.

### Culture in Indiana.

Q.: "How should Cavalleria Rusticana be pronounced?" V.W.

A.: "It is pronounced kah-vah-lemf-wycmfwyaoismfwaomfw." — Kokomo Tribune.

The critic wrote: "The play ended, happily." What a whale of a difference a little comma makes.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



# The Canadian Catholic



# Students' Mission Crusade

## CATHOLIC STUDENTS RALLY TO DEFEND THE CROSS

### Crusade Headquarters:

No greater chivalry was ever manifested in the Crusade Days of old than that shown by the students of our Catholic schools in the past two years. Thousands of pupils have joined that mighty army—the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. They are marching onward to win souls for Christ and to implant in pagan hearts the Cross of Christ. Was there ever a cause more noble?

Members of the C.C.S.M.C. call themselves Crusaders. They take voyages into distant lands to learn about our Catholic Missionaries. How do they go,—By reading the Crusade twice-a-month journal. When they have become acquainted with the heroic deeds of noble Missionaries whether in our Home or Foreign Mission fields, there goes forth from their truly Catholic hearts a desire to help. Their help is priceless because it consists in praying for the Missions. Sometimes this assistance is shown by contributing alms in order that Missionaries may procure the bare necessities of life.

Crusaders also stage mission plays; write mission stories; hold mission days, mission concerts—in a word do everything in their power to plant the Cross in fields at home and afar.

\* \* \* \* \*

## "CHRIST THE KING," PAGEANT SUCCESS- FULLY PRODUCED BY THE CRUSADE

### Crusade Headquarters:

One of the great achievements of the Crusade last term was the staging of a wondrous pageant "Christ The King." It undoubtedly was the greatest religious spectacle ever witnessed in the city of Toronto. "Christ the King" was written by Sister Geraldine of St. Joseph's community. The Reverend Sister is a most ardent apostle of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

To the Reverend Directors of the C.C.S.M.C. was entrusted the production of the ages' old story dramatized. That it was successful can be judged from the laudatory remarks of the twelve thousand who were fortunate enough to procure tickets.

The reviewers acclaimed it as "The highest form of religion subtly joined to entertainment." They were indeed loud in their praises of its purpose and its results. One reviewer said "The heart-throbbing sweet story of old when Jesus was here among men was unfolded with a dignity and religious reverence which gripped the hearts of the twentieth century spectator with a keener realization of the significance of His Message and of the beauty and richness of the familiar Gospel narrative."

This indeed is the holy objective of the C.C.S.M.C. to make Christ better known and loved and by its noble effort in staging this production it caused a tidal wave of love to surge over twelve thousand hearts.

\* \* \* \* \*

## WILL YOUR SCHOOL CARRY THE BANNER OF THE C.C.S.M.C.

### Crusade Headquarters:

This year the Crusade office will begin to function on October the first. The "Students' Mission Crusade" will appear October 15th, and twice a month after that date. We do not wish your school to be disappointed in receiving the Crusade Journal and we know that the Reverend Teachers do not wish their Crusade pupils to be disappointed hence we would appreciate having your orders as soon as possible after October 15th, Yearly Subscription is 50 cents; Half Yearly 25 cents on in lots of twenty or more 2 cents per copy.

\* \* \* \* \*

## C.C.S.M.C. AGAIN THANKS EDITOR OF CHINA

We appreciate the kindness of the editor of China in allowing us valuable space in his very interesting and widely read magazine. Indeed were it not for his generosity we would have no medium through which to reach thousands of our Crusaders.

After October 1st, our Crusade Headquarters at 67 Bond Street, will be open. All communications should be addressed to the C.C.S.M.C. at this address. This notice also serves the purpose of explaining any tardiness in replying to letters already sent to the Crusade Office.



## ALONE WITH GOD

When the Angel of Death gently taps at my door,  
 And when I to the world and the friends I hold dear,  
 With a summons for me from on high;  
 Bid a tender and loving good bye;  
 When I stand all alone with my God and my Judge,  
 There to hear from His lips my decree;  
 May the sentence be one that shall fill me with hope.  
 May He whisper then, "Come unto Me."

When alone I must stand and must answer for all  
 That the great "Book of Life" shall contain;  
 As the pages are turned, may I see naught to prove  
 That my life has been lived here in vain.  
 And the Angel who's journeyed with me here on earth,  
 May He plead with the Judge then for me;  
 That the sentence be one that is lenient and mild;  
 May He whisper then, "Come unto Me."

When alone I must stand and await the great doom,  
 That shall seal my irrevocable fate;  
 May I find Heaven's Queen standing next to the Judge,  
 As my HOPE and great ADVOCATE.  
 May SHE plead with Her Son, for this poor sinful child,  
 That His mercy to her may be shown;  
 There'll be naught then to fear, if this REFUGE be near,  
 When I stand before God all alone.

—By An Oblate Sister.

## AN ATTRACTIVE VOCATION

Typewriting has opened up for young women the most attractive field of labor the world has ever known. The business men of Canada pay their typists yearly more than one hundred and twenty-five million dollars.

The office of the typist, stenographer, or secretary, once held exclusively by men, has been usurped or pre-empted by the women.

Secondary schools, in rapidly increasing numbers, are organizing commercial departments mainly for the teaching of typewriting and its allied subjects.

In Canadian schools there are at present, used for teaching of typewriting 12,194 typewriters, of which 9,401 are Underwoods.

The Underwood-trained typist has a distinct advantage in that when she leaves the school to earn her livelihood in business, seven out of every ten positions call for Underwood operators.

## HENDRY'S SERIES OF SCHOOL RHYMES

No. 2

OCTOBER is the time of year  
 Our maple leaves with color  
 cheer.

This is the month of Hallowe'en,  
 When witches you have heard are  
 seen.

Hallow for Holy; evening e'en,  
 Before All Saints Day, this will mean,  
 Early to Mass next morning go,  
 In honor of the Saints we know,  
 Whose lives to us example set,  
 Commemorate—lest we forget!

## TO OUR TEACHERS

WE have just published a new  
 catalogue that should prove of  
 great value to those interested  
 in the education of children. If you  
 have not already received a copy,  
 please write us.

THE **GEO. M. HENDRY** CO. LTD.

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# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



## A CHILD'S PRAYER

DEAR Jesus, it is growing dark  
And I must go to bed;  
But now I want to add a word  
Before my prayers are said.  
In heathen lands are boys and girls  
Who never pray to Thee;  
Please make them know that Thou  
art God  
And love them just like me.  
Father F. X. Ford, A.F.M.

Dear Buddies,

After deep and profound thought I have decided to address you as above,—with your kind permission and approval, of course. I could not say "dear Buds," could I? I have you planted nicely in this little garden, so have anticipated things and am making believe that the seed has taken root, and the plants are up and thriving. Not much make believe, though. It is quite true, for the response from the boys and girls is most flattering. It only goes to show that you cannot keep a good cause down. It will up and bounce about just like Gene Tunney did when Dempsey thought he had dimmed his lamps for keeps. It would not do for me to use up your space telling you what I've to say. But, in all sincerity I do wish to thank you all and to hope that you will continue to help.

Sincerely,

Father Jim.

## RIDDLES.

Why did the pine tree pine?  
Because it saw the weeping  
willow weep.

What has many teeth yet never  
suffers from toothache?

A comb.

When is a tradesman always  
above his business?

When he lives over his shop.

What has a head yet cannot  
move it?

A pin.

What is it that disappears the  
moment you leave it?

Your reflection in a mirror.

Why did the tin whistle?

Because it saw the fire escape.

Which flower is very demure?

The prim-rose.

Saint John, N.B.

I enjoy getting your paper. The  
children read it from cover to cover.

Colgan, Ont.

Please Father:

I am sending you a dollar for your  
valuable little paper. I am only a  
little boy, but I like your paper.  
Please remember me in your prayers.  
Editor's note.—You may be "little"  
in stature, but you have a big heart.



Charlie had been playing truant  
from school, and had spent a long  
beautiful day in fishing. On his way  
back he met one of his young mates,  
who accosted him with the usual ques-  
tion: "Catch anything?"

Charlie, in all the consciousness of  
his guilt, quickly responded, "Ain't  
been home yet."

Contributed by,

Jo Wang.

## TRICKS AND STUNTS.

### Three Penny Trick.

Place three pennies in a row on the  
table-cloth. Turn a glass over them  
so that its edge rests on the two out-  
er pennies. The trick is to get the  
middle penny out without lifting the  
glass. This seems impossible, be-  
cause there is only a space as high  
as a penny between the table and the  
glass.

This is really very easy. Just tap  
or scratch gently toward you, with  
the tip of your finger on the table-  
cloth in front of the glass. You'll be  
surprised how that penny will come  
marching out.

The trick can only be done on a  
table covered with a table-cloth.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Fr. Jim,

You couldn't have picked a nicer  
title for our page Father Jim, and  
under the patronage of the beautiful  
Little Flower we will go far. Indeed  
I have a very especial devotion to the  
Little Flower for it was through her  
intercession that I was granted a  
very great favor, but I will write an-  
other time and tell you all about it  
Father Jim. I am not sending any  
contribution to our page in this letter  
but I sure will rack my brains so that  
I may be able to send something in  
the next.

My nick name at home, Father Jim,  
is "Don"—perhaps because I was  
meant to be a boy. I will stop taking  
up your valuable time and say some  
prayers for our page instead. Wish-  
ing you the best of luck as the editor  
of Young People's Page I remain.

Yours sincerely,  
Don.

Your suggestions are most flatter-  
ing Don, as they happen to conform  
with our ideas exactly. You know we  
believe always that the people who  
agree with us are clever. Don't forget  
the contributions.

Father Jim.

West Kildonan, Man.

Dear Father Jim,—

I like the page of St. Teresa very  
much and would like to hear more of  
her. I would like to get letters from  
Chinese boys and girls. I belong to  
a Canadian Girl Guide Company—the  
54th Company located at Winnipeg.  
We go on hikes and have parties and  
after every meeting we play games.  
We have our meetings every Tuesday.  
They commence at 6.45 p.m. We are  
having a meeting tonight. I will end  
my letter with a riddle. "When is a  
farmer rude to his corn?" "When he  
pulls its ears."

Sincerely yours,

Sunset.

Tickled to death to hear from you  
"Sunset." I'd sure like to try some  
of your games but remember no fair  
making me roll a peanut across the  
room with my nose.

Father Jim.

Dear Reverend Father:—

This is the first month that we have  
had "China" and I think it is lovely.

Your idea is splendid and I think  
that if all readers heed it and write  
you we will have a fine club and can  
send in stories, drawings, etc.

I know that you have heard of St.  
Patrick's Cathedral here. Well I at-  
tend it, and will start in my second  
year in high school this year. I am  
twelve years old. I love reading and  
have a fairly keen sense of humour.

Well, Father, hoping you have all  
kinds of success with your plan.

I remain,  
Red.

Oh Red, little do you realize how  
cheering those few words have been.  
Come again, and thanks a lot for the  
drawing. Ever try your hand at any  
Oriental scenes. Must keep up the  
atmosphere.

Father Jim.



# Father Jim's Mail Bag



No. 1 Waller Ave.,  
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Father Jim,—

I have just received my "China" Magazine and noticed in the Little Flower Rose Garden, that you are looking for stories, jokes etc., well I think I can help you out Father. I am sending in some stories I have taken from the Sacred Heart Messenger and a few jokes. I have plenty of suitable stories in my Library at home. I think I will be able to send some in every month.

I suggest Father that (if possible we could have a President, Vice-President and Secretary) for the page. I am willing if you are to have anyone of these. I think that if we got the addresses of all the children subscribing for "China" we could write and tell them to form a band and send in stories, etc., altogether and have the President look after them. The GALLEY—9

children could send them all to the president and the president could send the best ones to you.

Trusting (Good) God to bless you in your work.

Your loving friend,  
Jo. Wang.

All in favor of Jo Wang's suggestion speak up. We are very much in favor of a Treasurer. Who was it that mislaid those mite boxes? The new Treasurer would surely look into this mystery—Glad you brought up the subject Jo. you will hear more of this later.

Father Jim.

Hanover, Ont.

Dearest Reverend Father Jim:—

I am an ardent reader of "China" and I think it is just dandy that the "Little Flower's Rose Garden," has been given a place in this magazine and I am sure it has made a most successful debut.

I had been hoping that something of this kind would be established as a regular feature of "China."

I am fourteen years of age and am in my second year of High School. I enjoy reading immensely and especially delight in reading Rev. Father Finn's novels. They are truly Catholic stories.

You asked us to tell you what we thought should be put in the "Garden." Well, first of all, I think that in each issue there should be a little item known as "Father Jim's Chat," or something of the sort. It would be a kind of personal talk to the readers. Then I think there should be stories, poems, and games, etc., contributed by the readers.

This is a rather long letter and I

suppose you are wondering when I'm ever going to stop.

In closing I wish to say that I wish the "Little Flower's Garden" every success.

And Remain,  
de E. Seke.

Far from wondering when you were going to stop we wondered Seke, why you hadn't continued on, and on. You know applause is most gratifying, and—honest, we could just fold our hands, close our eyes, and sit perfectly happy while being told that the Little Flower's Rose Garden is a welcome feature. Now write us again and tell how interesting you find the letters from the Buddies. I assure you we will read every word of your letters.

Father Jim

## Come Work in My Vineyard

"You are only one, but still you are one

And this call to work is for you. Though you can't do all there is to be done

You can come to Me, steadfast and true,

To do your share in this wonderful work

The Master has laid our feet. And the heart-cheering sound of the words

'Well done,' will be yours when the work is complete."

Halifax, N.S.

Dear Father Jim—

I read in last month's China that you wished to hear from your young readers and hear their ideas of what should appear on what I may call Our Page. I would suggest having a little stamp corner or something of that sort and I would be very grateful if you would get me in touch with any other boy who is interested in stamps so that I may be able to correspond with him, and Father, could you get me any Chinese stamps for I cannot get them here.

I think that is all I shall write now Father, and hoping that the Little Flowers Roses will bloom.

I remain,  
Very Sincerely Yours,  
Scraps.

Scrap's idea is one that appeals to me, too, and fully meets with my approval. His address will be furnished on request, or letters will be forwarded if enclosed in stamped envelope with yours to me.

Father Jim

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Reverend Father Jim—

I certainly do think the children's page in the China magazine is a nice idea. We have just started to get this magazine or as you may know I would have written long ago. Father, kindly remember me in your prayers, I will certainly remember you in mine.

Yours faithfully,  
Willow.

I pray for my Buddies everyday Willow, and am grateful for your pray-

ers. Do you like the pen name I have bestowed on you? By the way, there is a very special indulgence for all those who pray for our mission, so don't forget poor China in your requests.

Father Jim.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Father Jim,—

Our September CHINA just arrived this morning, and I couldn't wait to write and tell you how much I like the plan of having a Young Readers page in our little magazine. I am 13 years old and starting my first year of high school. I think Father Jim, you are too partial to the boys but wait until you see what we girls can do. If the page had a couple of the best stories submitted by boys and girls, some riddles and a nice poem or perhaps a description of some place where one of the Young Readers has visited and a few words about the various sports it should prove interesting reading material to both young and old. Of all the Catholic publications that come to our home I think CHINA is the only one that is read from cover to cover and I can just see the rush there will be for the next number with the new page.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim,

May I help tend the "Little Flowers Garden?" I would love too. I have just turned fifteen and I hope I'm not too old to read and write to this particular page. Am I? I hope not.

You asked us what we think should appear on our new page. Well, to begin with I should like a letter of yours printed every month because the last one was so interesting. And I would like to see many pretty pictures and nice stories. I guess I will send some in myself soon. Do they have to be religious or just the ordinary? With this letter I will send in a little story about my sister and myself. I think a correspondence column will be very nice. You can get lots of nice ideas and thoughts from other people's letters.

St. Theresa, the Little Flower is my favourite saint and also my Mother's. We have made many novena's and asked many petitions from her. Don't you think it would be a good idea if all the readers and writers of this page would read the life of the Little Flower? I did and found it very interesting and am going to read it once more. I am taking the pen name of "Rose," if you don't mind I like to think of myself as a rose from the "Little Flower's" garden.

As this letter is getting long I will close, wishing the new page every success.

Yours truly,  
Rose  
(penname)

You've got the idea Rose! If I had any ideas they would be just the same as yours, but the Editor tells me that if an idea ever entered my dome it would rattle like a ball-bearing in a boiler shop.

Father Jim.



# Campaign Notes

IN June a group of students from St Augustine's and our seminary under the leadership of Mr. Frank McGoev very kindly volunteered to assist our mission work by getting subscribers for "CHINA." With the zeal and generosity of St. Paul they questioned us "How can our Catholic people ever be expected to assist mission work in China about which they have not heard? And how can they obtain first hand and authoritative information about it unless they read the CHINA magazine? And what Catholic home would refuse to give one cent a week (50 cents a year) to learn about the work being done in China by priests with whom we are intimately acquainted?" "Will you," they asked "permit us to try our hand at interesting the people of Canada and Newfoundland in the work of your

many communities, to the seminarians and their helpers, and to our many kind friends who so generously assisted the mission cause with their subscriptions and donations—to you we are grateful beyond words. To attempt to recompense you in a monetary way would be as impossible to us as it would be distasteful to you, but in the holy sacrifice of the mass and in prayers and devotions of our priests and students will ask the Master of the Vineyard to recompense you for your whole-hearted co-operation in His work.

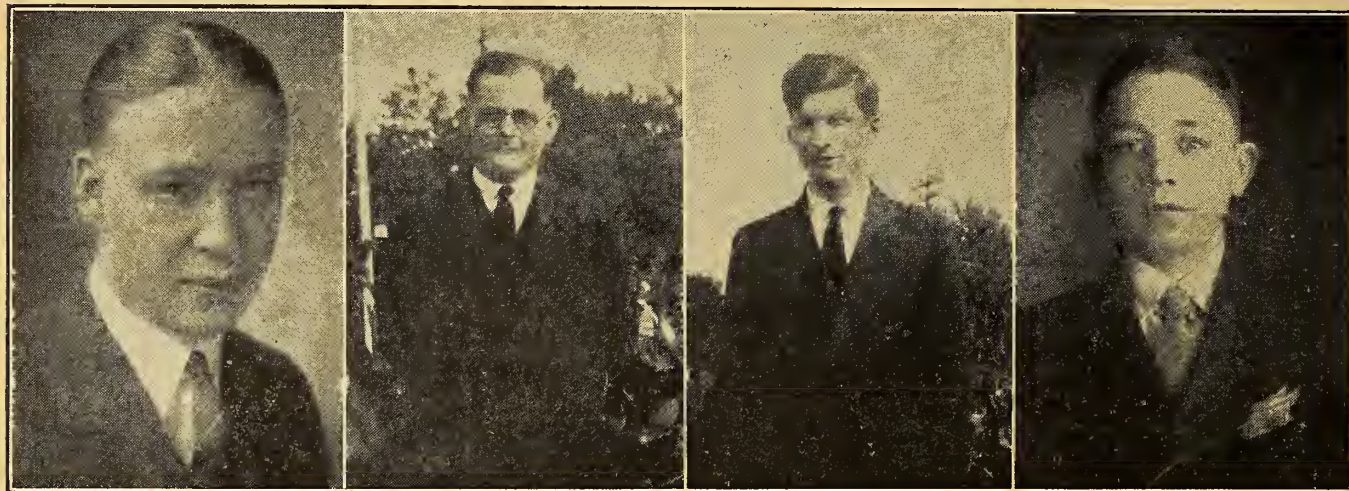
Herewith are the pictures of some of the workers in this campaign.—We hope to have the rest of the pictures in for next issue.

Mr. Frank McGoev, student of St. Augustine's Seminary who organized and managed the campaign.

fron, of Sarnia, Mr. Edward Bedard, of Chatham, Misses Rheta Herbert and Alma O'Brien, of Tecumseth, Mr. George Childs, of Woodstock, Miss Stella Walsh, of Brantford, Mr. Douglas Daley, of Kitchener, Misses Marie Witt, Phillis McAdee, Mary Burcell and Frances Kastner, of Stratford, Mr. Thomas Hause and Miss Florence Hergott, of Waterloo, Mr. Clement Adams, of Guelph, Miss Veronica Coyle, of Amherstburg, Miss Helen Drew, Windsor.

## THANKS

Mr. Frank McGoev, takes this opportunity to thank the parish priests who so kindly received him during the campaign and gave permission to work in their parishes; the people, whose good-will and generosity were outstanding features of the campaign; and the workers to whom the success of the campaign is due. "China in 6,000 catholic homes.



G. Doyle.

F. McGoev

F. Allan

Joe McInnis, London

mission? If you will obtain the permission of the Bishops for us to canvass in their dioceses and provide an extra staff so as to handle the increased circulation we will do the rest." Accordingly we applied to the Bishops for the necessary permission. The response from the Hierarchy was one which might well exceed even our fondest hopes. Not only was permission at once granted but letters of commendation were forwarded for the purpose of introducing our canvassers to the pastors of the dioceses. The pastors and associate pastors explained our work from the pulpits and exhorted their people to give it their whole hearted support.

To assist in the work of canvassing the priests, brothers and sisters, in various localities organized groups of students to assist the seminarians, and the result of their whole-hearted co-operation has netted us, 6,000 new subscribers.

To the Most Rev. and Rt. Rev. Archbishops and Bishops, to the pastors and associate pastors, to the Christian Brothers and Sisters of the

Mr. Frank Allen, of St. Augustine's Seminary, who placed China in more than 300 homes.

Mr. Gerald Doyle, of the China Mission Seminary who placed China in 200 homes.

Mr. Joseph McInnis, of the De La Salle High School, who told the people of London of the good work carried on by China Mission.

These pictures represent only a few of our workers. We must also mention Messers. John McDonald and Alphonse McNicholl, of Toronto, Messers. Bernard Harrigan and Leo Kelly of Hamilton, Messrs. Charles Morneau, Wm. Boylan, of Windsor, Misses Rose and Lena Rivait and Florence Yielle, of Ford City, Miss Marie Noel of Riverside, Mr. Edward Brasset, sub-manager of Nova Scotia, Mr. Wm. McNab, of St. Thomas Mr. Clarence Johns, of Walkerville, Misses M. L. MacDonald and Edith Murphy, of Sandwich, Messers Charles McGuire, George Insell and Lawrence Crook, of London, Miss Veronica Hef-

## JUST WHERE YOU ARE

Don't waste your time in longing  
For bright, impossible things;  
Don't sit supinely yearning  
For the swiftness of angels' wings;  
Don't spurn to be a rushlight,  
Because you are not a star;  
But brighten some bit of darkness  
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle  
As well as the garish sun;  
The humblest deed is ennobled  
When it is worthily done;  
You may never be called to brighten  
The darkened regions afar;  
So fill, for the day, your mission  
By shining just where you are.

So take your place in the universe  
Just where God bids you stand,  
Though down in the deepest shadow,  
Instead of the sunlit land;  
You may carry a brightness with  
you  
That no gloom or darkness can mar,  
For the light of a Christlike spirit  
Will be shining wherever you are.



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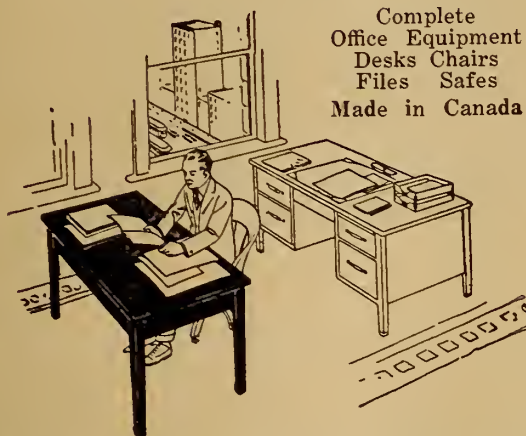
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## St. Francis Xavier Seminary Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

### Object:

St. Francis Xavier Seminary has for its object the education of students for the priesthood in China.

### Requirements for Admission:

Students seeking admission will be required to have:

- (a) Such piety, love of study and discipline, and docile disposition as will give promise of a holy and zealous priesthood.
- (b) A decided inclination for the priesthood, nad missionary life.
- (c) Applicants should have ordinary good health.

### Papers Necessary:

- |   |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1. Personal letter of application.          | 4. Report from former school. |
| 2. Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation. | 5. Physician's certificate.   |
| 3. Letter of recommendation from a Priest.  |                               |

### Course of Studies:

The seminary course comprises two years philosophy and four years theology. Students who have passed matriculation or its equivalent will be eligible for admission to the seminary. Senior associate is the corresponding standard for students from Newfoundland.

### Tuition:

Burses are available for students who have been well recommended but who are unable to defray the expenses of their education. These burses will enable such young men to pursue their entire course at the seminary free, or partially free. If necessary, special arrangements will be made to assist students to complete their High School course.

For further information apply to:—

REV. JOHN E. McRAE, Rector

St. Francis Xavier Seminary

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.



# CHINA



St. Francis of Assisi Church, Toronto, where the departure ceremony for our third mission band was held.

Scarboro Bluffs

Ontario

November, 1928



# ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

## SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.



**S**AINTE Francis Xavier Seminary was established in 1918 by the Very Reverend J. M. Fraser, M.Ap., for the purpose of providing, on behalf of Canada and Newfoundland, secular priests for the missions of China.

It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in Rome and is managed by the Bishops of Ontario through a Board of Control consisting of the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, the Right Reverend Michael F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London, the Right Reverend Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterboro, Very Reverend J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector, and Rev. W. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

At the present time it has in the neighborhood of twenty students on their way to priesthood, three resident priests—seven priests in China, and three more on their way to China.

### Our Work

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in colleges and in our Seminary.

It supports parishes, churches, and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

"China" is the official organ of the Seminary. Subscription 50 cents a year.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We

need your assistance, dear Reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 3, 35, 15, 12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

### Privileges of Benefactors.

1. They share in all the masses and devotions offered by our priests.
2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors of the feast of All Souls.
3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.
4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.
5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

St. Francis Xavier Seminary,  
Scarboro Bluffs,  
Ontario.





CHINA—the official organ of St. Francis Xavier Seminary. Published with ecclesiastical approbation.

Subscription price 50 cents a year.

Advertising rates 12 cents per agate line.

Address business letters to the Business Manager.

Entered as second class matter and accepted for mailing at special rate postage at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, July 10, 1924.

## The Great Adventure

YOU ask us why we have laughed at life and turned our back on fame  
 We have heard of a great adventure that has set our hearts aflame.  
 Words of a great adventure,—strange words “come, follow me”  
 Of the carpenter’s Son to the fisherman’s son, on the shores of Galilee.

The divine hand of Jesus, laid on Simon’s gaunt, rough one  
 In the dusk of a summer’s evening, in the light of the setting sun.  
 Into their quiet, simple lives, that knew nor book nor pen  
 Came a strange, a wild, alluring call—the call to be “fishers of men.”

There in the mystic twilight—a strange, wild tale he told  
 Of a land beyond the mountains that was built of the purest gold  
 With a house of “many mansions” too, of amethyst and pearl  
 That is set with a thousand turrets, made of sapphire and beryl.

But a triple-headed monster there, that went by the name of Sin  
 Lay wait at the gates of the golden town, for those who’d enter in.  
 He bade them launch their little craft, He warned them of the shoals. . . . .  
 They went to kill the Dragon fierce, they went to save men’s souls.

O youth with your dream of glory won,—O youth with your thought of fame  
 Have you never heard from the altar throne, the whisper of your name?  
 T’is the call of the great adventure lad, the strange, wild, stirring plea  
 Of the carpenter’s Son to the fisherman’s son, on the shores of Galilee.

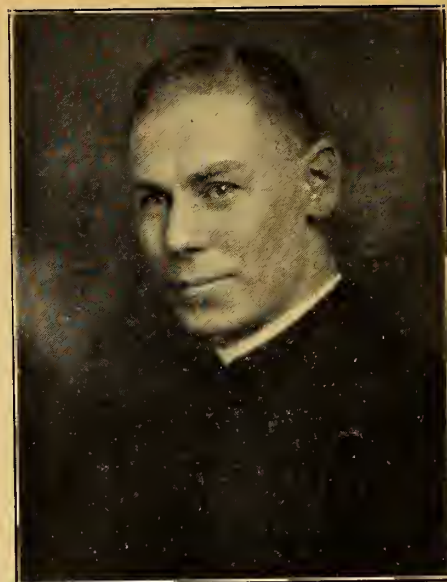
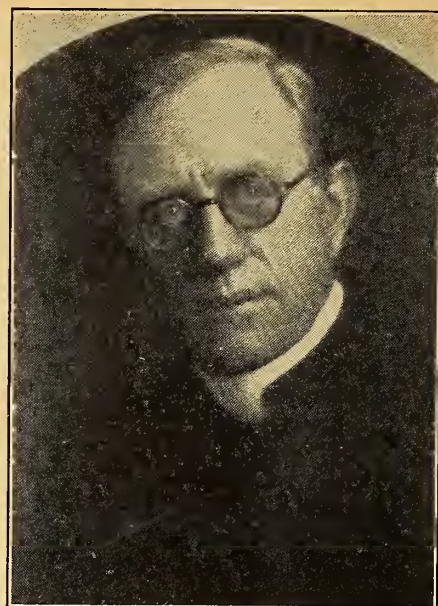
The call to the great adventure—“come, leave all and follow Me  
 For this is the service beautiful, a Christlike chivalry.  
 It comes in the hush of the twilight hour, the clasp of an unseen hand  
 And a voice that seems to whisper—“can you never understand?”

Thank God there are some who understand, t’was only yesterday  
 Our priestly comrades bade good-bye and bravely sailed away.  
 For the call of the Great Adventure came, the strange, the stirring plea—  
 They keep a rendezvous with Christ, on some far Calvary.

H.F.X.S.

Dedicated to my priestly comrades, one and all; who have heard and generously, bravely answered—the call to the Great Adventure.





REV. L. J. BEAL  
Son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Beal of La Salette,  
Ont., graduate of Assumption and St. Michael's  
Colleges, and St. Francis Xavier Seminary.

REV. DR. McRAE  
Rector of St. Francis Xavier Seminary and  
President of the mission organization.

REV. W. K. AMYOR  
Son of Dr. and Mrs. Amyot, of Ottawa—  
(formerly of Toronto,) graduate of St. Michael's  
College, Ottawa University and St. Francis  
Xavier Seminary.

### THE DEPARTURE

"The traders go for treasure that the worm will take by stealth,  
And death will come to cheat them of the whole;  
But these win prize eternal, seeking out another wealth—  
They have guessed the blinding value of a soul.  
They are pioneering miners and they quest the purest gold,  
They are merchants gaining naught but pearls unpriced;  
So a thousand roads they're breaking, and they're trekking, trekking,  
trekking—  
Oh, they'd blaze a trail to anywhere for maddening love of Christ!"

—Benen.

THE departure ceremony for our third mission band was held in St. Francis Church, Toronto, on the night of Sunday, October 21st, and forthwith Dr. McRae and Fathers Amyot and Beal, left for Vancouver, whence they embarked on the Empress of Canada, for China. For the benefit of our readers we give a brief description of the ceremonial.

The departure ceremony opened with a solemn procession into the sanctuary by the assembled clergy according to their rank, the Archbishop in Cope, Mitre and Crozier, the Bishops, prelates and other ecclesiastics in choir dress. The three departing missionaries immediately preceded the Archbishop and Bishops in entering the sanctuary. When the clergy had taken their places the hymn "Veni Creator" was solemnly intoned by His Grace the Archbishop and taken up by the choir. Then followed the blessing and investing of the missionaries' crosses after which the latter, kneeling recited aloud, their promise of fidelity. The clergy then recited the Itinerarium Clericorum, the official prayer of the Church for those about to set forth upon a journey. The Archbishop recited the prayer "Go forth, beloved brothers, to the sheep that are perishing, for they were bought with a great price; depart ye powers of evil; may the angel of God be with you on the way. To God alone, invisible and immortal be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen." His Grace then blessed the missionaries who made a profound prostration in front of the altar. The clergy took their proper places in the choir and a very eloquent sermon (which we hope to have for reproduction in our next number) was preached by Rev. F. Carroll, of St. Augustine's Seminary. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed the conclusion of the ceremony. With the singing of the Laudate the clergy took the same formation as on their entrance, and the departure hymn was rendered by the choir. The music for this hymn was written by Gounod, who was himself once a student of the Foreign Mission Seminary of Paris. The message of triumphant emotion it conveys is well worthy of the immortal master. At the conclusion of the hymn the missionaries, gave their blessing to the congregation.



## DEPARTURE HYMN

Go forth, ye heralds of God's tender mercy;  
 The day has come at last, the day of joy,  
 Your burning zeal is by no fetters shackled,  
 Go forth, O brothers, happy you! go forth.  
 How beautiful the feet of God's apostles!  
 We kiss those feet with holy loving awe.  
 How beautiful are they on hills and valleys,  
 Where error's darkness reigns with death.

### Refrain:

Go forth, farewell for life, O dearest brothers;  
 Proclaim afar the sweetest name of God.  
 We'll meet again in heaven's land of blessings.  
 Farewell, brothers, farewell.

Dear brothers, hasten then to save the heathen,  
 He is immersed in death's cold dark abyss;  
 Without true God, without hope to sooth him,  
 Shall he forever be a child of wrath?  
 Brave soldiers, rise, destroy the throne of Satan,  
 Deliver from his grasp the groaning slaves;  
 Bring him the freedom which by Christ was given,  
 And plant the cross in every land.

We, too, are ready to forsake forever  
 The home of childhood and our land of birth,  
 To bid adieu to parents and to brethren,  
 To cross the ocean's stormy, boundless deep.  
 We, too, will gladly brave the raging billows,  
 To be apostles of the Sacred Heart.  
 Oh when shall we, as you, go forth in gladness  
 To work with you and share your crown?

Though far asunder we are ever brothers,  
 United in the bonds of tenderest love,  
 The Sacred Heart of Jesus and of Mary  
 Contain, as in an ark, our pledge of love.  
 When separated by sea and mountains,  
 Let prayer be unto us a link of love,  
 O Jesus, grant that we may be united  
 In life and for eternity.

## THANKS

To Fathers McCann, Barrack and Gallagher and to the people of St. Francis Parish, Toronto, we are deeply grateful for the beautiful departure ceremony which they tendered our departing missionaries. To give us their beautiful spacious church and to arrange special music and an elaborate ceremony was a favor which we esteem beyond words to express. The fact that they are thoroughly imbued with the interests of the whole church (in the past few years 17 priests have celebrated their first mass there, six students from the parish are in St. Augustine's Seminary and it is the home parish of Fathers John and William Fraser now in China) accounts for their attitude "Oh' it was no trouble at all—delighted to be able to assist you." Our indebtedness to them however, remains, and the constant prayer of our priests and students is that the Master of the vineyard will reward them abundantly for this, and their many previous acts of kindness towards us.

## WOULDN'T YOU LIKE

to accompany our departing missionaries on their journey and with cheerful conversation beguile the weary hours of travel? And wouldn't you like to have an occasional chat with them after they have arrived in China and begun their mission work? How interesting it would be to have them describe their experiences in the orient and the means they employ to interest the poor pagans in the truths of Christianity. To accompany them in person is impossible for most of us but we can all accompany them not only on their journey to China but in their journeyings to their various missions and we can participate in their varied experiences by reading their letters month by month in "CHINA." And when you have read your copy will you pass it along and share your enjoyment with your friends. Wouldn't you like to help the mission work by securing new friends for us? Perhaps you could place "CHINA" on your list of Christmas gifts to your friends.



## HOW TO FINANCE THE JOURNEY

From Scarboro to Chuchow is 8,500 miles. The passage money, including equipment for our missionaries, is over \$1,400, or

\$1. FOR EVERY 6 MILES.

Will YOU send them thus far, or farther, on their journey?

## GODSPEED

Find enclosed \$..... to help  
 the missionaries.....miles on  
 their journey.

Name .....

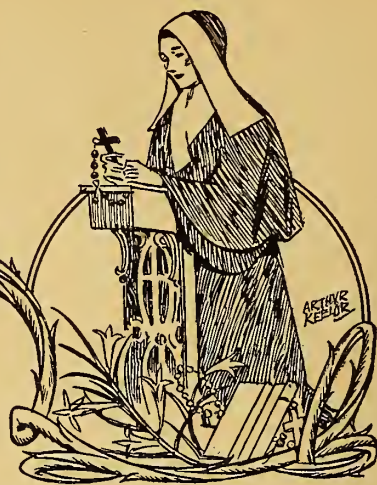
Address .....

— PLEASE —  
 CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO  
 US WITH DONATION.





# A MODERN MARTYR



By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

## Chapter XI. (Continued.)

"My goings and comings are easy at this season of the year, as the inundations last for four or five months. The country becomes an immense sea, in which float green villages. There are no roads. Everyone goes in boats; but fortunately there are plenty of these in all shapes and sizes. I have one which holds just one person. It is very light, and woven of bamboo; every evening, sitting like a tailor in my little skiff, I paddle myself along to my different penitents, often meeting one or the other on the way and then having races to see who shall be the quickest, in which manoeuvre I need not say that your poor brother is always beaten. I make a point of visiting my flock in their own homes, which gives them immense pleasure. In fact, it is impossible to find a better disposed people than these poor Annamities, or to meet more fervent souls. This year (and last) the inundations have been extraordinary, and more than a foot of water came into my house. I had fishes, frogs and toads, crabs and serpents, swimming about my room very happily, while I myself was perched on some planks about three or four inches above them. But what I disliked most was that the rats insisted upon taking

refuge on my mat, and one night I squashed one while I was asleep. It was a disagreeable discovery, but on waking, I found a poisonous viper, with black and white stripes, which had likewise coiled itself up on my poor bed, as if to ask for hospitality, and was hissing just as I stretched my toes. So I forgave the rat. However, I determined, under the circumstances, to raise my house. I got the Christians to bring me a quantity of earth, and then to lift up my house four or five feet. For you must know that this house, like all the rest, consists only of two or three wooden columns, interlaced with bamboo trellice, outside of which is a thin plaster of mud, covered with a coating of lime that is supposed to look 'grand.' The height is never more than ten or fifteen feet, and the roof is made of dry leaves. The whole

edifice is easy enough to transport, as it is very light, and a man can lift it in his hand. So now I am high and dry, and away from the water. I have actually made a little garden, with flower seeds from Europe, and I have a rose tree, a honeysuckle, some balsams, and some stocks. Don't you think I was very persevering? But now, my darling little Mélanie, don't go and imagine, in



Father Kam, Father Serra and their Catechist snatch a few moments rest while making the round of their missions.





This boy's name, translated means "Kingdom's Grave." He was baptised by Fr. Fraser on Christmas Eve, 1927.

your foolish, loving sister's heart that I am a great saint. I am not even a little wee one! Sickness has weakened my poor body, and stupefied my senses, and cooled my ardor. You see I own all my spiritual miseries to you so that you may pity me and pray for me. My heart is as cold and icy sometimes as the tropical sun is burning and hot. There are no beautiful churches or services here to rouse one's tepidity, and to drop a little dew of piety on one's frigid soul. Pray then for me, dearest sister, that the heavenly dew may descend and soften your brother's heart; that his interior life may be strengthened, and his prayers become more fervent, and the spirit of sacrifice more entire; so that he who bears the great title of missionary may do works worthy of the name. Ask also that God may give me a little more health and strength, for you know how the body reacts on the soul; and if the laborer stumbles in tracing the furrow, it will be crooked and only half done. Beg the Author of all Good for these gifts which I so greatly need, that His work may be better done, and His name be glorified.

"You ask me if I should not like some object of devotion, or something for my church. If you could manage to make me a chasuble I should be most grateful, and my catechists would be delighted. Only yesterday they said to me,

'Oh, father, do write to France, and get a prettier set of vestments for Mass on Feast Days.'

"And now, dearest sister, God bless and keep you and all near and dear to us. I recommend myself especially to the prayers of all who care for your unworthy brother, Theophane."

## CHAPTER XII.

### Under Fire.

The letters written by Theophane Vénard in May, 1858, did not reach their destination, and to follow the course of events preceding his martyrdom, we must have recourse to the report of Bishop Retord.

"Our position," the Bishop wrote at this time, "is terrible. We are like birds on the branch of a tree, always on the alert, always receiving messages saying that we have been discovered by the spies, that we have been denounced, that the mandarins are surrounding our mission, and that such and such Christians have been pillaged, tortured, and put to death on our account. In order to spare them, we hide in our little boats, or in caverns, or in tombs in the mountains, where we run the risk of being buried alive. One day we had to remain in one of these tombs for eight hours, being able to breathe only through a bamboo tube. When we came out we were all like idiots, and only half conscious. But the bodily pains we endure are nothing to the anguish of our souls, lest any neophytes should deny their faith under torture. The searchings of the mandarins are so thorough, that it is almost impossible to escape. One of our native priests was seized last week and thrown into prison, from which he was released only by martyrdom. His companions and pupils, who had been arrested at the same time, were condemned to perpetual exile. Among them was a little child ten



A pretty bit of scenery on the way to Chulong. At the right, our mission boat, the Xavier.



years old who, rather than renounce Jesus Christ, bore the strokes of the bastinado, and after being separated from his parents and home, was sentenced to wear till death the malefactor's chain. Another priest and a catechist were arrested the next day and gained the martyr's palm.

"Two new edicts fulminated against us have greatly kindled the zeal and fury of the pagan governors. Our chapels are destroyed, our houses demolished, our students dispersed, and our money wasted in vain attempts to redeem our converts. There is not one of my poor missionaries who has not his personal troubles besides. Frs. Theurel and Vénard, surrounded by their trembling, weeping flock, have been obliged to take refuge in subterranean caverns, where the mandarins as yet have been unable to follow them. Fr. Titaud saw his church and house destroyed

and the two heavy sides rest on the shoulders. To bear this day and night is absolute misery. The flesh of the neck and shoulders becomes raw; and when the inhuman jailers drag the sufferers from side to side, the agony may be imagined.

In the prison itself, which is a species of hell upon earth, a fresh torture is resorted to. This is a kind of stocks, in which the feet are caught just above the ankle; very often these are too tight, and enter the flesh. What makes the stocks more insupportable is the fact that innumerable bugs live in the cracks of the wood, and constantly suck the blood of the victims. These stocks being immovable, the unhappy prisoners are compelled to remain in the same position day and night, either sitting or crouching, without being able to move in the least.

The third torture, and one universally employed



C. G. Adams, Guelph.

Veronica Coyle, Amherstburg

Helen Drew, Windsor.

C. McGuire, London

Four more of the Campaigners who made 6,000 new friends for "China."

before his eyes, and hid himself with difficulty in a wild solitude, exposed to the attacks of all kinds of venomous creatures. The same has happened to Fr. Saiget. Fr. Mathevon, hard pressed, nearly fell into the hands of the enemy, who had already seized his catechist and his guide. It suddenly occurred to him to throw himself between two or three old mats and he thus escaped detection. Bishop Jeantet has had to stop his theological class and hide in the mountains; God knows when he will be able to return to his post. Even Fr. Charbonnier and I, who hoped to have escaped the storm in my little retreat of Vinh-Tri, have had to seek shelter (which men denied us) of the bears and tigers who have their holes in the rocks. Frs. Galy and Néron, who are at the extremity of the mission, have enjoyed a certain immunity until now, but I expect every day to hear of fresh disasters."

Then follows a recital of the tortures to which the Christians were exposed, to compel them to apostatize. We give a brief resumé of these.

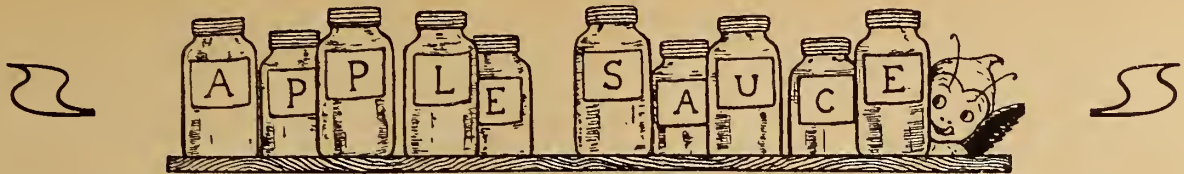
The most ordinary instrument of torture is the "cangue." It is a species of ladder, four or five feet long, and varying in weight from ten to forty pounds, the two sides of which are united at a width of six inches by four iron bars. The head of the martyr is passed through the middle bars,

is the "rotin" or knout, which is inflicted most brutally. Several victims are laid flat on their stomachs in rows, one after the other, the feet of one being fastened to the hands of the next, and all so stretched as almost to dislocate their joints. Each blow inflicted produces blood, and gives an involuntary start to all like an electric shock, so that those who are not struck suffer nearly as much as those who are; and as a certain interval is left between the strokes, the torment lasts for several hours, each sufferer receiving fifty or sixty blows. The instrument used for this horrible flagellation is a flexible whip, about the thickness of one's little finger, and nearly four feet long. The lash is split into four bits, firmly tied with twine steeped in gum, which renders the blow heavier and prevents its being softened in striking.

After the flagellation come the pincers, either cold or heated in a forge, the bellows of which are always going, so that the pincers may be red hot. A portion of the martyr's flesh is seized with the iron, then dragged and torn off with a rapid twist of the pincers, while the victim is tightly bound to the ground. This operation is renewed on the same individual five or six times. The agony inflicted by the pincers when cold is more intense,

To be Continued.



**Location Inferential.****Mister Grandma.**

Wife—"Now that I have had my hair bobbed, I don't think I look so much like an old lady."

Husband—"No. Now you look like an old gentleman."—*L'Illustration* (Paris).

Biltmore Waiter—"Want soup?"

George Wagoner—"Is it good soup?"

Waiter—"Sure; fourteen carrot."

**Yum Yum.**

First Eskimo—"How did you like your Christmas-tree?"

Second Eskimo—"It was swell. Those were the best candles I ever ate."—*Life*.

**Gaping Cavity.**

Null—"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

Void—"And you found it?"

Null—"Well, rather. I'm in the start reading any long-continued stor-gelist."

hole now."—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

**Who Said "China"?**

"He was a man who had indeed suffered much," says a country paper, in a short obituary notice; "he had been a subscriber to this paper since its first number."—*Christian Evan-*

**Code of Honor.**

He—"Betty is a good bridge player. I can't understand why she did that."

She—"Well, you led diamonds, and she never returns a diamond."—*Judge*.

**Still, Small Voice.**

Little Girl—"Oh, look, mummy! There's a snow man in front of that store."

The Snowman—"Don't you believe it. I've just been waiting an hour for my wife to come out."—*Outlook*.

**Make It Snappy.**

Patient—"Doctor, what are my chances?"

Doctor—"O, pretty good, but don't ies."—*New York State Lion*.

**Nize Baby.**

"I vant some powder."

"Mennen's?"

"No, vimmens."

"Scented?"

"No, I vill take it mit me."—*Col-lumbus Dispatch*.

**Of Trumps.**

The Girl—"I should think you'd feel happy as a king when you're in the air."

Aviator—"Happier. I'm an ace."—*Boston Transcript*.

**Ump-ta-ra-ra!**

A well-known woman is a famous Mrs. Malaprop as regards her speech. "And what in France," asked a friend, "did you enjoy the most, Mrs. —?"

"Well, I think," said the lady, "it was the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise."—*Everybody's Maga-zine*.

**Moisture.**

"My plate is damp," complained a traveller who was dining in a New York hotel.

"Hush," whispered his wife, "that's your soup."—*Chatham News*.

**Treat 'Em Rough.**

It is our desire to make you, our patron, feel at home while a guest of our theatre and any discourtesy on the part of our employee will be greatly appreciated if called to the attention of the management.—*Dal-las theatre program*.

**Make Sure You Are Right**

As a steamer was leaving the harbor of Athens, a well-dressed young passenger approached the captain, and pointing to the distant hills, inquired: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," replied the captain.

"Well," remarked the lady, "I was told just a minute ago that was grease."

**Quite So**

The Glasgow train was nearly due out from Euston, and a Glasgow man was leisurely inquiring at the third-class window the price of a "single" to his native city.

A queue formed up behind him, headed by an impatient Yankee. Still the Glaswegian went on with his inquiries.

"Whit wis a retur-rn?"

"Aye, and whit wis a week-end?"

"Aye, but I'd ha'e tae come back on the Monday?"

"Aye, noo, whit's a toorist?"

"Aye, weel, A'll juist tak' a single."

He got it, and required change, and time to count it. As he moved away the Yankee exploded.

"Say, I'd rather have fifty 100 per cent. Amuricans in front of me than one of you durned Scotsmen."

"Aye," came the canny reply. "That's whit the Ger-rmans said."—*Edinburgh Despatch*.

**A Steady Man.**

Foreman—"How's this new man I took on this morning? Is he a steady worker?"

Workman—"Steady! If he was any steadier, he'd be motionless! —The Common Good.

**Mieow!**

A travelling man in a back-country hotel complained that the towels were dirty and he could never find any soap.

"You've got a tongue in your head, haven't you?" retorted the young lady in charge.

"Yes," replied the traveller, "but I'm not a cat."

**On the Farm.**

"I have only one request to make," groaned the college man who had come to participate in the harvest.

"What is that, Mr. Smart?" returned the farmer.

"Please let me stay in bed long enough for the lamp chimney to cool off."

**Mistaken Identity.**

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the lady from the country to the bell-boy. "I ain't goin' to pay my good money for such a small room. You think just because I'm from a small town—" The boy interrupted: "Step in, madam. This ain't your room; this is the elevator."—*G. B., in Vancouver Province*.

**Great Minds.**

Landlord—"I intend to raise your rent next month."

Tenant—"That's nice of you. I was just wondering how I was going to do it myself."—*Tit-Bits*.

**Kind.**

A lonely American entered an eating-house in England for breakfast and his order was as follows: "I would like two eggs and a kind word." The waitress returned with the eggs and, placing them before the American, said, "Is that all right?" The American replied that the eggs were all right, but what about the kind word? Leaning down the waitress replied, "Don't eat the eggs."

**Reverse Evolution.**

The motorist had had an accident with his light car on the Brighton Road. He limped painfully to a telephone box and called up the nearest garage.

"Hello," he said. "I've turned turtle. Can you do anything for me?"

"I'm afraid not," came the sweet feminine reply. "You've got the wrong number. What you want is the zoo."—*Vancouver Province*.

Mandy—"Yo-all reminds me of one of them flying machines."

Rastus—"How cum, woman, how cum? 'Cause Pse such a high flyer?"

Mandy—"No, sah, cullud man; it's just 'cause you ain't no use on earth."—*Northern Star, Ottawa*.



### MARVELLOUS DEVELOPMENTS IN THE ART OF TYPEWRITER OPERATION

Every year for twenty-three successive years there has been held a contest for the championship of the world for speed and accuracy in typewriting.

In 1906 this international contest, open to typists the world over, was won by Rose L. Fritz at a rate of 82 words a minute.

In 1923 Albert Tangora wrote for one hour at the almost inconceivable rate of 147 words a minute, or a total of 9120 words in the hour.

This feat necessitated the making of more than 54,000 strokes, exclusive of returning the carriage, indenting for paragraphs, and inserting the paper.

It meant the striking of keys continuously throughout the hour at a speed of 15 a second.

The effect of these world Championship contests has been to stimulate interest on the part of typists generally, has led them to strive for greater skill, and has doubled the speed of the average typist—to the decided advantage of her employer and herself.

It is interesting to note that all the world's championship typewriting contests held during these 23 years have been won on the Underwood typewriter. And the results of the contests show that the Underwood writing machine has a speed greater than that of the next best by 22%.

This is the reason behind the Underwood slogan, "22% faster."

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### OUR CRUSADE BULLETIN BOARD

Marching orders have been handed to three of our veteran Crusaders (Reverend Fathers, McRae, Amyot and Beal) to pack kits and proceed at once to Chuchow, China. Since the day when Christ, after His Resurrection, said to His Apostles, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature," the work of the missions has been constant and increasing in the Catholic Church. By a strange coincidence it seems necessary that people of a different race have brought the message of Christ to the various peoples of the world. The first great missionaries were of the Hebrew race. All the Apostles were descendants of Abraham, all the Evangelists with the exception of St. Luke were Jewish, and the greatest Apostle in the Christian era although a Roman citizen was a Hebrew—the Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul. And as the Hebrews brought the message of Christ to Rome, to Greece, to Egypt, etc., and the Roman and Grecian and Egyptian carried the seed to other people, so in turn it is fitting that Canadians should bring the Gospel message to the Chinese.

At the opening meeting of the Crusade Unit of St. Anthony's School, Toronto, a resolution was passed that "the first hundred dollars raised this year will be devoted to the Missions in China."

The policy of the C.C.S.M.C. Unit at Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto, for the coming year, as announced by Miss Marguerita McKenty, newly elected President, will be "to encircle the world beginning in Toronto, in the Catholic parishes advancing westward to the prairies, the Pacific Islands, China, Africa, etc."

### ARMY OF FAITH

ANY way you look at it, the Eucharistic Congress was a marvelous event. At a pilgrimage, it brought back the color and romance of the Middle Ages. As a piece of management it was colossal in its implications, resembling nothing in our day so much as the administration of a great army. As a religious gathering it testified to the power of the church over its members, or the power of the faith over its devotees. In all it was an international spectacle of surpassing power, showing a unity possible to every tribe, kindred and tongue in the realm of the spiritual. That in these modern days a million people should travel to a great commercial center for the sake of a religious rite, and there spend a week in religious celebration, that people are found who believe to so great an extent that the massing of such a concentration in worship, that the focusing of such intention of mind, actually projects the power of the spiritual realm into the region of the material, is a fact of significance.

—Dearborn Independent.



### THE PRAYER OF A MISSIONARY

#### Part 1—The Petition

Alone unmolested in quiet he prays  
That the Lord of the harvest may shorten the  
days  
And pour down His blessings so cleansing and  
sweet  
To draw these poor pagans in love to His feet.  
He pleads, He implores that this sin-stricken race  
May be raised from the darkness by the light of  
His grace  
And brought to the knowledge of Him whom we  
love  
To adore and to praise Him in heaven above.  
But the foe is so strong and my prayers are so  
frail  
That I call to you friends lest my efforts should  
fail  
Oh! send up your prayers with mine to that throne  
Where Jesus is waiting to welcome His own.

#### Part 2—The Answer

Be of faith friend and hope; an attack shall be  
made  
By the prayers and the alms of the Students'  
Crusade.  
We are joined now together, our efforts made  
strong  
Fight on, because conquer we must before long.  
E'en now Satan trembles; he views with despair  
The cross of our Crusade held high in the air;  
He knows that his downfall far off cannot be  
For the students are led by the Star of the Sea.

So onward, press onward, the victory is ours ..  
Destroy every hold of the sin-laden powers;  
With Faith for our breast-plate and Prayer as  
our sword  
Let us win back this race for it's true King and  
Lord.

D.E.S.

### A WALK AROUND YOURSELF

**W**HEN you're criticising others  
And are finding here and there  
A fault or two to speak of  
Or a weakness you can tear;  
When you're blaming some one's meanness  
Or accusing some of pelf—  
It's time that you went out  
To take a walk around yourself.

There's lots of human failures  
In the average of us all,  
And lots of grave shortcomings  
In the short ones and the tall;  
But when we think of evils  
Men should lay upon the shelves,  
It's time we all went out  
To take a walk around ourselves.

We need so often in this life  
This balancing of scales,  
This seeing how much in us wins  
And how much in us fails;  
But before you judge another—  
Just to lay him on the shelf  
It would be a splendid plan  
To take a walk around yourself.

## HENDRY'S SERIES OF SCHOOL RHYMES

No. 3

NOVEMBER

**C**HILL November days are here,  
Leafless trees and winds severe;  
Winter's heralds—trumpet blasts,  
Laughed at Summer, as she passed.  
Fallen leaves remind us all  
Life with us awaits its call.  
Souls departed crave our prayers,  
Seek our help and give us theirs.

### TO OUR TEACHERS

**W**E would like those interested  
to write and tell us how our  
little Rhymes are received as  
a pleasant change from the orthodox  
advertising copy.

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# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

*Edited by*  
**FATHER JIM**



## A Hand On The Shoulder

When a man ain't got a cent,  
An' he's feelin' kind o' blue,  
An' the clouds hang dark and heavy  
An' won't let the sunshine through,  
It's a great thing, oh, my brethren,  
Fer a feller just to lay  
His hand upon your shoulder  
In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious,  
It makes the tear drops start,  
An' you feel a sort o' flutter  
In the region of your heart.  
You can't look up and meet his eye;  
You don't know what to say,  
When his hand is on your shoulder  
In a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,  
With its honey and its gall,  
With its cares and bitter crosses—  
But a good world, after all.  
And a good God must have made it—  
Leastwise, that is what I say,  
When a hand is on my shoulder  
In a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## Flying Squirrel.

In the game of flying squirrel the players stand in a double row, the one behind keeping his hands on the shoulders of the person in front; thus forming a double circle. The hunter and one player chosen for the squirrel, stay outside the outer circle. The hunter tries to catch the squirrel. At any time the squirrel may stop directly behind or in front of any of the pairs; then the one put out of position must become the squirrel and run to escape the hunter. If the squirrel stops behind the one standing in the outer circle, he must put his hands on the shoulders of that one, who must take his hands off the one in front and order him to run. If the squirrel halts in front of the player on the inside, the one on the outside becomes the squirrel and must hustle before the hunter gets him. If the hunter can get his hand on the one he is chasing before the change of position, that one is caught. If the one ousted from his position is not quick, he will be caught before he gets started.

## TEASERS.

1. What key is a poisonous one?
2. Why are carpets and shoes alike?
3. What has a head but no face?
4. When is a piece of wood like a queen?
5. Why should you never have a tailor who does not understand his trade?
6. Why are feet like certain old stories?
7. What is the difference between a cat and a match?
8. What is the best thing to put into pies?
9. Why is a goose like an elephant's trunk?
10. What would give a blind man the greatest delight?

## Answers.

1. Whiskey.
2. Both are footworn.
3. A pin.
4. When it is made into a ruler.
5. Because you would get bad habits from him.
6. Because they are leg-ends (legends).
7. The cat lights on its feet and the match on its head.
8. Your teeth.
9. Because it grows down.
10. Light.

Toronto, Ont.

Enclosed find my subscription to "China," and a donation to your work. I wish I could send you much more. I take great pleasure in reading of the great work Father Fraser and his brother priests are doing for God in China. May God grant you and them every blessing to carry on the great work.

## Prayer Composed by the Little Flower to the Infant Jesus

O, Little Infant Jesus, my only Treasure, I abandon myself to Thy Divine Will, I do not wish any other joy than that of making Thee smile. Impress upon my soul your grace and your childlike virtues so that, on the day of my birth in Heaven, the angels and saints will recognize in me your little Spouse. Amen.

Walkerville, Ont.

I am writing to ask for more mite boxes. We have formed a mite-box club, and as our club is growing, we need more mite boxes. Please say a little prayer for the success of our club, in order that your good work may be helped along. This is our first attempt at any work like this, but we will work hard and do our best.

Editor's note.—Many thanks, dear little missionaries. I am sure the Little Flower is proud of her zealous assistants in Walkerville.



Mrs. N. N. was getting supper for the children on Saturday night, when a young woman came to her door.

"I'm a collector for the Drunkards' Home," she said. "Could you help us?"

"Come around tonight and I'll give you N. N.," she replied as she went on with her work.

"What time did you get in last night?" She who checks up.

"Quarter of twelve." She who got checked.

"Young lady, it was at least three o'clock." Very stern.

"That's what I said, quarter of twelve." She's checking out today. —Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

## Wrong Anyway.

Employer—Really, Tompkins, your figures are disgraceful. Just look at that three. Any one would take it for a five.

Clerk—It is a five sir.

Employer—Well, I should have sworn it was a three.—Fort William Times-Journal.

## Brotherly Love.

A teacher was giving his class a lecture on charity.

"Willie," he said, "if I saw a boy beating a donkey, and stopped him from doing it, what virtue should I be showing?" Willie (promptly): "Brotherly love!"—Yorkshire Post.



# Father Jim's Mail Bag



## "THE TIME TO SING"

In weather wet and weather chill  
It's harder, folks to climb life's hill  
Than when the sun is shining bright,  
Than when the stars are out at night.  
But that's the time to raise your eyes  
Until you see the smiling skies;  
And that's the time to wear a grin  
Until there's cheerfulness within.  
No matter what the weather brings,  
No matter how the wind vane swings,  
Let's ever sing a hopeful song,  
And never think the world's all wrong.

Buddies:

Now don't be alarmed, your father Jim is not a poet, and is not going to inflict on you his doddering verse. But, I feel it my duty to advise, guide and instruct my young charges. What really is necessary is that some one should advise, guide and instruct (and incidentally a little pat on the back while they are at it) your own old Father Jim. Hence the above poem. If there must be a pill, let's have the pretty pink kind.

It is only fair though to say that "The Time to Sing" has been "lifted" bodily,—willy-nilly—out of a little book left on my door step. It is the Organ of the City Gas Company, and not a bad little tyke either.

Please accept my message to you this issue in the spirit in which it is given, and also consider well the source,—and then you will be okay.

By the way, has there been an epidemic of writers' cramp among the outfit? I have developed one bad eye. I blame it on one thing only: eye-strain. Looking for letters from Young Buds.

Adois, Adenoids, farewell, so long and toodle OOh.

Write soon,  
Father Jim.

O.L.A. Convent,  
Arichat, N.S.

Reverend and Dear Father:

We, the Grade XI girls of the O.L.A. Convent, are delighted that you have appealed to the girls in your September issue of the China messenger.

We all have a great devotion to "The Little Flower." There is a statue of her in all the churches around here.

You have asked us to suggest what would be proper for this page; we

suggest that you have a competition corner in which would appear puzzles and essays for which prizes would be offered at the end of the school year.

Trusting you will be pleased with our first effort.

Yours respectfully,  
The Trio.

Stand back, don't crowd me, ladies. Trio, do you think it fair to descend on me in bunches?

You do? All right.

Here we meet on neutral ground for I too have a very kind feeling for our Little Theresa, and when I meet her likeness, greet her with joy. But the other suggestion is the real bone of contention, and as diplomacy is my second name I will withdraw—quietly. "He who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day."

Father Jim.



Donald O'Driscoll, St John's Nfld., age 7½ years, who organized a "bazaar" at his home and realized \$4.00 for the missions. Bravo Donald! You made Father Jim drop his shovel and put on two pairs of goggles to make sure he wasn't seeing things. The Little Flower is proud of her new bud.

227 Killeride Ave.,  
West Kildonan.

Dear Father Jim—

I like the page of St. Theresa very much and would like to hear more of her. I would like to get letters from China's boys and girls. I belong to a Canadian Girl Guide Company. It is the 54th. Co. of Winnipeg. We go on hikes and have parties, and after

every guide meeting we play games. We have our meetings every Tuesday they start at 6.45. We are going to have our meeting tonight. I will end my letter with a riddle.

When is a farmer rude to his corn?  
I will put the answer in the next time I write.

From—  
Eileen Parker.

Now what have we done Eileen that you should treat us thus? Are you in cahoots with the little imp that is delaying and obstructing the completion of our work? Don't you realize that every day in every way we will be pondering on just when that farmer is rude to his corn? Don't forget to write and tell us.

Father Jim.

A gentleman one day walking down a street in Belfast saw an old Irish woman begging.

"Could you spare a copper for an auld woman, sorr?"

The gentleman taking pity upon her gave her sixpence.

"God bless you, sorr," said the old woman, "and may every hair of yer head be a candle to light you to glory."

Taking off his hat and showing a bald head, the gentleman said drily:

"It won't be much of a torch-light procession, madam!"



Left to right in back row are: Miss Mary McGrath and Miss Kathleen Furlong, of St. John's Nfld., along with some of the latest blooms of the Little Flower's garden. Knowing that the Little Flower loves the missions these buds conducted a "garden party" which netted \$7.30 for the missions. They adopted the "painless extraction" plan—charged a two cent admission fee and twenty cents for tea. So pleased were the grown up patrons that many returned again for sale the chocolate bars purchased. Say it with flowers—Well if Father Jim wasn't bald he'd take off his hat to you with both hands.



# Mission Notes

## CHINA PLEASED OVER INTEREST SHOWN BY POPE

ROME, Aug. 13—Pope Pius XI's recent message of friendship and encouragement to the Chinese people has been received in China with great satisfaction, says the Fides Service.

Immediately upon receiving His Holiness' message by telegraph, says the Service, the Apostolic Delegate in China, Archbishop Celso Costantini, communicated it to the Bishops and the press, also directing that it be read in all churches.

All the great Chinese papers gave it prominent place and commented upon it with deep satisfaction that "the highest moral power of the world has publicly recognized the right of the Chinese people to govern themselves," says the Service.

Pagans, and especially Nationalists, it is reported, were strongly impressed by the sentence in which the Holy Father expresses the hope that the legitimate aspirations and rights of the Chinese people may be fully recognized.

Reading of the message in all the Catholic churches in China excited the liveliest comment and particular joy because the Pope chose the period immediately following the end of fighting to establish before all the Chinese the fact that Catholics in the country have the strong duty to contribute toward the peace and prosperity of their fatherland.

Students of the situation in Peking, it is reported, feel that even though the peace—enduring and fruitful, internal and external, based on charity and justice—which the Pope prays may come to China may be disturbed, the gesture of the Holy Father will have a good effect, making known to all the sympathy of His Holiness towards China and its people.

## CHRISTIAN PLAYS FOR CHINA BEING STAGED BY PRIEST

Peking, July 10.—A new method of religious propaganda has been inaugurated in the Prefecture Apostolic of Lihsien, where the well known Belgian missionary, Father Lebbe, C.M., is laboring under the direction of Bishop Sun, C.M., one of the native Chinese bishops. This is the development of a Catholic theatre.

The enthusiasm of the Chinese for theatrical representations has been remarked by all foreigners and they do not seem to consider any holiday complete unless a play is given. But there are certain elements in the pagan representations unfit for the Chinese Christians. This has meant a real privation for the Christians. The Catholic theatre will therefore answer the double purpose of giving the Christians legitimate pleasure and of attracting pagan spectators.

The initial effort was made on the afternoon of Easter Sunday, when all the Christians from the surrounding country were in for the Feast. The immense crowd of spectators were delighted and since then the Chinese, pagans as well as Christians, have not ceased to inquire when the next play will be given.

(Advertisement)

### CHRISTMAS GIFTS !

Please help the poor missions of the Canadian Ursuline Sisters in China.

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## DONATION LIST FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

The following are the Donations for August and September:—

Estate of late J. J. Schumacher \$500.00  
Terra Nova, \$50.00.  
Friend, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, \$40.00  
Rev. D. A. McRae, \$30.00.  
Estate Mrs. Ellen O'Neill, \$26.12.  
Friend—Sacred Heart Burse, \$20.00.  
St. Vincent's Girls Sunday School, St. John, N.B., \$14.25.  
Friend, Lindsay, \$15.00.

The following gave \$10.00:

Miss Marguerite Thompson; M. J. S.; M. Kennedy; J. J. Carolan; Mrs. Sarah Sheehan; Miss J. Keating; J. J. Carolan; Rev. Joseph Ryan; M. J. S.; Miss Mary Leitch; Miss Kathleen M. Doherty; Miss Flora A. McRae; Miss Minnie Byrne; Rev. T. Gough;

### Miscellaneous Amounts:

Friend, Rossland, B.C. \$9.00; Mr. Wm. Groat, \$8.40; Mrs. Patrick Kelly, \$8.00; St. Nicholas School, P.E.I. \$7.85; Friend, Montreal, \$9.00; Mrs. Evans, \$7.00; Mrs. J. H. Schneider, \$6.85; per F. McGoey, \$6.00; Mr. and Mrs. John Dika, \$6.00; Miss Mary McGrath, \$7.30; St. Joseph's Convent Hoyleston \$6.00;

The following gave \$5.00:

Mr. and Mrs. Julian A. Hogan; J. M. Speechly; Mrs. M. Devril; Friend; J. D. MacDonnell; Mr. and Mrs. J. Hogan; Thanks to St. Antony; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Mrs. Catherine E. Dickson; Miss Mary Torpy; Friend, Toronto; In Honour of St. Teresa; Miss J. Ryan; Very Rev. D. Cassidy; Rev. Fr. Hinchey; Julian A. Hogan; St. Peter's School, Toronto, Primary Class; Rev. Dr. Greene; Miss M. Hynes; Friend Nfld; Mrs. J. F. McGrath; Mrs. Martin F. Byrne; Miss Margaret Power;

### Miscellaneous:

Friend, \$2.50; E. B., Toronto, \$1.00; Pearl McPhee, \$2.50; Mrs. M. Bourgeois, \$1.00; Convent, Notre Dame de sion, \$2.25; Miss E. MacDonald, \$1.00; Miss Mary L. Brown, \$1.00; School, per Miss Regina MacDonald, \$2.00; J. Whalen, \$1.05; Agnes Leahey, \$1.50; Angus D. Grant, \$1.50; Joseph Farrell, \$1.00; Adam Pataski, \$2.50; Allan Campbell, \$1.50; Mary Farrell, \$1.00; M. McD., \$4.25; Miss M. McManamy, \$2.00; Mrs. C. E. Bucher, \$1.00; Mrs. J. McCalum, \$5.50; Miss Sadie McLeod, \$2.50; Friend, \$2.00; St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay, \$3.00; Friend, Barrie, \$2.00; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, \$2.00; Miss Agnes Dawzy, \$3.00; Miss Celestine Brennan, \$3.00; Mr. C. O. Curley, \$2.00; Mrs. Joseph Bannon, \$2.45; Mrs. L. LeBlanc, \$3.00; A. J. MacDonald, \$1.50; Mr. Hugh J. Smith, \$1.00; Miss M. Cassidy, \$1.00; Miss M. J. Don Sness, \$2.00; Miss L. Dauer, \$4.00; Mrs. F. Spellman, \$1.00; St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catherine's, Ont., \$2.00; Mrs. K. Boudreau, \$1.25; D. J. Ryan, \$1.00; Miss F. Carthy, \$1.00; Mr. P. Temple, \$2.00; Miss M. Smith, \$1.00; Miss K. Bird, \$2.00; Miss K. Dodds, \$2.00; Friend, St. Catherine's, \$2.00; Miss M. Beale, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Costello, \$2.00; Friend, Barrie, \$2.00; F. Cassels, \$2.00; A. J. M., Yarmouth, \$1.50; Miss Margaret Hanley, \$3.00; Miss A. Dawzy, \$3.00; K. Longergan, \$1.75; Mrs. Barbour, \$3.00; Holy Rosary School, Senior Fourth Class, Thorold, \$3.75; Mrs. D. Feehly, \$2.50; Miss Claire Smyth, \$2.50; M. Berthelot, \$4.00; Miss L. Hitchen, \$1.00; Miss C. Brennan, \$1.00; Mrs. R. G. McIsaac, \$4.00; Miss F. Burke, \$1.00; Miss M. J. McGillvray, \$2.00; Mrs. Martha MacDonald, \$1.00; per F. McGoey, \$3.25; per J. McGinnis, \$3.50; Rev J. Moran, \$2.00; Miss M. Finnerty, \$1.00; Miss R. McGrath, \$1.00; St. Andrew's School, Killaloe, \$2.35; Form 2, Notre Dame Convent, \$2.00; Annie J. Quinn, \$2.00; Mrs. M. P. Hayes, \$1.00; Miss K. Dodd, \$1.00; Mrs. Thomas O'Connor, \$3.00; Mrs. M. Power, \$3.00; Convent, Cathedral Square St. John's Nfld. \$2.00; In Memory of J. J. Fagan, \$1.00;



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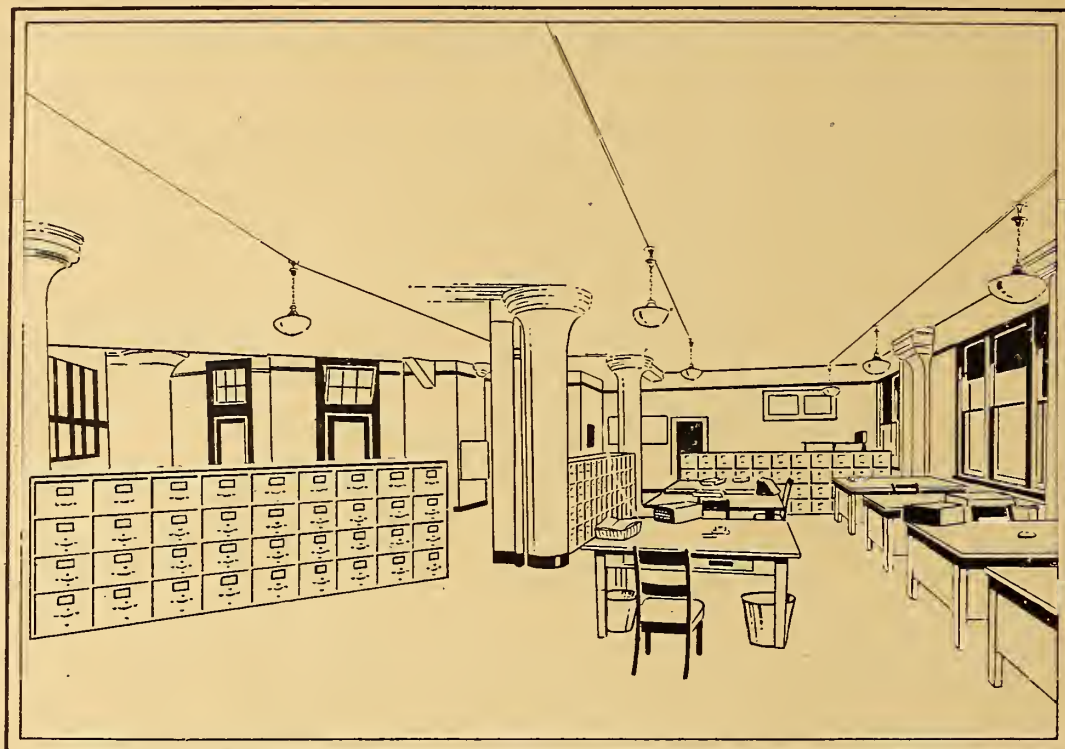
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# CHINA



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There are two small girlies' stockings  
Hanging on a mantle shelf,  
Waiting for old Santa Claus to pack them tight;  
And one is round and roomy—  
P'raps the kind you wear yourself—  
But the other is a very sorry sight.

For 'tis small and almost stringy.  
And one cannot help but guess  
That its wearer is a tiny girl, and pale;  
And dear Santa Claus will wonder.  
And a sigh he may suppress,  
For he'll remember this distressful tale.

The chubby little girl had  
Lots of joy and pep and vim,  
And rosy cheeks that glowed with wondrous health,  
That's why her stockings held so much  
It even tickled him,  
She shared the very best of Nature's wealth.

But her tiny, sickly sister  
Would not eat the things she should.  
So she was listless and her eyes were sad;  
She wouldn't drink the wholesome milk,  
Or eat nutritious food,  
Though 'twould have made old Santa Claus so glad.

So she gets very little 'cause  
Her stocking is so small,  
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# EDITORIAL

Vol. IX.

No. 12

St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

Board of Control: Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; Rt. Rev. Michael F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London; Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Peterboro; Very Rev. J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

Mission Superior in China: Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.A.

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## With The Close of Another Year

WE wish to thank with all our hearts, our many benefactors old and young, through whose generous support and good-will, we have been enabled to carry on work so dear to the little Babe of Bethlehem.

To the faculty and students of St. Augustine's Seminary we are particularly grateful. In addition to their many kindnesses throughout the year they selected the departure date as their October Mission Day and offered their masses and prayers for our missionaries. They also accompanied us to St. Francis Church and assisted in the departure ceremony and the zest and feeling with which the hymn of departure was rendered, bespoke more eloquently than words, how whole-heartedly they entered into the spirit of the occasion.

It was a very pleasant surprise too, which they later on gave our three priests, loading them down with financial and spiritual good-cheer. Such continued and generous interest in our work on the part of our priestly friends, softens the note of sacrifice and leaves with our departing missionaries many pleasant memories and an assurance of future prayer and thoughtfulness.

To Father Francis P. Carroll, Professor of Sacred Scripture, we

owe an especial debt of gratitude, for the beautiful and instructive sermon delivered at the departure. Those who were privileged to hear him, carried home with them a new understanding of, and a greater zeal for the Missions, and for the benefit of those who were unable to be present we reproduce the sermon in full.

*"And the Holy Ghost said to them: Separate me Saul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have taken them." Acts XIII., 2.*

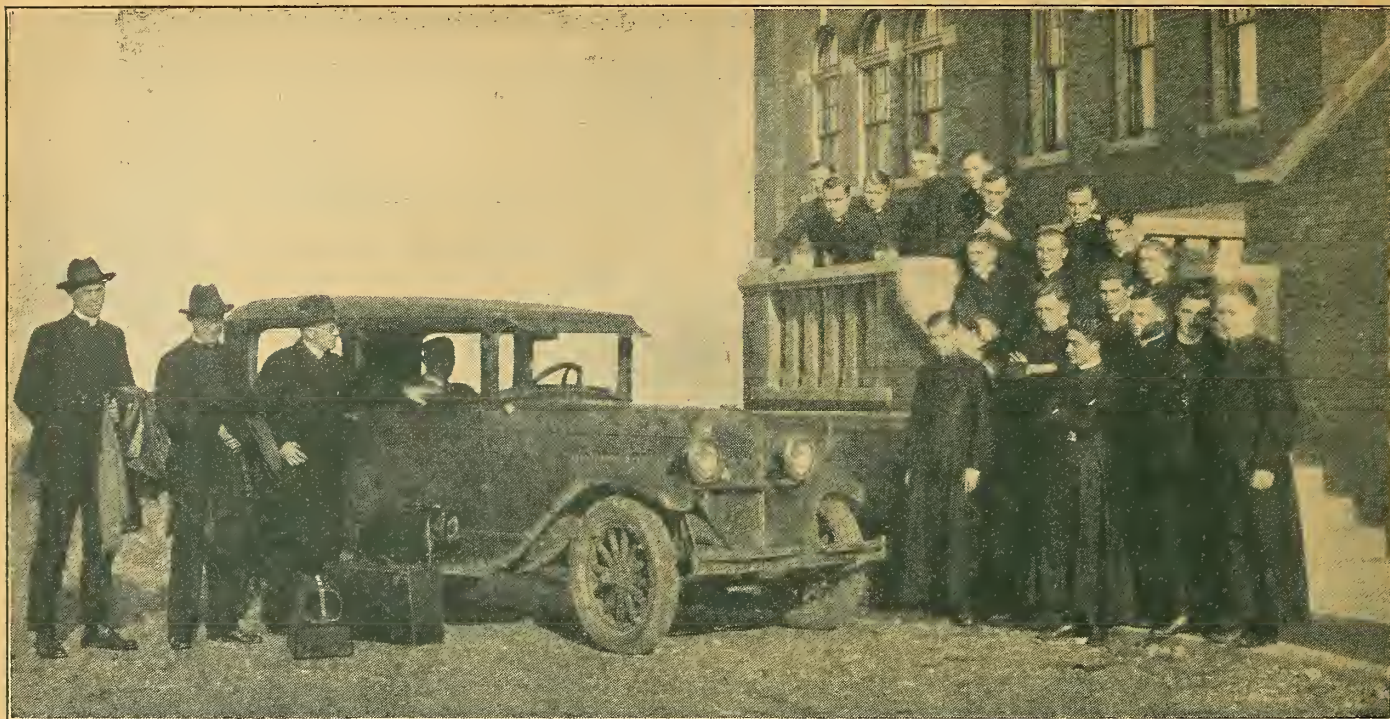
My dear brethren:

Just before the eastern coast of the Mediterranean swings round and becomes Asia Minor is the ancient city of Antioch. It stands back from the sea, forty or fifty miles, in the wide plain formed between the two mountain verterbrae of Syria; and beside its crumbling houses, flows the famed Orontes River. Antioch today is a busy city, renowned for its commerce, and for its rich yet savage beauty. Yet Antioch's claim to fame comes not from its present condition, lately liberated from Turkish rule, but from its history.

Here, almost 2000 years ago, "the door of faith was first opened" to the Gentiles. Here the religion of Christ was changed from a sect of Jews among Jews to a world-wide all-embracing religion. Here the name "Christian" was invented, and for the first time was conferred upon the followers of Christ. And here occurred the first Departure Ceremony,—the model and prototype of the ceremony which has







"Well. Good bye, boys." Left to Right—at the car, Father Amyot, Father Beal and Dr. McRae. On the steps 6th from the left is Rev. J. E. La Chapelle one of the first priests ordained for our mission. After working five years in China he was forced to return for a much needed rest.

brought us together this evening. For Antioch saw the first Christian missionaries leave the country of Our Lord and sent out into the world "to teach, to preach, and to baptize."

It happened about fifteen years after the Descent of the Holy Ghost. Already a large Christian community had been established in Antioch. Already Saul of Tarsus, the fiery persecutor, had become Paul the apostle,—Paul the apostle in work and in deed, although not yet in name. For a year he had been laboring with Barnabas amongst the Christians of Antioch, when there came a great moment in his life. One day whilst the leaders of the Church were engaged in the service of Divine worship, the Holy Ghost spoke to them and said: "Separate me Saul and Barnabas for the work for which I have chosen them." "Set apart by a solemn act," the Holy Spirit directed, "Consecrate these men to the special work to which I am destining them." Mysterious as was this message, the church leaders understood it; for the sacred record continues: "And having fasted and prayed, they laid their hands upon them, and sent them off."

Directed, therefore, by the Holy Ghost, Barnabas led the way down to Seleu-

cia, the port of Antioch, and with him went Saul, and a young man called Mark. And thus from one port sailed these three men; Mark, after strange vicissitudes, to the intimate service of St. Peter, to the Bishopric of Alexandria, and to the writing of the second Gospel; Barnabas, the captain, to a work for Christ, by us all but forgotten; and Paul, to set the world on fire with Christianity, and finally to the headman's axe at Rome. Did they foresee, my brethren, what would come of that Departure Ceremony. We

know not. But of the crowds upon the wharves who watched the embarkations, not one gave to these undistinguished Jews a second thought, or dreamt of the consequences in time and in eternity that would come from that Departure.

Time and time again, my friends, since that day in ancient Antioch the Holy Ghost has spoken the same message, and the same Departure Ceremony has taken place. Countless men and women have heard God's call, and, with the approval and the blessing of the Church, have gone forth from their native land to carry the light of Christ to those who dwell in the darkness of sin and idolatry. And once again, we are privileged to look



(Courtesy of Can. Nat. Railway.)

If our missionaries "felt big" after the glorious send off they were tendered at St. Francis Church—a glance at this "Giant of the steel way" shows that the Canadian National Railways were quite prepared to bring them to the Coast.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 168)



## Despatches from the Firing Line

CHUCHOW, Sept, 12, 1928

Dear Father,

Recently on the same day Father William and Father Wong left Chuchow by boat on the river, the former going upstream to Sungyang, the latter downstream to Wenchow together with a little seminarian and three of our school boys, new candidates for the seminary, all five on their way to the seminary in Ningpo. Father William had a fine trip, but Father Wong and the boys had a thrilling experience, which but for God's protection, might have cost them their lives. Father Wong's letter describes it in detail.

Rev. Father,

On Aug. 28th the river was very calm and with a light breeze favoring us we arrived at Wenchow at nightfall. Continuing with similar weather for the next two days we reached Wenchow but on account of the out-flowing tide and a strong head wind we were unable to reach the wharf. We began to drift and very soon we were caught broadside by a huge wave, which almost filled the boat. I thought that the side had been broken in, but the boatmen soon had the water emptied out and our prow nosing into the waves. We were now in the middle of the bay and the boatmen were unable to bring us to the dock. Just at this moment a boom of logs floated down behind us. The boatmen began to shout "Emperor of heaven save us! Take away the boom from our boat or we'll be drowned." Happily this boom did not strike our boat but it passed very close to us. No sooner had this one passed by than a second one of giant bamboo logs appeared heading straight for us. The boatmen again began to call on the Emperor of heaven to save them but this time we were not so fortunate. A huge wave sent us crashing into the boom ripping a huge hole in the side of the boat. Immediately our craft began to fill with water.

I got the boys to help me throw the trunks and bedding

on to the boom and then ordered them to jump to safety. Meanwhile the boatmen were frantic. All they could do was to stand there and shout "Emperor of heaven save us!" I told the boys not to cry and that we were quite safe. In about three minutes we had salvaged most of the baggage (except shoes and socks and a few other less important articles) and were safely embarked on our new transport. During all this excitement I remained quite cool but as soon as we were safely settled on the boom my mind went blank and I sat there as intelligent as a stone. In about half an hour the boom drifted to the dock and we disembarked safely. I sent the four boys in rickshas to Father Marques' and he sent two servants down to help me bring up the baggage. That was once we offered up a fervent "Deo gratias" for He certainly saved us from shipwreck.

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
Father Wong

The sailors, of course, were pagans, but their exclamations in the hour of peril prove that they considered heaven as their most powerful diety, and not merely the sky, but a great imperial being, of which the sky would be merely the exterior manifestation or body. The Chinese believe in many ghosts and gods, good and bad, but they all reckon Heaven as the supreme diety of all.

While Father Wong and the students were having this thrilling experience down the river, Father William was having a most enjoyable trip up-stream to Sungyang. His letter will describe it for you.

"The trip was delightful", Father William writes, "perhaps the most delightful I have yet made in China. Wednesday, the day I left you, the sun shone gloriously, but it was tempered by a cool breeze which wafted us gently to DOKADEO. We arrived there about six o'clock; the sun in its full glory was descending behind the western hills whilst the full moon was rising in the east to cast her mellow beams over the mount-

ain, hill and stream. It is such a scene as this that compels us to raise our thoughts to the infinitely wise Framer of this vast but most beautiful system into which He has deigned to call us. The trip Thursday was much the same as Wednesday. This morning we sped on in the shade of light clouds, and with a refreshing breeze. I read the life of Sister Howard on the way. It was very edifying. I had to read it even by lamplight. I want to thank you for that lamp. It is certainly perfection. I would recommend it far and wide. I had splendid meals on the trip. Mr. Chi is an all round man. He certainly knows how to attend to body and soul. He bought a can of condensed milk at Dokadeo and my morning coffee was 'par-excellence'. His soup cannot be beaten. I have taken a glance around the premises here in Sungyang, and all seems well. I hope to rest well tonight and tomorrow get the work on the church going in full swing. I think you will find everything ready for you here within a month. The Christians are straggling in to salute me so I suppose I shall have to close, wishing you all at Chuchow peace and consolation in Our Dear Lord till we meet again"

We have been out "making the missions" lately. Father Venini is now touring the Tsing tien district and Father William has been touring the Sungyang district. I am very sorry to hear that Father Wm. McGrath's mother is seriously ill. Offer my condolence and my hopes that her life will be spared.

Yours very affectionately in  
Jesus and Mary,  
J. M. Fraser

### New Mission District

The new Prefecture of Hingan-Fu is now being formed from territories belonging to the two Vicariates Apostolic of Hanchung-Fu and Sian-Fu, in China. It will be under the care of the Conventual Franciscan Fathers.





# A MODERN MARTYR



By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

## Chapter XII. (Continued)

After the flagellation come the pincers, either cold or heated in a forge, the bellows of which are always going, so that the pincers may be red hot. A portion of the martyr's flesh is seized with the iron, then dragged and torn off with a rapid twist of the pincers, while the victim is tightly bound to the ground. This operation is renewed on the same individual five or six times. The agony inflicted by the pincers when cold is more intense, but the wound is more easily healed than is that produced by the red hot pincers. In the latter case the flesh around the burn generally festers, and the whole process apparently poisons the blood; but the pain is less, because the burning deadens the nerves.

A fifth torture consists in forcing the confessor to kneel on a piece of wood full of nails, the sharp points of which pierce the flesh and penetrate to the bone. The unhappy victim sighs pitifully during this protracted torture, while the mandarins laugh at his contortions, and add to his agonies by their fearful blasphemies against our Lord.

If the martyr has survived the infliction of all these horrors, the persecutors try a sixth method of torture, which consists of dragging him by his "cangue" to the cross, while they scourge him, striving to compel him to trample it under his feet. If his lips still move in prayer, the executioners strike him on the mouth, and offer insult in the most disgusting manner to the object of his veneration.

Then the unhappy victims are again thrown into prison, heavily ironed, and separated one from the other. The chains which they wear are of three pieces, one being fastened around the neck by a large ring, the other two around the ankles by smaller rings, soldered to prevent the possibility of their being undone. These chains weigh five or six pounds. If the chain is too long the prisoner must hold it in his hand to be able to walk. If too short, his back is constantly bent. After tortures like these, it is not surprising if the courage of the Christians should sometimes, though very seldom, fail, and these occasional apostasies add to the sorrow of the

missioner, whose whole moral nature has been agonized by the sight of such sufferings.

Bishop Retord declared that his sadness was intense, and that only the special grace of God could enable him to bear such misery. From Easter Day, 1858, nothing but misfortunes overwhelmed his diocese, and he gives a short summary of them in a letter to Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, who had written to ask him for some account of the state of things. After a graphic picture of the persecution, the Bishop adds, "And now you ask what has become of us poor missionaries, apostles in a field once so fertile, now so desolate and abandoned? I can hardly tell you. It is more than six months since I have received news from Fr. Néron, and I do not know where he is, or if he still lives. Fr. Galy started on an Annamite merchant-ship to implore the aid of the Spaniards in Manila; but what has become of him I do not know. I fear that he may have been assassinated at sea like Fr. Salgot. Frs. Titaud, Theurel, and Vénard, finding themselves surrounded by the enemy in their little bamboo huts, escaped by night and took to the mountains. It is more than two months since I have had any tidings of them. Bishop Jeantet, after wandering about in the hills for a long time, took refuge with some faithful peasants; and being obliged to escape in the night, was nearly drowned crossing a river.

"I have no news whatever of Fr. Saiget. As for Frs. Charbonnier, Mathevon, and myself, who have been at Bût-Sôn since the 13th of June, we have been living as best we could—one day in a peasant's cabin, the next under the trees, or in the bushes, or scrambling over impassable roads, exposed to a burning sun or torrents of rain. We are half dead from hunger, with scarcely any clothes to cover us, overwhelmed with fatigue and sorrow, not knowing from one hour to another what is to become of us, or where we are to lay our heads. Indeed, our tribulations have been incredible, and almost unbearable. For more than four months we have been unable to say Mass, having no vestments or altar, and no cabin where we can be quiet or in safety for half an



hour. Hardly any of our native priests can say Mass either; and what is worse the sick die without receiving the last Sacraments. Everything is destroyed or burnt; all are scattered, everyone is in hiding. Hardly a person knows where I am, for I have no one to whom I can entrust a letter; and the communications from others to me are lost, as the people, afraid of being compromised, generally burn them. We are, in fact, reduced to the last extremity."

This sad letter was written in October, 1858. In December Fr. Vénard continued the recital in a long letter to his young brother, which we will transcribe literally.

"MY DEAREST EUSEBIUS,—I received in October last your letters and those that all my dear family wrote to me in 1857 and 1858. You may fancy the joy they gave me. I wish I could, in reply, give you some consoling intelligence, but, alas! nothing but misery, tears, and agony has flooded this unhappy Annamite mission for the last nine months. I wrote you in May, 1858, that the mandarins of Nam-Dinh had vented their satanic rage against the Christians by inflicting unheard-of tortures, and that they had published a fresh edict against us, more bloody than any that had preceded it. At that time the district where Theurel and I lived was comparatively quiet; but the seizure by the mandarins of some letters which we had written to the Christians of Nam-Dinh, was the signal for the outburst of a more violent persecution than we had before experienced. The bearer of our letters was put to the torture, and in his agonies disclosed everything, betraying the sites of Bishop Retord's new colleges of Vinh-Tri, Kê-Non, and Hoàng-Nguyên. At the same time the devil entered the heart of one of our disciples, who, like another Judas, revealed to the mandarins not only the interior organization of the diocese, but all our hiding-places and our means of escape from persecutors. Fr. Theurel and I, though very anxious, flattered ourselves, that, by being perfectly quiet, we might remain where we were; but the spies were too well informed.

"On the 10th of June, in the middle of the night, a Christian woke us hurriedly, to say that the troops were marching to surround our house and make us prisoners. It was necessary to pack our traps and flee. This was no easy matter. We were two Europeans, three Annamite Fathers, ten or fifteen catechists, more than a hundred students, and we had all our mission furniture besides, which was to be put in some place of safety. But our Annamites are so accustomed to these sudden flights, that in a couple of hours everything was hidden in different corners. On the morning of St. Barnabas' Day, the mandarin's troops arrived to the number of two thousand, while upwards of fifteen hundred young pagans of the neighborhood were told off to watch all avenues to the college. In a few minutes they had surrounded

not only the college itself, but three villages, the inhabitants of which were nearly all Christians. They thought themselves sure of their prey. Happily we had been warned in time, and had placed our poor students in distant villages; there were only two who had delayed their departure and these were caught in the very act of escaping; they were instantly honored with a 'cangue'. The soldiers had been promised a rich plunder but found nothing, only bare walls and houses which looked as if they had been abandoned for ages. In their rage they scattered all over the surrounding country, and came upon a village where the greater part of our students had taken refuge. These would certainly have been seized, if they had not received an early intimation of their danger. There were only about ten laggards, whom the soldiers caught as they were fleeing across the fields, and whom they tortured as they had the former captives. Among these was an old deacon over seventy years of age. The mandarins, being unable to discover catechists, priests, or students in the first four villages, carried off our poor old porter, a blind man whom we employed to pick rice, and a poor old woman (with her daughter) who had the care of the church. The houses of the principal Christians were spared, owing to the intervention of the colonel and the sub-prefect, who were friendly toward us.

"Well, the mandarins returned in triumph with our dear prisoners, all wearing the 'cangue' around

To be Continued



Some boys of our catechism class in our garden at Chuchow, where, besides vegetables, we have orange, peach and grapefruit trees.



(Continued from page 164)

upon the heroic scene. Again, tonight, we gaze upon a living example of that greater love, the love whereby a man lays down his life for his friends. For this evening, in the presence of its ecclesiastical superior, His Grace the Archbishop, the Canadian Mission to China sends forth its third group of missionaries, and we have gathered to bid farewell and offer our hearty Godspeed to Dr. McRae, to Father Amyot, and Father Beal.

What, my brethren, has induced these men to forsake hearth and home, to seek a strange land, and there to devote their entire energies? What inspires every Catholic missionary? Humanly speaking, it is nothing. China, or any other pagan land, offers no earthly inducement or wordly reward. But the Catholic missionary is not inspired by human motives. He possesses a fiery chivalrous soul. He is endowed with a magnanimous heroic heart and an ardent love for Christ, a love that encompasses all the world. In the depth of his soul he has heard the Master's command: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." He has heard the despairing cry of the heathen, even as St. Paul heard it in his vision, the vision of the man of Macedonia, beseeching him and saying: "Pass over into Macedonia and help us." That cry comes to the missionary. He sees the countless people who have never heard the blessed name of Jesus Christ, and whose souls have not been washed in His Precious Blood. He learns of the savagery, the dejection, the misery of their lives. He sees them as senseless adorers of insensible gods, and as St. Paul described them: "filled with all iniquity, with malice, and envy, and murder." He knows that he can help them, and it is enough, for straightway the Catholic missionary, imbued with a passionate desire for the salvation of souls, cries out: "Behold, O God, I come to do Thy will." "Speak, for thy servant heareth."

And think, my brethren, of the sacrifice this decision entails. He must leave his cheerful home, and perhaps a lucrative position, and an illustrious career. Is that an easy task? He must bid farewell to his good parents—the missionary always has a good father and mother,—and what a sacrifice it is to break the bonds of flesh and blood? Shall he ever again in this world enjoy the pleasures of the family hearth? Who shall take his place when those parents reach their declining years? Who shall close their eyes in the final struggle of life? Not the missionary, for he has gone from their lives. Oh brethren it is only God who can ask such a sacrifice; and both the missionary and his parents understand the words of Christ that "he that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of Me."

With this first great victory over, the missionary meets new struggles on his arrival in the field

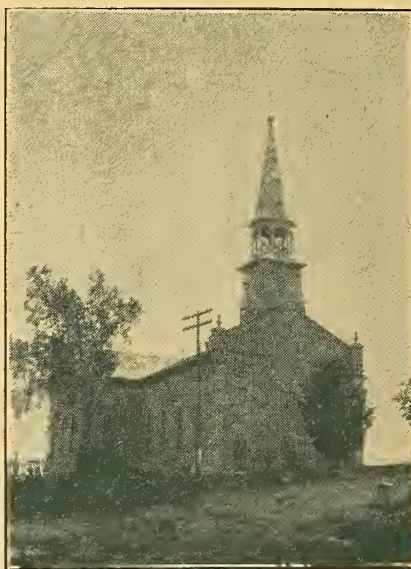
of his apostolic labors. He stands in a foreign unknown land, far from the comforts and conveniences of home. His whole environment is strange. The language, the customs, the sentiments of these new people are wholly unlike those of his native land. Hard as the cliffs of the inhospitable shores, the stern reality rises up before him with all its difficulties, its disappointments, and discouragement. Perhaps, indeed, as in the days of St. Paul, the missionary sees in every face, scorn and hatred. On the street and in public places people may regard him as a fool and a fanatic. When he blesses, they may blaspheme. When he prays, they may deride. When he goes about doing good, failure and mockery may be his reward. And in the end, who knows, the executioner's sword, iron fetters, or a bloody martyrdom may await him. But is all this able to crush the ardent zeal of his heroic soul? The history of the Catholic missions and present day experience answer with an emphatic

"No." The hero of sacrifice becomes a hero of labor. He works on for the people who at first despise him. And then his undaunted charity, and the grace of God begin to tell. He rejoices to gather round him children of God who were once children of Satan. He begins to see virtue and sanctity where sin and iniquity once held place. He sees souls snatched from hell, and given to Him for Whose honor and glory they were created.

It is upon such a life, my friends, that these priests set forth tonight. Is it not too great a sacrifice to ask of them? Is it worth the suffering? What can such a small number do among China's teeming millions? Brethren, we have an answer in the short history of

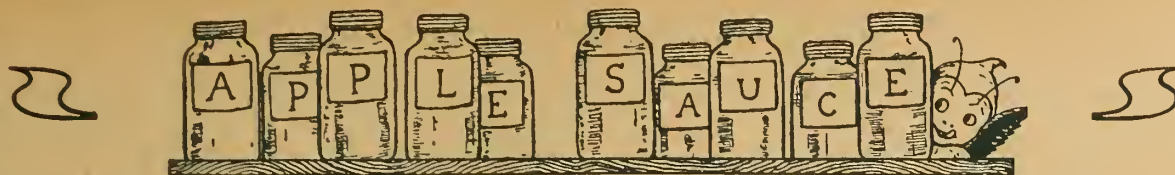
St. Francis' China Mission Seminary. Twenty-five years ago, one priest left this city of Toronto for the province of Tche-Kiang in China. He went from this parish of St. Francis, for he was born within its limits, and he was reared in its school. A few years later that same priest was a prime promotor in a movement that has resulted in the Maryknoll Mission Society, the magnificent donation of priests, nuns, churches, and institutions of the United States to the foreign Mission. Still a few years later, that same priest passed through Toronto, this time in the company of Father Galvin whom he had induced to labor with him in China. It was in this parish that they offered their departure Masses. Father Galvin is now Bishop Galvin zealously directing a whole diocese in China, a diocese already manned with a veritable army of priests, from the Island of Saints and Missionaries. The Irish Mission to China is one of the marvels of our day. Finally the time was ripe for the foundation of our own Canadian Mission to China, and who was more fitted to do it than our own Canadian missionary.

(Continued on page 171)



Ontario's first Cathedral St. Raphael's West, Ont., built by the first bishop of Upper Canada, Rt. Hon. Alex Macdonell. St. Raphael's parish is renowned not only for its place in history but for its generosity towards our mission work.





### Where The Profit Comes In.

Aby—These vatches are too cheap. They must cost you more.

Levy—No, Aby, I just sell them at cost price.

Aby—But that's not business. Vere's your profit?

Levy—Repairing them.—Yorkshire Post.

### Could Easily Do It.

An American said to an Englishman: "In America we have a hen that laid an egg six inches long."

"In England we can beat that," replied the Englishman.

"How?" inquired the American.

"With an egg-beater," answered the Englishman.

"Safety first," remarked the detective's son as he donned rubber gloves to raid the jam cupboard.

My little man, do you know what becomes of liars when they die?

Yes, they are buried and lie still.

### Needless.

Marjorie (going to bed): "Mother, I needn't brush the tooth the dentist is going to pull tomorrow, need I?"

Maude: "What's wrong with the car? It squeaks dreadfully."

Jimmie: "Can't be helped; there's pig iron in the axles."

As an expert tennis player  
Our baby beats them all,  
Because his racket is immense,  
And he doesn't miss a bawl.

"Boys," said the new teacher. "I want you all to be as quiet as you can be; so quiet that you can hear a pin drop."

A few moments elapsed, then came a voice from the rear of the room: "Let'er drop!"

### Why Trouble Him?

A visitor bought a dog from the storekeeper in the village, but that night the dog escaped from his new master and ran back to his old one. So the storekeeper sold him to another man the next day.

The two purchasers met and both claimed the dog. They agreed to refer the matter to the storekeeper.

"Didn't you sell him to me?" asked the first.

"Yessir."

"But didn't you sell him to me this morning?" said the other.

"Yessir."

"Then whose is he?" they asked in a breath.

"Can't you two gentlemen settle a little thing like that between yourselves without troubling me?"

"Say, Pop, does everybody have to die?"

"Yes, son, everyone will die some time."

"Does everyone have to be buried who dies, Pop?"

"Yes, we all will have to be buried."

"But Pop, who is going to bury the last fellow what dies?"

### Resurrection.

Ancient—"Mr. Brown, I believe? My grandson is working in your office."

Brown—"Oh, yes! He went to your funeral last week."—Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.

"How did you get on at the dentist's?"

"Fine, Uncle."

"That's a brave little boy. He must have hurt you didn't he?"

"No, he was out."

Teacher: "Sammy, give me a sentence containing the word 'anthracite'."

Sammy (who speaks with a lisp): "We had a big family party latha week and you ought to have heard my aunth rethite."

Father—When Abe Lincoln was your age he was making his own living.

Son—Yes, and when he was your age he was president.

Johnnie—"Mr. Jepson, can I use your telephone?"

Mr. Jepson—"Certainly, Johnnie. Is yours on the blink?"

Johnnie—"Not exactly, but sis is using it to hold up the window, ma's cuttin' biscuits with the mouthpiece, and the baby is teethin' on the cord."—N.W. Bel.

The immigration official was examining an Englishman on his arrival in New York.

"And what do you propose to do, now that you're in the United States?" he enquired.

"Oh, I don't care," replied the Englishman, hopefully; "anything to earn an honest living."

"Well, come along in, then," said the official. "I guess there ain't much competition in your line of business."

"Say," yelled the rooster when he found the hen sitting on a porcelain egg, "didn't I tell you to lay off that hard stuff?"—(Judge)

### Even

She—"I notice that men become bald much more than women because of the intense activity of their brains."

He—"Yes, and I notice that women don't raise beards because of the intense activity of their chins!"

One mother who considers the marcel wave as the most fashionable way of dressing the hair, was at work on the job.

Her little eight-year-old girl was crouched on her father's lap, watching her mother. Every once in a while the little fingers would slide over the smooth glossy pate which is her father's.

No waves for you, father," remarked the little one, "you're all beach!"

"Here's something queer," said the dentist. "You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument."

"I think you have struck my back collar button," moaned the victim.

### Please Note This

"The fact that I am a good musician was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago."

"How was that?"

"When the water struck our house, my wife got on the folding bed and floated down the stream until she was rescued."

"And what did you do?"

"Well, I accompanied her on the piano."

Mrs.—Oh, Harry, I'm worried about the car!

Mr.—So am I; if we don't trade it in pretty soon we'll own the darn thing.

Prima Donna—If you can't get Basil to sleep, nurse, perhaps I'd better come up and sing to him.

Nurse—I've threatened him with that, mum.

At the grave of the departed, the old darky pastor stood, hat in hand. Looking into the abyss, he delivered the funeral oration.

"Samuel Johnson," he said, sorrowfully, "you is done. An' we hope you has gone where we 'specks you ain't."

Our father slipped upon the ice  
Because he couldn't stand;  
He saw the glorious stars and stripes.  
We saw our father land.



## OUR CRUSADE BULLETIN BOARD

CHINA wishes all fellow crusaders the compliments of the season.

We are most grateful for the many kindnesses which you have showered on us throughout the year and the prayer of our priests and students is that the Divine Infant will reward you abundantly for your whole-hearted cooperation.

Many thanks fellow crusaders of St. Peter's Dartmouth, N.S. for your very kind God Speed to our departing missionaries.

A few hours before our missionaries departed the students of St. Augustine's Seminary presented each of them with a cheque for \$25.00 and this magnificent

### Spiritual Offering

"That God may shower upon you His choicest blessings that your efforts for the conversion of China may be highly rewarded.

Masses heard .....	1132.
Communions .....	990.
Rosaries .....	1059.
Ways of the Cross .....	562.
Office of the B. V. M. ....	128.
Divine Office .....	103.
Visits to the Bl. Sac. ....	2498.
Ejaculations .....	13459.

May Mary the Queen of the Misisions protect you and make your work for her Divine Son fruitful."

### Growing

Vocations to the misions are aparently not wanting in the United States. New-comers at Maryknoll this year number: 33 students at the Seminary, 35 students at the preparatory schools, and 35 Sisters. May God grant them all the gift of perseverance.

The Christmas spirit is in the air and every ardent Crusader is puzzled concerning two things—How can I help most to extend the kingdom of the Infant Saviour, and how can I best demonstrate to my friends my sincere appreciation of the many kindness which they have bestowed on me during the past year. Has it ever occurred to us that we can accomplish these two works of charity to God and to our neighbour by one and the same good work. Suppse that we send to our friends a little framed Kalograph picture of The Little Flower the patroness of the missions. Your friends will be delighted by this beautiful gift and each day as St. Teresa looks down from her place on the mantle she will infuse into the hearts of her new friends some of her great love for the missions. Mindful of the many kindnesses of our fellow Crusaders we have endeavored to place these beautiful satin finished fadeless pictures within easy reach of all and we are now makng a special Christmas offer to our Crusade friends.

Any three pictures of St. Teresa in the following designs—as Frst Communicant, as a child with her father, as a child with her mother, as a novice, or as a nun,—any three of these pictures will be forwarded to you for \$1.50. This is a special price never before offered and will last only until our present stock is exhausted. Why not club together and order your Christmas souvenirs at once. The proceeds from the sale will be devoted to our mission work.

### THAT DAY LONG AGO

Solemnly, pleadingly, church bells are ringing

To us a message across the white snow,  
Tenderly, lovingly, to us are bringing  
Tidings that first were brought ages ago;

Tidings that make men's hearts  
Softened and glow  
As on that Christmas Day  
Ages ago.

Joyfully, tenderly, church bells are chiming  
To us their greetings across the deep  
snow,

Bringing fresh hope to the hearts that are  
climbing

Upward in search of that feeling of glow,  
Such as the shepherds felt  
Ages ago,

When they were called by the  
Star's tender glow.

### A Christmas Gift

A Christmas gift upon the tree  
A wondrous gift indeed, for me  
Its hidden in its wrapping, white  
Dropped from the skies, on Christmas night  
A mystery 'neath the covering lies  
That's hidden from my prying eyes.  
In Christmas colors—red and white  
Its hanging in the candle-light.  
I close my eyes, in childish glee  
My Father gives the gift to me  
And then, the wrapping comes undone,  
I clasp unto my heart—God's Son.

O Jesus, what a Christmas tree!  
And is it really all for me?  
Thy altar with its candle-light  
Thy Christmas presents wrapped in white.  
My heart has overflowed with joy—  
Poor little pagan girl and boy,  
O grant that I a priest may be  
And they shall have their Christmas-tree,  
And Christmas presents wrapped in white  
Shall drop from China's skies some night  
The Christmas gift of God to men—  
The little Babe of Bethlehem.

H. F. X. S.



(Continued from page 168)

You know the history of that mission. It need not be repeated. In a very short period, supervised and approved by the hierarchy of Ontario, and supported by your generosity, the project is displaying every sign of success. Already a definite district for evangelization has been allotted the Canadians by the Holy See. Six priests are laboring where there were no priests before, and these missionaries set out tonight to join their brethren. Churches have been built and the cross of Christ stands erect where it was unknown before; and best of all, great numbers of people, who but a few years ago bent their knees before senseless idols, are now devout Catholics, worshipping, and serving, and loving the good God Who made them, and Who gave His beloved Son for their Redemption. And the Canadian Mission to China is but a small part of the Church's vast foreign mission endeavor. Yet, even in it, we have a powerful demonstration of the worth and the value, and the reward which a missionary's vocation, his life and labors, and his tremendous sacrifice produce.

And is there not in this ceremony tonight a wholesome lesson for each and every one of us? Whilst we bid farewell to these departing missionaries, what feelings fill our hearts? Do they beat faster at the thought that Christian valor is still flourishing in the Church? Do they beat faster at the thought that these men are walking the highway of heroes? These men are giving their lives in the cause of charity; they are giving their lives for the souls of others. What are we doing for the same cause? It is a question we must face. For when Christ spoke His command to go forth and teach all nations, He spoke it to the Church, not merely to the priests and bishops, but to each and every one who calls himself a follower of Christ. We must do our part in the evangelization of the world. And although we may not be given the sublime vocation of actually going forth to foreign lands with Christ's message, still mighty powers are at our disposal to further the cause. We can help our missionaries materially. We can provide the earthly means that will open to them the possibilities of doing much good, and we can, always and ever, provide them with the aid of our prayers.

Yes, brethren, we shall at least follow them with our prayers. Out across the broad Pacific, may God carry them safely. May they reach those darksome realms where sin and Satan dwell, and there, as true Soldiers of Christ, may they subdue that land that really belongs to Him. May they carry through life the ardent burning charity that prompted them to accept Christ's invitation. May they have always the heart, the Catholic apostolic heart of St. Paul, that they spend themselves "in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, and in distress" for Christ's sake, until the day comes when Christ shall reign as King of Kings. Then will these heroes of God receive their eternal reward, for the King Himself shall welcome them with that surpassing welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord."

## HENDRY'S SERIES OF SCHOOL RHYMES

NO. 4

DECEMBER

SANTA Claus will soon be here,  
Bringing gifts and Christmas  
cheer.  
Free from school and work once  
more,  
Winter offers sport galore.  
Happy children romp and play  
On the eve of Christmas day.  
"Peace on earth; good will to men,"  
'Tis the Babe of Bethlehem.

### TO OUR TEACHERS

WE take this opportunity of conveying Heartiest Christmas Greetings, and Best Wishes for 1929.

THE GEO. M. HENDRY CO. LTD.

Educational Supplies

129 Adelaide St. West - Toronto 2

## Canadian Girls Win at Sacramento Typewriting Olympiad

The twenty-third annual contest for the World's Typewriting Championship was held at Sacramento on Sept. 29th.

Every state of the Union sent its best typist to compete in the Novice event, and there were representatives from four provinces of Canada.

Of the three events two were won by Canadians. Miss Irma Wright of Toronto is now the World's Amateur Champion. Miss Lucy Harding of London was third, and Miss Louise Marchese of Vancouver, fourth.

Particular interest attached to the Novice Contest, which is open only to typists who began the study of typewriting not earlier than Sept. 1, 1927. With a field of several score of competitors this event was won by Miss Wilma McBride of Calgary. Her record was 87 net words a minute, a phenomenal feat for an operator with only one year's practice.

The open event, in which only the world's expert typists compete, was won by Albert Tangora at 132 words a minute.

It is worthy of note that all world's typewriting championship contests for twenty-three successive years have been won on the Underwood—the typewriter which is 22% faster than the next best.



# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



THE boys and girls who wander through our little Rose Garden seem to enjoy unearthing riddles, so I've chosen a few this month which I think will tase most of you. To make the task just a wee bit harder, you must seek the answers in another corner of the "Garden."

## Riddles

1. Why is a house like the sun?
2. When are two apples most alike?
3. When is a man like a looking glass?
4. What piece of coin is double its value by deducting its half?
5. Why are sentries like night and day?
6. What tree most requires consolation?
7. What is the only animal that can travel by mail?
8. When is a letter not a letter?
9. What is sharper than a razor?
10. What is the difference between sealing-wax and a lady?

After you've puzzled over the teasers for a while, you will very likely feel like indulging in a little exercise, so see what you can do in the

## Donkey Relay

A donkey relay race always creates lots of fun. Divide the players into two teams and line them up in parallel lines. At a distance of twenty feet draw goal line. At the word "Go," the leaders of the two lines drop their hands to the ground and run on all fours to the goal, where they kick like a donkey, and bray; then spring to their feet, dash back, and tag the next one in line who goes through the same performance.

The side wins, of course, whose last player kicks and brays at the goal first. The judges should see that no one starts until he is tagged.—Mabel Way.

## Let's Have a Contest

I have never yet met a boy or girl who didn't like to try his or her skill in a real, honest-to-goodness contest! So this month, suppose you write a description of your Christmas—Christmas eve, how you spent Christmas day, all the presents you received, and—well, just all about it!

Write your little story on one side of the paper only, placing your name, age and address on the top, right-hand corner of the first page. Do not write too long a story, as there would not be room for it on our page—and the winning story will be published in our next issue on The Little Flower's page!

Send in your entries not later than January 15th, —and the very best of luck to all of you!

## THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER

KEEP us, gentle Shepherd,  
Ever close to thee;  
Ever happy hearted,  
Care and trouble-free.  
Though we're growing taller,  
Like the summer flow'rs,  
Keep us always children  
In these hearts of ours.

Keep us pure from evil  
In Thy holy sight;  
Like the snowy roses,  
Like the lily white;  
Keep us ever trusting  
In our Lord and King,  
Keep us ever praising,  
Like the birds that sing.

—John J. Grenra.

## Myself

I have to live with myself, and so  
I want to be fit for myself to know.  
I want to be able, as days go by,  
Always to look myself straight in  
the eye;  
I don't want to stand, with the  
setting sun,  
And hate myself for the things I've  
done.  
I want to go out with my head  
erect,  
I want to deserve all men's respect;  
For here in the struggle for fame  
and self  
I want to be able to like myself.  
I don't want to look at myself and  
know  
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty  
show,  
I never can hide myself from me;  
I see what others may never see.  
I know what others may never know.  
I never can fool myself, and so,  
Whatever happens I want to be  
Self-respecting and conscience free.  
—Selected.

## Answers

1. Because it has beams.
2. When they are pared.
3. When he reflects.
4. A halfpenny.
5. Because when one comes the other goes.
6. A weeping willow.
7. A seal.
8. When it's sent (scent).
9. Hunger.
10. One burns to keep a secret, the other burns to tell it.

## A Disappearing Trick

It's always fun to exhibit tricks before a group of friends. Sometimes they are kept guessing for a long while before discovering how a trick is performed. Try the disappearing elastic trick, if you want to have some real fun.

Bend the fingers of the right hand and slip a rubber band over the knuckle. Extend the fingers, and the elastic will immediately disappear. The extension of the fingers causes the band to slip off of them so rapidly that the eye can not detect where it goes. The elastic will fly behind the performer and drop to the floor unnoticed.

Hold the other hand over the fingers during the operation. This will hide the flight of the elastic so that it will look to the audience as if the elastic disappeared in some very mysterious manner.

## Slap Jack.

Ever play "Mr. Slap Jack?" If you haven't now is a good time to begin. Have the players form a circle, as they do when playing "Drop the Handkerchief." One player runs around the outside and taps another gently on the shoulder, then continues running in the same direction. The child whom he touched immediately turns, runs in the opposite direction, and tries to reach his own place before the first player.

When the two players meet they pass each other on the right. The one who fails to reach the vacant place becomes the next Mr. Slap Jack.



# Father Jim's Mail Bag



Chesterville, Ont.,

Dear Father,

I am an ardent reader and would like to subscribe to your magazine, "China."

Aunt Barbara of the Catholic Women's League book told me about your magazine, and had a sample copy forwarded to me, which I enjoyed reading very much.

I hope that the "Little Flower's Rose Garden" will get larger and that you will get loads of letters from boys and girls helping to make it a success.

Enclosed find money order for my subscription.

Respectfully,

Irene Allen.

Thank you for your subscription, Irene, and your very kind wishes for the success of The Little Flower's Rose Garden. We do, indeed, hope your wishes will come true, and better still, we believe they will!

Father Jim.

131 Dovercourt Rd.,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Father Jim and Buddies,

I guess I can address you that way now, as we are fully acquainted. I must say that our new name is very nice, indeed. I'm very pleased to be called by that name, and I was so glad to see my letter in print, Father Jim. I hope the other Buddies make use of my suggestions, as I am of the ones I read in their letters.

I enjoyed the page very much this month and hope it will always be so fine. I especially liked that little piece, "Come Work in My Vineyard." Of the letters I think I liked E. Seke's and Don's the best, and that little joke sent in by Jo Wang was clever. Did you do the sketch also, Jo?

Well, here I am criticising everything on our page, but I hope you don't mind, because really all the contributions were wonderful.

I wonder how many Buddies are starting to think about Christmas. I know I am. We go to Midnight

Mass every Christmas and I enjoy it very much. I think the Crib, the singing and everything seem so happy and cheerful and I don't think a person in the whole world is sad at Christmas. I also enjoy receiving presents (who doesn't) and giving them.

It seems that this letter is all about "I—I—I", but really, I don't know what else to write about.

How many Buddies enjoy reading? I just love it. I read girls' and boys' books, western and mystery stories and novels, yes, and even fairy stories. I'm a real book worm. Could I send in a short, short synopsis of some story I've read, Father Jim? I noticed that some of the Buddies enjoy reading also; E. Seke mentions Father Finns books, which I also think are lovely.

Oh yes, Father Jim, I meant to ask you a question. Must the stories we contribute be original? I hope they have to be, because really if it is our page, the stories on it must be ours also.

I think that suggestion about electing officers is very good, and hope we do elect one or two after we are more thoroughly acquainted.

This letter is getting rather long I didn't mean to write so much, but when I got started I just kept on going. I won't forget a prayer for the Missions and our "Little Flower's Rose Garden", so please, Buddies, don't forget to say one for me.

I really must close my letter now, so I remain

A loving Buddie,

Rose.

What a lovely, long letter, Rose. I am indeed gratified to know that our Buddies are so interested in our page. It's perfectly all right for you to criticise Rose, because unless our own Buddies take sufficient interest to criticise, we cannot hope to build a really wonderful page, now can we? And your criticism is all very kindly meant, I'm sure.

Your love of reading is excellent, Rose, just as long as you choose good books—books which will help you, will teach you something even while they amuse you. I'm glad you enjoy Father Finn's stories, and I think our Buddies would be interested reading a short synopsis of a story you have read. The stories contributed to our page really should be original—they are so much more interesting.

Perhaps some of our Buddies would like to write to you Rose; in fact, I'm sure they would. So Bud-

dies, send your letters in to me, and I'll publish some of them, at least, on our page. And the very merriest Christmas to all of you!

Father Jim.

How's This, Buddiés?

A noted Irishman visited a public school and offered twenty-five cents to the lad telling him who was the most important man in history.

The little Frenchman said Jacques Cartier; the Italian said Christopher Columbus; each nationality had its favorite, until the visitor came to the little Hebrew.

"Well, Abie," said he, "who do you think is the best man?"

"Well," said Abie, with much thought, "I think St. Patrick."

"Right," said the visitor, very much surprised. "But why did you say St. Patrick?"

"Deep down in my heart," said Abie, "I knew it was Moses—but business is business!"

Mt. Stewart,  
P. E. I.

Reverend and dear Father,

Here I am to help you in the Garden, and as I am a gardener and know how to weed and keep the soil moist and loose, I will do my best in the The Little Flower's Rose Garden.

I am a promoter of the Society of the Little Flower, Chicoga, and have quite a few members enrolled. I really believe it is a wonderful society and hope it continues to spread the devotion to the Little Flower.

I am eighteen and love to read "China." I would like more news from the missionary priests in China. I hope to be able to assist them in the good work, which they are doing in far off China.

Well, I hope that many young readers will continue to occupy this space with letters and make themselves useful in the garden. As space is small I must draw to a close.

Respectfully,

Gardener.

What a treat to have a real gardener in our Little Flower's Rose Garden! And especially one who writes such an interesting letter.

May the very best of success attend your efforts for the Society of the Little Flower, Gardener. I know you are happy in your work, and if there were twice as many like you, the devotion would surely spread rapidly.

Write me again, and tell me how you are progressing.

Father Jim.



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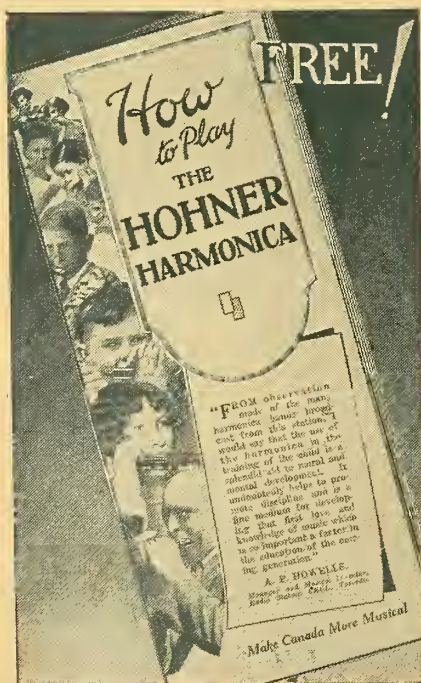
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Rt. Rev. Bishop Macdonald, \$50.00.  
Mr. J. P. Hickey, \$25.00.  
Mrs. Arthur McCann, \$20.00.  
Sixth Grade, Mercy Convent, St. John's, Nfld., \$20.00.  
St. Peter's School, Dartmouth, \$15.00.  
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Mrs. P. Kelly, \$6.45; M. & J. Kearns, \$6.00; St. Mary's Sunday School, St. Catharines, \$7.00; Rev. A. McIntyre, \$5.25; Mr. C. Pilley, \$5.15; Mr. A. G. F. McDonald, \$8.25; Miss K. Sharron, \$8.00; Oxford School, Halifax, \$8.00; Miss M. O'Connor, \$8.00; Miss K. Donnelly, \$7.00.

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### THE STORY EVER NEW.

Only an old, old story  
Of infinite love and grace;  
Only a beam of glory  
Lighting a baby face.  
But through the rolling ages,  
No story half so dear;  
Of all earth's sunshine glory,  
No beams so bright and clear.

Only a manger lowly.  
Wherein the sweet Child lay,  
Only a mother holy,  
Watching the hours away.  
Only a sweet song stealing  
Down through the quiet skies;  
Only a star's soft beaming,  
Points where the Baby lies.

Only some shepherds kneeling,  
Paying their homage sweet,  
Pouring their richest treasures  
Down at those Baby-feet.  
Strains of that far-off anthem  
Float through the world since the  
Breathing of "Joy in Heaven  
On earth peace to good men."

Hark! to the joyous chorus—  
"To you a King is born";  
Star of the East now lead us.  
Lead us this Christmas morn.  
Till, like the faithful shepherds  
We kneel in homage sweet,  
And pour our heart's best treasures  
Down at those sacred feet.

Thus reads the sweet old story,  
Old, but still ever new;  
Know we the wealth of glory  
It brings to me and you?  
Know we those tiny fingers  
Opened Heaven's portals wide?  
But for the helpless Baby  
All the whole world had died?

—Florena M. York.

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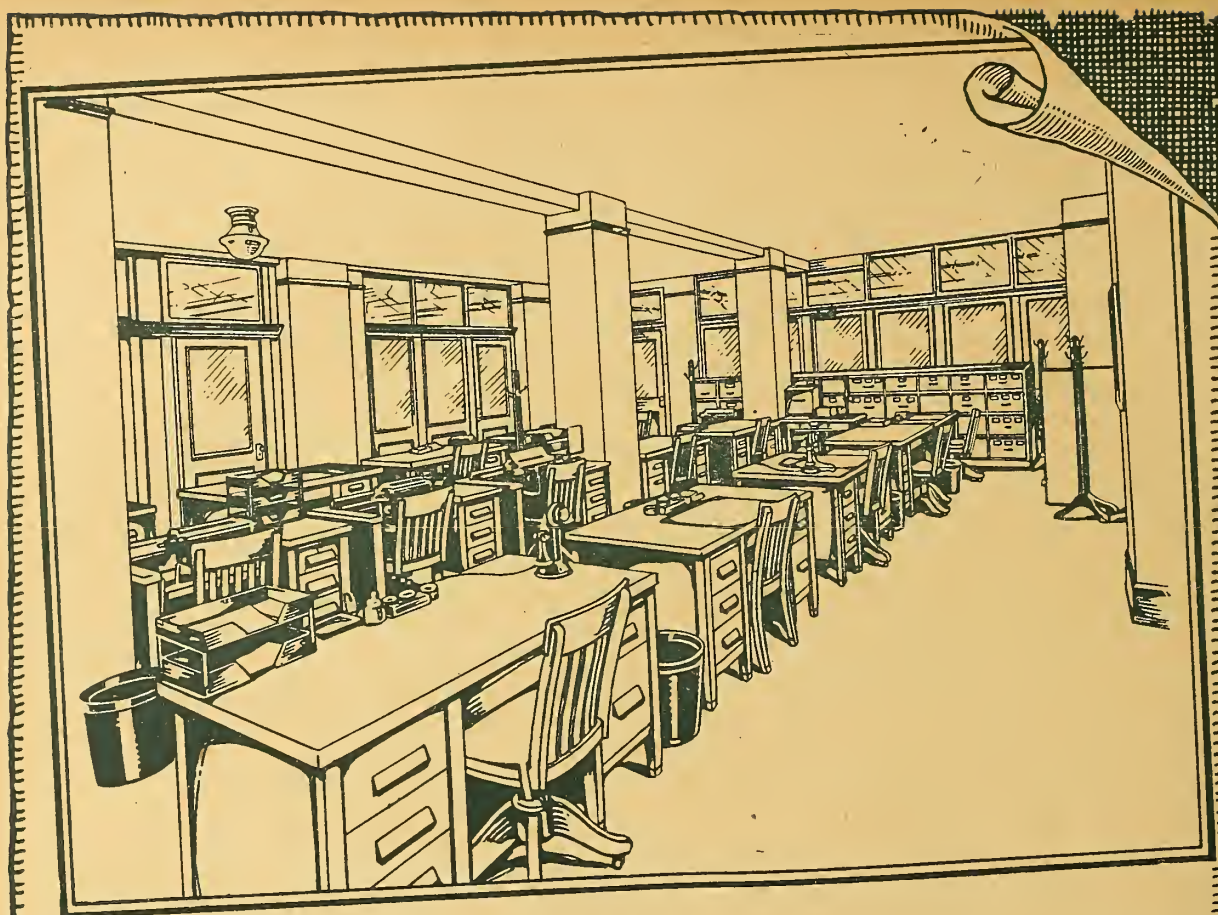
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**BEGIN SAVING FOR US NOW.**

If you have any send them along. We shall be deeply grateful for the assistance you will thus render us in our work for China.





# EDITORIAL

Vol. X

No. 1

St. Francis Xavier Seminary was founded in 1919 by Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, for the purpose of providing secular priests for the Chinese Missions. It is under the direct supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and under the management of the Bishops of Ontario.

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Mission Superior in China: Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.A.

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## A Memory and a Hope

"Never a New Year opens  
Never an Old Year ends  
But memories stir within us—  
Old days, old times, old friends."

**O**LD friends indeed—their memories are haunting us this day; the sound of the breeze through the leafless trees is bringing back familiar voices; the dying embers are framing many cherished faces of the long ago;—Memory is down on her knees today among her souvenirs.

The midnight bells are tolling slowly and sadly out across the shrouded hills—the heart throbs of a passing year. And beside many a gleaming hearth, grey heads are bending and the world is waking its memories and its dead. The playmates of childhood, the chums of school-days, the fervent friendships of maturer years—all these have passed away, and the year which goes from us to-night is carrying with it out of our lives treasures which will never return.

### One Friend Remains.

But amid all the changes of time there is One Friend Whom we need never lose, one link with the Past which need never

be broken—Jesus Christ and his abiding comradeship. With loving kindness He bent over our cradle and embraced us as His own child. He accompanied us down through the arches of the years, and if we are true to Him He will go with us through the portals of Death,—out over the Everlasting Hills to the heavenly Jerusalem, the city of eternal bliss.

From him we have received everything, health, wealth, home, loved ones, and dearest of all—our faith. They are the Christmas gifts He bought for us at the price of blood. Truly He is the One Real Friend and His love is the only thing that really counts. Other friends may prove false or by uncontrollable circumstances be forced to depart from us, but Jesus Christ, yesterday, today, tomorrow is ever our changeless Friend. Other friendships are human but His is the unfailing friendship of God.

### Reciprocity.

A question which naturally arises in our minds today is—have we been true to His friendship? Do

### NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

I kneel alone near the altar.  
Alone, do I say? Christ is there,  
And mute, pleading voices of thousands  
Join mine in its suppliant prayer.

For mine is a prayer begging mercy;  
I pray here in sin-covered shame,  
Before the Christ-Child on His altar,  
Scarce daring to utter His name.

"Sweet Babe," my lips say in pleading,  
Oh, name to His mother's heart dear!  
"Have mercy," I keep on repeating,  
Till sure that the Christ-Child will hear.

"Forgive all the past, the omissions,  
The falt'ring of world-weary feet,  
The failures and falls, the forgettings,  
The human transgressions complete.

"O Christ in the Bethlehem stable,  
Is Thy mercy less strong than my sin?  
I knock at Thy Heart, craving entrance;  
Is there no more room in Thy inn?

"I lay at Thy feet my sad burden,  
A year that was once fair to see;  
The blots on it beg for Thy mercy  
And love and compassion, all three.

"Fair intents were mine, but my purpose,  
My resolves lie dead on their bier;  
O Christ, in Thy love, make me stronger  
That I fail not this coming New Year!"

FLORENCE L. HOLMES



the memories that fill our hearts tell of a return of love, of an interest in His work, of little sacrifices made for his sake? When we drew up our long list of friends to be remembered at Christmas, was His name there as it certainly should have been—Topping the list? The true test of friendship is whether we have the interests of our friend at heart. Christ Himself has said so. "Not everyone that saith Lord Lord shall enter into the kingdom of heaven but you are my friends if you do the things which I have commanded you." The supreme interest of Christ, is the salvation of souls. His constant instruction to His apostles and His departing command was "Go teach all nations" and "pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into His vineyard". Shall His appeal go unanswered? Are we really His friend or is our kiss like that of Judas—a lie?

#### Service.

Crossing the threshold of the New Year with the love of the Infant Saviour throbbing in our hearts can we not hear Him appealing to us "Come work in my vineyard." Will you join the ranks of my foreign legion? Will you help to save the poor pagan souls hitherto overlooked? Will you give me your personal service as a missionary priest, brother, or sister—"for greater love then this no man hath than that he lay down his life for his Friend." Men have sacrificed their all for other friends—is it too much for me to ask of you?"

For many of us personal service as a missionary priest, brother or sister would be out of question at present. But our inability to serve as missionaries does not excuse us from service in other branches of the army. Whilst He may not expect us to go with Him up to Calvary He does look for assistance from us along the way of the cross—the kindness of a Veronica or a Simon. He asks us to help Him in the person of His other Christs perpetuating the work of the redemption in lands afar. Your friendship for Jesus will be measured by our missionary zeal for says Jesus "As long as you did it at one of these my least brethern you did it to me".

#### How We Stand.

With the chimes pealing out their glad tidings and with the atmosphere resonant with joyful greetings and felicitations we endeavor to face the year 1929 with a spirit of optimism but the expiring year bequeathed us a legacy of BILLS PAYABLE, whose raucous chorus of "Please remit" dampens the ardor of our anthem of joy.

The withdrawal of \$1500.00 required to equip and finance our last mission band dealt a blow to our bank account



Chuchow, wishes you "happy birthday"—(New Year's day is the official birthday for all.)

from which it has not recovered. But God's work must go on. We have put our hand to the plough and we cannot turn back. We know that you our tried friends of years gone by, having begun a good work in the Lord will not see it suffer for want of a sustaining hand.

#### Our Appeal.

In the person of the homeless Christ of Bethlehem we come to you, and we ask of you the gold of an alms, the incense of a prayer, and the myrrh of your little sacrifices for souls. Statisticians inform us that in this country twenty-two percent of the annual income is expended on luxuries. Is there not a pitance from it for the poor of Jesus Christ? Must we have our pleasures at the expense of immortal souls?

#### Resolutions.

Tonight therefore as the joyful pealing of bells reechoes out across the hills awaking this old world to the dawn of a new year and we take up our pens to jot down our new year's resolutions let us not forget the dearest interest of our best and truest Friend—the souls for whom He died. Let the poet's words take on a newer, grander meaning for us—

"Ring out the Old, ring in the New  
Ring in the Christ Who is to be"

#### OUR FRONTISPIECE.

"Whilst you on that side of the Pacific" writes Fr. Fraser, "are pouring forth your most fervent prayers to the Infant Saviour and the spirit of Bethlehem fills the land, will you remember also this poor unfortunate country where millions, as yet have never heard of His saving name nor His great desire to share the fruits of His redemption with them. Hideous fear-inspiring gods still usurp the place of the gentle Christ Child in this poor neglected land.

Among the many false gods adored by the Chinese, the god of riches (Tsay Shenn) is perhaps the most popular. Sacrifices and invocations are continually offered to him, especially at the New Year. At his feet are then placed four dishes containing pork, chicken and fish. The head of the family prostrates himself thrice before the image, which is surrounded with candles and before which clouds of incense ascend. Quantities of fire-crackers are exploded. The greater the number the greater hope the people have of obtaining from Tsay Shenn success in the commercial enterprises of the year. A cock is then immolated to him and its blood is besmeared on the bottom of the picture or statue.

On the following day imitation money is burned and the ashes placed at his feet. This ceremony is performed with great solemnity. The master of the house dons his best robes and ceremonial hat, solemnly lights the imitation gold candlestick and collects the ashes to be placed on the altar of the god. Then with the rest of the household he makes ceremonious prostrations to implore his favors.





Father Fraser embarking on our trusty mission boat "the Xavier" to bring Fathers McRae, Amyot and Beal from Wenchow to headquarters at Chuchow. Owing to the many rapids in this 90 mile stretch of the Wenchow River larger crafts cannot be used.

## News From China

Shanghai, Nov. 21, 1928.

Dear Father McGrath,

I don't know how to describe what we have seen during our three days here. We have seen so much in so short a time, that, just now it is all a mass of confused memories. Gradually it will straighten itself out and I shall then describe it in detail.

We visited today the great observatory (not the astronomical which is too far away) conducted by the Jesuits. The siesmographs (of which they have four or five different models) faithfully recorded our entering the room although the instruments were on bases separate from the floor and other parts of the building.

We visited the technical school at the same place—Zi, Ka, Wei—and the work done there is simply bewildering. I'll not attempt to describe the Chinese section of Shanghai save to say that we had ricschas for four hours while visiting that part of the town—Lo Pa Hong's hospital and the cathedral were of special interest.

Shanghai is a wonderful city. Lying at anchor in the river are British, French, American, Italian and Japanese warships, grim and silent,—but reassuring. Things are quiet generally in a political sense.

Father Fraser was at the docks in Shanghai to meet us. He looks just the same as the day he left Toronto and is feeling fine. Father Beal and Father Amyot are feeling fine and are having the time of their lives. Father Beal is a wonderful sailor. He did not miss a meal during the whole journey and gained eight pounds on the voyage. Father Amyot was indisposed a good deal of the time until we reach-

ed Japan, but the rest of the trip he enjoyed very much and is now feeling fine.

Lest I forget—we all take off our hats to the Can. Pac. Steamship Co., for the splendid accomodation and the very kind and courteous service tendered us. We are likewise deeply indebted to the good Vincentian Fathers for their hospitality to us here in Shanghai. We certainly have been treated royally all along the route.

We leave for Ningpo today to visit Bishop Defebre and then on to Chuchow for the family reunion. We will be watching for news from the seminary to know how you all are over there.

How is Father Will's mother. Give him my sincere sympathy. I readily appreciate what he is going through.

With best regards to the fathers and the students I remain,

Sincerely yours, Jno. E. McRae.

Shanghai, Nov. 20, 1928.

Father Fraser Writes:

Dear Father McGrath,

Fathers McRae, Amyot and Beal, arrived safely at 10. a.m. yesterday. I met them at the wharf. We saw part of the city yesterday. Today we will visit the institutions and tomorrow leave for Ningpo where our Bishop is preparing a hearty welcome for his fellow laborers. We will proceed thence to Haimen— will visit Bishop Hou, then proceed via Wenchow to Chuchow.

Merry Christmas to all at the seminary and to all our friends.

Yours in Christ

J. M. Fraser.

Shanghai, Nov. 19 1928.

Father Amyot's Letter

Dear Father Michael and All,

We left the Empress of Canada safely at Woosung. It did not come up to Shanghai so we all went aboard a large lighter and completed the journey thus to Shanghai—(about one and a half hours run.)

A great variety of shipping lines the banks of the river most of the way up from the sea. Father Fraser was at the dock to meet us and then the scurry began—to collect our seven trunks and grips and have them examined by the customs officials. They opened one box in Dr. McRae's trunk and were so disappointed when they found only some Sacred Heart badges for the school children in Chuchow that they called it quits. We are at present enjoying the hospitality of the Lazarists and I must say they are ideal hosts. As the Empress was three days late in arriving here we are very much rushed and have to leave here for Ningpo—perhaps tomorrow night. The sailors declare that this was the stormiest trip they have made since 1923,—the first storm that ever pitched the trunks all over the baggage room. I agree with them absolutely—just in bed the first fourteen days. The last three days, of the trip were fine and I enjoyed them immensely.

It is late now and we have a busy day ahead. 5 a.m. will come all too soon. Good night all! The rest send their best regards to all. Remember us to enquiring friends.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Wm. K. Amyot.





# A MODERN MARTYR



By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

## Chapter XII. (Continued)

"Well, the mandarins returned in triumph with our dear prisoners, all wearing the 'cangue' around their necks as criminals, and exposed to the derision of the unbelievers, even as Jesus was when He bore His Cross towards Calvary. This seizure was followed by the capture of several other Christians, among whom were three Annamite priests. In all more than fifty persons were taken. Our confessors had to endure frightful torments and scourgings; but all preferred death to apostasy. One of the mandarins tried to make a young catechist trample the Cross. The catechist replied, 'If you were told to trample under foot a coin bearing the image or superscription of the emperor, would you dare do it?' A great box on the ear was the answer. Another, taking the crucifix tenderly in his hand, and looking at it, said, 'Dear Lord! Thou hast never done anything but good, and they wish me to insult Thee! How could I have the heart?' Twenty strokes of the terrible 'ro-tin' were the reward of this outburst of love and piety. The mandarins ordered the students to chant their usual prayers. They intoned at once the litany of the Saints, and when they came to the petition for the king and for the mandarins, they repeated three times, with great fervor, 'Deliver them, O Lord, from all evil!' The mandarins understood the reproach and commanded them to hold their tongues. Then they tried to compel the old woman and her daughter to apostatize, but both refused, and the old woman said, 'Who would be fool enough to walk on the head of his father or mother?' The judges, ashamed of being defeated by a simple old woman, sent her back to her village with the child.

"As to the rest,—the three priests were be-

headed; the two catechists and the poor old deacon died under torture; and the others were exiled to an unwholesome and wild mountainous district, where many have preceded, and where many will follow them. May our Lord support and strengthen them! They are fools for Christ's sake. Yet theirs is the only true wisdom. What they have sown here below in suffering and humiliation, they will reap above in glory and in joy.

"Our churches, colleges, and houses have been burnt to the ground. And this is not all. The Christians have been exposed to the most unjust and rapacious extortions. How can I describe to you what leeches these Annamite officials are, from the highest to the lowest? The first thing

a mandarin does when he visits a province is to ask if the 'king's orders have been executed.' In other words, he says, 'Bring me some money.' When he leaves it is the same thing. The underlings are worse. They quarter themselves upon the Christians, and if these do not at once give all they ask, they denounce them to the authorities, who throw them into prison. The people give them the nickname, 'mandarin horse-flies.' What makes these officials more vexing is the continual movement among them, each one looking upon his province as a place from which he must

suck as much blood as possible in a short time. I have neither the time nor the heart to relate to you the turpitudes and villainies of these people, and that not to the Christians only, but to all who may be under their rule.

"The fate of our college of Hoàng-Nguyên has been equally that of Kê-Non and Vinh-Tri, but the last has suffered most. I cannot tell you all the details, as our communications have been

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE stars were bright in the heavens,  
The dew sparkled on the earth;  
The shepherds fell on their faces  
At the strains of heavenly mirth  
Which sounded to welcome the Saviour  
In His hour of mortal birth.

Oh, the white of the purest snowfall,  
The dawn of an infant head,  
The tint of the fairest flower  
That e'er in sweetness bled,  
Are dark and ugly beside Him  
Who was born in a manger-bed.

So coming, let us adore Him,  
As did the shepherds of old,  
As did the choir of angels,  
Whose music in ecstasy rolled,  
Throughout all admiring nature  
On that night of immortal gold.

Martin A. Krapf, C.P.P.S.



interrupted, and patrols placed on all roads to prevent the Christians from meeting, or to compel them to trample the Cross under foot. But I know that out of nine hundred souls, thirty or forty of the principal people have been thrown into prison and most horribly tortured; yet they have stood firm, and a large number have been condemned to death.

"It is not only Bishop Retord's diocese that has suffered so terribly. The persecution has swept over the whole country from Cambogia to China. The Spanish Dominicans have been even more cruelly treated than ourselves. The order has come to seize all Christians, and to put them to death by what is called 'lang-tri,' that is, slow torture, cutting off, first the ankles, then the knees, the fingers, the elbows, and so on till the victim is nothing but a mutilated trunk. Bishop Melchoir, the Dominican Vicar Apostolic of the eastern district of Tong-king, suffered this horrible death last August. But you will ask me, 'How did *you* manage to escape the fury of a storm like this?' I can only reply, 'By the grace of God, Who has me in His holy keeping, and considers that my hour has not yet come. Our Christians guard my cabin and the only thing for me to do is to keep myself in a little corner without speaking or making the least noise. Even a sneeze or a cough might betray me. We consider ourselves fortunate if, in these retreats, we can have a little hole for light, so as to be able to read our office and some comforting book. In this weary but voluntary imprisonment one has to learn patience, and give up one's life freely to Divine Providence. Then, if the mandarin seems inclined to search the house, we take advantage of the darkness to escape to another hiding-place. Sometimes in a temporary lull, or a favorable moment, we are able to get a little fresh air, and to stretch our cramped limbs.

"The great misery of this state of things is that we cannot administer the Sacraments, and many of our converts have to die without any spiritual consolation. Another misfortune is that we nearly always compromise the Christians who give us hospitality, so that we often prefer

trusting ourselves to the loyalty and good faith of pagans, who are less suspected. Fr. Theurel and I stayed two days and two nights in one of these houses; but we did not meet its owner, who hid himself, that he might not see a European face. One night we received a sudden notice to leave this asylum and only a quarter of an hour afterwards the troops of the mandarins arrived. Bishop Retord, seeing the way in which we were hunted, advised us to take refuge, as he and Bishop Jeantet had done, in the mountain. We went, but the apostate before mentioned got an inkling of this, and surrounding the cavern where the Bishops had lately been concealed, placed guards at all the mountain passes. But God watched over His servants and they escaped to the forests before the enemy had completed preparations. The mandarins searched all the caves, and carried off everything they could find, which, in fact, was all that we possessed; but no one was taken prisoner.

"Bishop Retord, Fr. Charbonnier, and Fr. Mathevon wandered barefoot through the woods, half dead with hunger, their feet wounded at every step by the pointed stones which the Annamites call *cat's ears*, and with no means of quenching their thirst but a villainous kind of water which no one can drink with impunity. Seeing no way of escape, they built themselves a little cabin in the centre of the forest, and remained there four months, during which time they were fed by neighbouring Christians, and preserved in spite of the danger of being devoured by bears and tigers. I sent one of my catechists to them in August, and he was met by a royal tiger which had that very day eaten two poor girls who had been pasturing their bullocks on the roadside. My poor catechist was saved only by a miracle from a like fate. Dear brother, you will want to know if Bishop Retord is still in his forest home. His body, yes; but his spirit has left this vale of misery for a better world. A malignant fever carried him off on the 22nd of October. Thus ended his life of labor and suffering, after twenty-five years spent on the

To be Continued



Charles Morneau, Windsor.

Clarice Dufour, Sandwich.

Edith Murphy, Sandwich.

Mary L. MacDonald, Sandwich.

"China" owes a debt of gratitude to her campaigners of last Summer.





## Everybody's Happy New Year

*"Happy New Year" and "Happy Birthday" are equally appropriate greetings in China on the first day of the year. For, on that day, every person celebrates not only the beginning of the new year but also a birthday.*

THE most unfortunate person in the world, most children believe, is he or she whose birthday falls on Christmas or New Year's Day. Such luckless individuals are by that very fact doomed never to experience the delights of a birthday party and receive only one set of gifts each year.

If the child who is born December 25 or January 1 is to be considered bereft of certain joys which fall to the lot of other children, the little boy or girl in China would have a particularly dark outlook on life. For in that country every person's birthday, no matter when he is born, is on New Year's Day.

This strange custom, however, does not detract greatly from the happiness of all concerned for in

China, New Year's Day is observed not only as the beginning of another year, but also as a universal birthday. Far more than in any country in the world, that holiday is celebrated with the greatest amount of gaiety and more religious feeling.

New Year's is the only feast that is universally observed by the Chinese. China, in 1911, officially adopted the western Calendar but, as their New Year's celebration is still governed by their old calendar, their feast does not always fall on January 1. Based as it is on the astronomical lunar month, the feast can never occur before January 21 nor later than February 19.

This divergence of dates causes no inconvenience in the manner of observance. No matter

when New Year's Day comes, it is the official birthday of every person in China. Even if born only the day before New Year's, a baby begins its second year on this feast.

Another peculiar feature of the Chinese New Year is that it marks the end of the fiscal as well as the calendar year. In other words, all debts and financial obligations are supposed to be settled before that day. Every creditor is, therefore, obliged to collect as many of his debts as possible. Owing to the fact that the Chinese week does not contain a day of rest, such as our Sunday, and that there are no universal national holidays, New Year's Day is the only one of the entire year in

which the people as a whole give themselves up entirely to religious ceremonies and to merry-making.

That the holiday is religiously kept may be judged from the fact that the banks and stores generally close until the fifteenth of the first month, newspapers suspend publication for about a week, schools have a vacation and hotels do not receive guests during that period.

The time is given over entirely to feasting, theatrical performances, community celebrations and social visits among relatives and friends. The Chinese seem to realize that they must make the very most of this one opportunity in the year to have a good time.

Aside from being a time for universal celebration, the Chinese New Year's is virtually the only day in the year that has a religious significance for all the people.

The chief ceremony which surrounds the feast is connected with the protective deity who is assigned to every home by the god Tian Lauya. This protective spirit is called Zao' Bang.





December 8th was the official opening of our Hockey Season. Although you St. Augustine's "All Stars" did defeat our "Chuchow Chop Sticks" by a two to one score our rice planters are having some strenuous work-outs and are fully convinced they can defeat you at your own national game.

Above the fireplace in almost every Chinese pagan home hangs a picture of this god.

During the greater part of the year, little or no attention is paid to it, but as the New Year approaches, the people conduct themselves as do many little American boys just before the Christmas season. Their consciences begin to trouble them, and they begin to make up by good conduct for the abuses they may have heaped upon the household divinity. For, they believe, every New Year's Day Zao' Bang returns to Tian Lauya and presents an official report on the conduct of the family under his charge.

It behooves the family, therefore, to placate Zao' Bang before he makes this journey with an unfavorable report. Shortly before New Year's they hold a solemn farewell celebration in which the entire family, including the servants, gather before the picture, light punk sticks and recite a prayer asking that the god enter no complaint to his superior. When this ceremony is completed the picture is taken from the wall and thrown into the fire, all of which means that the god is at liberty to go.

Speaking of wild New Year's celebration, China is head and shoulders above any other nation. Unlike the mode of procedure

in some countries, Chinese observance consists mainly of protective ceremonies, rather than in destructive ones. On the night before New Year's the Chinese believe that the air is literally filled with unsubstantial spirits who are out for the evening to do all the damage they possibly can.

This explains the well-known custom of the fire crackers in the streets on New Year's Eve and on New Year's Day.

Ancestor worship, of course, is an institution in China. On New Year's Day it takes its most distinctive form. At the grave of their ancestors, the Chinese have another peculiar habit of burning imitation paper money. This they do as a means of comfort for the departed spirits.

Even the native Christians in China observe every New Year's Day in a manner that is essentially native. Of course, they do not take part in any of the pagan religious rites, but they enter

wholeheartedly into the spirit of the New Year and make good use of the opportunity to rejoice, and at the same time to hold a birthday party.

Reprinted by kind permission of Catholic Missions.

## NUN IN CHINA IS VICTIM CARING FOR NATIVE WAIFS

Paris.—The latest issue of the "Bulletin" of the Paris Foreign Mission Society contains the story of the heroic death of a young French Sister of Providence at Mukden, in Manchuria.

The spring brought an increase in the great numbers of immigrants who are pouring into Manchuria from China Proper. These poor people are weakened by famine and disease while the conditions of the journey are devoid of comfort or hygiene. Many die on the way and this is especially true of the young children.

Sister Felicie of the Sisters of Providence of Portieux went to the station in Mukden at the hour when the refugees' train was due. She was able in this way to baptize forty or fifty dying infants in a day; most of whom had been abandoned by their parents.

It was while she was engaged in this work for souls that Sister Felicie contracted an illness of which she died in a few days. Sister Felicie was the youngest of the Mukden community. She had only been on the mission a little over a year.



Bernard Harrigan,  
Hamilton, Ont.

Leo Kelly,  
Hamilton, Ont.

Veronica R. Heffron,  
Sarnia, Ont.

Three more of the valiant campaigners who procured 6000 new friends for "China."



## 'TWEEN YOU AND ME

I SAW the Old Year sadly leave,  
He walked so very slow,  
'Cause all our broken promises  
Were heavy—bent him low.

But new resolves I've firmly made  
To greet the glad New Year,  
And here's the most important one,  
And one I'll keep, no fear.

I'll build up strength and energy,  
So mother will be glad,  
I'll have to start right now if I'd  
Be big and strong like dad.

So every day I'll drink a lot  
Of creamy milk—it's good!  
For City Dairy bottles hold  
A pure, delicious food.

*City Dairy*

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## CRUSADE BULLETIN BOARD

An extra prayer for the crusade unit of Corpus Christi School Toronto—they top the list in school donations for November.

Why do preachers always say "lastly" in the middle of their sermons?

### A Thought For The Day

We can never be too careful

What the seed our hands shall sow;

Love from love is sure to ripen,

Hate from hate is sure to grow.

Seeds of good or ill we scatter

Heedlessly along the way;

But a glad or grievous fruitage

Waits us at the harvest day.—

*Goethe*

Mt. St. Vincent Academy Halifax has again brought smiles to the faces of our missionaries in China by forwarding to them a handsome Christmas gift.

"I am all set" said the sun as it disappeared below the horizon.

We gladly welcome to our reading room the bright peppy little crusade publication—"The Bugle Call"—of St. Mary's of the Woods Indiana. For real live mission work we take off our hats to St. Mary's. By the way we must thank them for their very generous God Speed to our departing missionaries.

An upright piano badly operated may become a downright nuisance—Ottawa Journal.

"I am only a butcher's boy" said he "but I know a good dog."

As an earnest of their continued zeal for the mission work, St. Michael's College High School Toronto has forwarded another handsome donation to our seminary—many thanks boys,—we will have everything in ship shape here when you come along to register.

In gratitude to the Little Flower for obtaining a special request, Mr. E. J. O'Neil Toronto has forwarded a very kind donation in aid of her favorite work—the missions. Many thanks Mr. O'Neil.

The very kind donation recently from St. Patrick's Girls' High School Halifax shows us that this unit is imbued with all its old time zeal for the missions. We thank you.

"If I only had a mid-iron" groaned the "lifer" as he looked at the ball on the links.

Our reading room welcomes again "The Students' Mission Crusade"—the official organ of the Crusade in Toronto. We congratulate Rev. P. J. Kirby the new Director of the Crusade and trust that the following numbers will be the same high order as those we have just received.



### Out of Bounds

A little Boy of heavenly birth  
But far from home today,  
Comes down to find His ball, the earth,  
That sin had cast away.  
O, Comrades, let us one and all  
Join in to get Him back His ball!

A recent and very welcome addition to our reading room is the Jesuit Missions—a monthly magazine published by the Jesuit Missions Press New York in the interests of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus. This beautifully illustrated 28 page publication is under the very capable editorship of Rev. Ignatius Cox, S. J. and provides a wealth of information for crusade circles.

Another new publication of interest to Crusaders has just arrived. Its name—INDIA—bespeaks its birthplace. Under the very capable editorial guidance of Rev. A. F. Lopes Madras this bright little twenty page magazine places before the reading public a cross-section of life in India from Religious Social and Scientific aspects. That it may be the means of bringing abundant assistance to the vast mission field of India is our sincere wish.

It is a singular coincidence that there is at present a perpetual Sabbath upon the earth, since the Greeks observe Monday, The Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, the Turks, Friday, the Jews Saturday, and the Christians, Sunday.

### CLIMBING

(A teacher's song)

I TRY to hold a steady lamp  
For little feet that stumble,  
And help to loose the vexing knots  
For little hands that fumble.

I strive that I may always be  
Patient, strong and wise.  
My rich reward is that I see  
The light in children's eyes.

But God, hold thou my other hand  
(For one is clasped in theirs);  
So shall we climb, both they and I,  
Thy long and toilsome stairs.

—Bertha F. Gordon.

### THREE MEANS OF GRACE

A Negro preacher walked into the office of a newspaper in Rockymount, North Carolina, and said: "Misto Edito', they is forty-three of my congregation which subscribe fo' yo' paper. Do that entitle me to have a chu'ch notice in yo' Sal-day issue?" "Sit down and write," said the editor. "I thank you." And this is the notice the minister wrote: "Mount Memorial Baptist Church, the Rev. John Walker, pastor. Preaching morning and evening. In the promulgation of the gospel, three books are necessary: The Bible, the hymn book, and the pocketbook. Come tomorrow and bring all three."

## HENDRY'S SERIES OF SCHOOL RHYMES

NO. 5

JANUARY

NEW Year in her snowy gown  
Bids us smile—forget to frown,  
Keep our resolutions well,  
And our fund of knowledge swell;  
Love and honor parents dear,  
Help our teachers all the year;  
Happiness our motto be,  
True Canadians are we!

### TO OUR TEACHERS

MAKE a New Year resolution—in-  
sist on having your school or  
class provided with an adequate  
supply of proper equipment.

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## The Typewriter

### Born of Necessity

It is not very many years ago that the typewriter was introduced into offices. The first practical writing machine was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, in 1876.

And of course, its adoption by business men during the years following was at first very slow.

Today the first piece of office equipment arranged for is the typewriter, and with it, the telephone.

And now that the typewriter is in every office, the time has come when the need for it is more and more recognized in the home. In fact, it is recognized today that wherever there is writing to be done there is need for a typewriter.

For home use, for traveling, and for personal writing anywhere, the new Personal Underwood is ideally suited. Small, compact, and light, but with all the efficiency of the larger models, it goes with you anywhere to do your writing.

In the home it is an invaluable aid to, and appreciated by every member of the household.

Its cost is so moderate, and it can be purchased on such convenient terms, that no home need be without one. Its keyboard is the same, both in size and arrangement, as that of the office Underwood. The typist accustomed too one can use the other without the slightest inconvenience.

The United Typewriter Company, sole representatives in Canada for the Underwood typewriter, are always pleased to send interesting and descriptive matter about the Personal Underwood. Their address is 135 Victoria St., Toronto.



# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

*Edited by*  
**FATHER JIM**



I believe my Buddies will all enjoy a New Year poem which particularly appeals to me. Here it is.

## THE NEW YEAR

By Luella Clark

I know not what the coming year  
May bring to me of joy or pain,  
I only know He will be near  
Whose loving maketh all things plain.

I know not what strange shade may fall  
Upon my pathway, but I know

He yet will hear and heed my call  
And lead me whither I should go.

It may be over mountains wild,  
It may be through the valleys sweet,  
But He will never leave His child  
To wander with unguarded feet.

And still I know His sun will shine,  
His rains will fall, His grasses grow,  
His stars will shed their light divine,  
His rivers to the ocean flow.

I know how fair the days will glide  
When summer decks the smiling land,  
Mountains in solemn peace abide,  
And all the hills in halo stand.

And while He heeds the rains and snows,  
And sets the stars their watch to keep,  
Cares for the humblest weed that grows,  
And wakes it from its winter's sleep.

While every wind blows by His grace,  
And rainbows span the steadfast blue,  
Each flower unflinching finds its place,  
And knows its time and season, too.

I will not doubt His constant care,  
Nor fear His promised love will cease

Who whether days be dark or fair,  
Can keep my soul in perfect peace.

Dom. No. 4, C.B.,

Dear Father,

Just a few words to tell you that I received your letter a few days ago, and glad to hear from you. The Little Flower of Jesus is the most excellent of all statues. Mostly all Catholics should have a statue of the Little Flower in their homes.

Christmas is coming near, and everybody expects a present from San-

ta Claus. I will close my letter with a riddle: What goes upstairs white and comes down read? A newspaper. I wish you a Merry Christmas.

Yours,

Eugene Joseph Poirier.

Thank you, Eugene, for your kindly wishes. I do hope you received that present you expected—and many more, besides. Don't forget your good resolutions for 1929, Eugene.

Father Jim.

All our Buddies remember "Betty Chin," of course. Betty has written us a very interesting little story which I'm sure you'd all like to read, so I'm going to publish it on our Page—in instalments, of course, as it is rather long. In all justice to "Betty Chin," however, I think that before we start her story, I must tell you that her real name is Betty Maylam. Betty's story is entitled,

## Mystic Treasures

"Let's spend the afternoon in Uncle's library," said Betty to Eric one rainy day in April.

"Yes," he said, "We might if we cared to."

So accordingly, both scampered off down the great oak stairs and down the hall past the sitting room, dining room and Uncle Ted's den, and finally reached the library, and opening the massive, carved oak door, went in, intending to pass an interesting afternoon looking at Uncle's many and wonderful books.

Betty and Eric were orphan brother and sister, their mother and father having died when they were quite young. Their father, Colonel Harvard, an explorer of vast and uninhabited areas, had gone on an expedition to the great Western Desert with two hundred and fifty able-bodied, armed men as his escort. Why he had gone, the children never knew; but he had never returned, and so was thought dead, because just after they had heard from him, there had been a great sand storm in which all were believed to be buried alive. Their mother, a sweet, gentle woman, soon died from the shock, leaving her children to their kind and affectionate Irish Uncle Ted, or more familiarly known as Sir Harvard. He was a very rich banker. He denied his niece and nephew nothing. They had whatever they wished for, and sometimes more. They passed many hours of the day with the pups or riding their ponies, Lady and Prince, or entertaining their friends, and the rest

of the day was spent in lessons and a good time with Uncle. Rainy days were spent reading, as the children loved books, especially adventurous ones, (as they took after their father), or playing hide-and-seek, for this was a wonderful place for hiding, being an old Chateau, of which a small portion was ruined. So to-day, being a rainy day, they were reading.

"Why Betty, do you know how long we have been here?"

Betty raised her head from the book in which she had it practically hidden. "Why no. I was so interested in this book that time meant nothing to me." "Well, it was the same with me until I finally came back to civilization. Just exactly four hours and fifteen minutes."

"Oh, goodness!" exclaimed Betty.

Just then the door opened and in walked Uncle Ted, as jolly as you please.

.....

Betty's story is interesting, isn't it Buddies? Watch for the next instalment on our February Page.

Now let us see what you can do with these teasers! Cover the answers with a piece of paper, and try to find them yourselves, first. Of course, if you can't make a success of it, you may look at the answers,—but surely you're all too clever for that!

## TEASERS

- 1.—What is difference between Lindbergh and the patriarch Job?
- 2.—When do window panes weep?
- 3.—What three letters do you use when you play hide and seek?
- 4.—What miss is not always honest?
- 5.—What tree is nearer to the sea than any other?

## Answers

- 1.—Lindbergh is a manly boy. Job was a boily man.
- 2.—When it rains.
- 3.—I. C. U.
- 4.—Misappropriate.
- 5.—Beech.

Here's a little verse sent in by Michael Joseph McDonald, who lives away down in Nova Scotia.

Oh! let the sympathy of kindly words  
Sound for the poor, the friendless  
and the weak,  
And He will bless you; He Who  
struck these chords  
Will strike another, when in turn,  
you seek.

Thanks for the verse and your nice little letter, Mike. I enjoyed both immensely.

Father Jim.



# Father Jim's Mail Bag



Dear Father Jim and Buds,

I was so glad to read this month's issue of "China"; it was very interesting. We haven't had any stories or poems by the Buds printed yet, so I am sending in a poem and also a short story. I hope they are both suitable for our Page. They are original also. I think all our work should be original, don't you Father Jim?

I'll talk about reading now, as I know nearly everybody enjoys it. I have just finished reading a book called "Silver Slippers" by Temple Bailey. It is a love story, or novel, but it is very sensible and nice. I enjoyed it. All Temple Bailey's books are good. So, you Buddies who want to know of some good books to read, just drop me a line and I'll send you the names of some authors and books.

How many Buds are thinking about skating and sleighing? I know I am. I just love outdoor winter sports. I like the winter, too, with its white snow and Christmas, but I think I like summer better; it's so cold in winter.

We are going to send our "Chinas" to some friends in England. They aren't published over there, are they Father Jim? I think our English friends will enjoy reading them. On the cover of last month's "China," I thought the picture of St. Francis of Assisi's Church (our parish church) was very good.

Oh yes, Father Jim, I must thank you very much for my Club certificate. I received it some time ago, and I am very pleased to know that I am a real Bud in the Little Flower's Rose Garden.

Well, I guess I'll close now by saying that I had an enjoyable half hour reading our Page. Does that give everyone encouragement? I hope so. Don't forget your prayer for the Missions, Buddies.

Yours sincerely,  
"Rose"

What a fine little Bud you are, Rose! You're a real credit to our Garden, with your bright, interesting letters—and I'm not overlooking the story and poem, either. Yes, Rose, I think it much nicer when these little literary contributions are original. After all, that makes them "be-

long" to our Page just that much more, doesn't it?

"China" is published in Canada, Rose, and I, too, feel sure that your English friends will enjoy it. It is very thoughtful of you to send the magazine over to them, and they'll be sure to appreciate that.

Come again, Rose,—you're a real little ray of sunshine!

Father Jim.

"Rose" sent us a little story entitled, "The Arithmetic Pencil," and it's so interesting I'm going to publish it this month. I'm only sorry that there isn't space enough for her poem, too.

## The Arithmetic Pencil

Reta David was a little ten-year-old girl in the third class. She was very clever, except in one subject, which



Our Chinese buddies out for a hike. Noticing symptoms of "empty tummy" our priests treat them to sugar cane and cakes.

was arithmetic. She could never, never do it, no matter how hard she tried.

One day in school, after the teacher had just put some questions on the board, she said: "Girls, if you do not solve these questions, you will have to stay in during recess time and do them."

"Oh, I can't do them," whispered Reta to herself, and began cutting eyes, nose and mouth on her pencil with her pen knife. Just then the recess bell rang and Reta had no questions done, and as a result had to stay in. When all the girls had trooped out and the teacher also had left the room, Reta remained alone.

She tried and tried to do the questions, but at last gave up. Being rather drowsy, she laid her head on her arms. Soon the noise of the children in the yard grew fainter and fainter, and Reta was almost asleep—when up jumped her pencil, saying, "Wake up, sleepyhead, and do the arithmetic."

"Oh, I can't!" cried Reta in amazement.

"Can't? My goodness, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," replied the

pencil. "Here, take hold of me. There, that's right. Now 298 will go into 646 twice, leaving 50 over. Bring down your 3. 298 will go into—there, Reta, you are doing it yourself. See, I told you you could do it."

"Oh, thank you," answered Reta. "I seem to know how to do it perfectly now."

"Reta David, what are you doing, talking to yourself?" thundered the teacher as she came into the room. "Have you the answers to the questions?"

"Yes—no—that is—I don't," stammered Reta. Then suddenly a thought came into her mind. She looked at her book, and there were the answers as plain as day.

"Answer me," said the teacher sharply. Wonderingly, Reta replied, "Yes, I have them, teacher."

When she sat down, a note was thrust into her hand. On opening it, she read;

"Reta dear, a friend in need is a friend indeed.

(I did them). Joan."

After school, Reta thanked Joan, but still believed the "Arithmetic Pencil" (as she called it), helped her, as she was able to do arithmetic wonderfully ever after.

Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Father Jim,

I received my certificate. I was most pleased and surprised. I must thank you for the cards that came with it, for my brother was saving them.

Yes, I like my penname very much. I was ashamed when we got November's issue of "China" and I didn't send in a story or a letter, even, so I am sending in a story this time. I hope they don't have to be religious.

Sincerely,  
"Willow"

I'm certainly very glad you liked your certificate, Willow, and also tickled that the cards were of use to your brother. Is he still saving them?

I'm surprised and delighted to see so many of you have decided to write me stories and poems. Keep up the good work—they make our Pages so much a part of each and every one of us.

No the stories do not have to be religious. Just between ourselves, the editor says that if there were religion in them I wouldn't recognize it. If I could think, I'd say something back to him. How would it be if I put my picture on the front page and then the people would stop taking his part of the paper? I am sorry Willow, but the printer was using his stub-point pen this time and he couldn't get your story squeezed into this page.

Father Jim.



# Gloom Chasers

## Railroad Special.

A passenger who became very impatient at the progress the train was making, hailed the conductor and made his complaint.

"Well," said the conductor, "if this train isn't going fast enough to suit you, you had better get out and walk."

"I certainly would," replied the passenger, "but the folks won't expect me until the train gets there."

"How is it you have no lawyer to defend you?"

"As soon as the lawyers found out that I had not stolen the money, they wouldn't touch the case."

T'is love that makes the arms go round—The OWL.

Frankie—"You know the human body contains sulphur."

Johnny—"That accounts for some girls making better matches than others—The OWL."

## Simply Appalling

Two British soldiers went into a cafe in Salonika and ordered the waiter to bring them Turkey (turkey) with Greece (grease).

"Sorry, but I can't Serbia (serve you)," replied the waiter.

"Then bring the Bosphorus (boss for us)," said the soldiers.

The boss came and replied to the soldiers: "I regret to Russia (rush you), but you can't Rumania."

The soldiers went away —Hungary.

## A Snappy Come-Back.

"You, there, in overalls," snapped the lawyer, "how much are you paid for telling the untruth?"

"Less than you are," replied the witness, "or you'd be in overalls, too."

"There may be money in some jobs," complained the dentist, "but I live from hand to mouth."

It's easy enough to be pleasant,  
When life looms so fair from the deck;

But the man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
With a boil on the back of his neck.

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the sick purchasing agent, "I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" asked the sick man, faintly.

"Five hundred dollars."

"You'll have to shade your price a little," replied the purchasing agent; "I had a better bid from the undertaker."

One of the province's inspectors who recently visited a village school plied the classes with many searching questions. Towards the close of the afternoon, when the pupils were thoroughly exhausted, he said: "And is there any question you would like to ask me?" "Please, sir, what time does your train go?" promptly inquired one of the boys.

Africa reports bees are swarming there. 'Swarm weather.

Tom: "My girl got Austria the other night on her new radio."

Jerry: "That's nothing. My girl gets Hungary every night without any radio."

## Advertisements

(1) For sale, 40 suits; won't last long.

(2) Your baby, if you have one, can be colored, enlarged and framed for 10-6.

(3) Wanted, a youth to deliver fish that can ride a bicycle.

(4) For sale, a Jersey cow that gives a good quantity of milk, also a wheel-barrow and cream separator.

(5) Lost, an umbrella owned by a lady with steel ribs.

Judge: Pat, I wouldn't think you would hit a little man like that.

Pat: Suppose he called you an Irish slob?

Judge: But I'm not an Irishman.

Pat: Suppose he called you a Dutch slob?

Judge: But I'm not a Dutchman.

Pat: Well, suppose he called you the kind of slob that you are.

## Why not?

A small boy stood on a bridge and clapped his hands vigorously as he watched the western sky, which was diffused with a dull, red glow.

A near-sighted stranger watched him for a time.

"It does my heart good to see you appreciate that cloud effect," at length remarked the stranger.

"Yes, sir, it's fine," replied the boy excitedly.

"The soul of a poet," sighed the stranger. "Do you often watch sunsets, my boy."

"Sunsets, nothin'. Gee, mister, that's the school house burnin'."

Amongst the passengers on a train were a commercial traveler and a Salvation Army lass. The drummer began chafing the girl, and asked her if she believed the story of Jonah and the whale. "I don't know," she said; "but when I get to heaven, I'll ask Jonah if it occurred," "But," said the funny man, "supposing he isn't there?" "Then," said the girl, promptly, "you can ask him."

Guest at Shelby Hotel (phoning down from his room): "Night clerk?"

Snippy Clerk: "Well, what's biting you?"

Guest: "That's what I want to know."

Ike: "I have some very valuable papers here. Can you advise me concerning a safe place for them?"

Mike: "Sure, put them in the filing cabinet. Nobody can find anything there."

Notice in an Arkansas paper: "Positively no more baptizing on my pasture. Twice in the last two months my gate has been left open by Christian people and I can't afford to chase cattle all over the country just to save a few sinners."

A new sixteen-inch coast defense gun can throw a ton of metal twenty-eight miles out to sea. How far could it throw a saxophone and why not?



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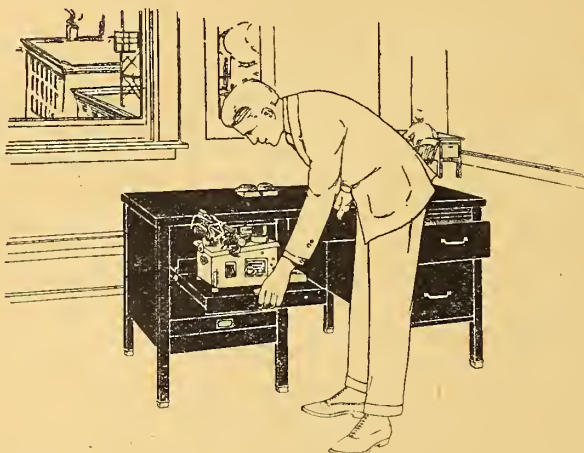
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# CHINA

February

1929



Will you join us at "bridge?"



## HENDRY'S SERIES OF SCHOOL RHYMES

NO. 6

### FEBRUARY

**T**HE shortest month in all the year

Is February bright and clear;  
It numbers days just twenty eight  
St. Valentine commemorate.  
The holy saint whose life portrays  
The good we do in little ways  
No need of fame or fortune he  
Who tries to help humanity.

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THE **GEO. M. HENDRY** CO. LTD.

Educational Supplies

129 Adelaide St. West - Toronto 2

### The Snowflake Elf

**A** FLUFFY snowflake fell one day and 'lighted on my hand,  
And as I watched, it turned into a sprite from Elfin-Land!

His cheeks were oh, so rosy! His eyes so bright and blue,  
And when he laughed and said, "Hello," I scarce knew what to do.

"I thought I'd come to see you," this jolly fairy said,

"Because you're much too thin and pale; you look quite underfed!

I'm such a healthy fairy, you'd hardly think it's true,

But once upon a time I was as thin and pale as you.

"Now I drink pints of creamy milk,—we fairies know what's good,

We only change our diet to include the best of food;

When you get fat and rosy you may join our Elfin band,—

For we're the Yellow Wagon Elves from City Dairy Land!"

*City Dairy*

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TORONTO

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Friends of CHINA in Newfoundland!

Have you any used stamps, poked away in some old desk or trunk or stowed away in the attic? We can make use of them to help our work for the Missions in China and we would be very grateful for any that you can send us.

Business Men, Shopkeepers!

We can use those ordinary everyday stamps of yours that up till now perhaps found their way into the waste basket.

Why Newfoundland Stamps?

We sometimes receive stamps from friends in The United States and Canada. We appreciate the kindness of those who have endeavoured to help us in this way but for ordinary American and Canadian stamps we cannot receive as much as the amount you pay in postage to send them to us. This is because of the tremendous numbers in each issue. Newfoundland issues are as a rule comparatively small and for that reason they are worth enough to warrant our preparing them for sale.

BEGIN SAVING FOR US NOW.

If you have any send them along. We shall be deeply grateful for the assistance you will thus render us in our work for China.





Vol. X

No. 2

CHINA,—published in the interests of the Chinese Missions by St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallon, London; Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Brien, Peterboro; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

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Mission Superior in China, Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.Ap.

Entered as second class matter and admitted to privileged postage rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., July 10th, 1924.

### ALONG THE MISSION TRAILS WITH OUR RECTOR

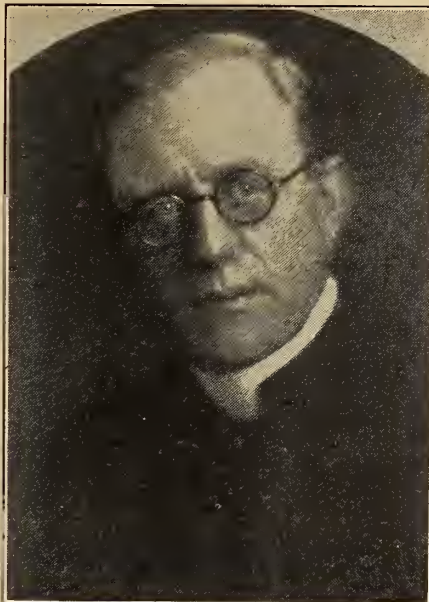
Chuchow, Che., China.

Dear Father McGrath:-

Here we are, at last having arrived yesterday. Leaving Ningpo Nov. 28th.—a week ago yesterday, our experience with Chinese methods and ways of travel really began, and a novel experience it has been. The good Bishop and one or two of the clergy accompanied us to the steamer which though small, was steel built and staunch enough. We were escorted to our cabins

which occupied the forward half of the top deck. There was only one below. These cabins were six in number, three on each side and above them a sign reading "First Class" which the bishop pointed out to us. After he had taken some snaps of the travellers he departed and we were left to inspect our quarters. The room occupied by Father Amyot and myself measured just about six feet by eight, the two bunks being along the shorter wall on the inside. These berths consisted of one solid wood mattress with a guard rail. The furniture consisted of a stand two feet high and about 18 inches square, enclosing a sort of cupboard below and a drawer on the upper part. Inside the lower compartment were the stores in charge of our cabin boy. These were rice, cocoa, tea, sugar, salt and perhaps a few other articles to tempt passengers' appetites, each in a tin of its own. In the drawer were a soap dish of pink celluloid, a circular wooden hair brush with long teeth and a package of hair pins. On the wall hung two tooth brushes generously supplied as regular

equipment by the boy or the company for the use of its patrons,—two cakes of soap, a bundle of chopsticks, four cups, a hair or clothes brush and a shoe horn and sundry other things the purpose of which I know not. There was also a chair and a small sofa or bench this latter occupying the space on one end between the door and the head of the lower bunk. By the time we got our baggage in there was very little elbow room left. Once we had these things attended to we began



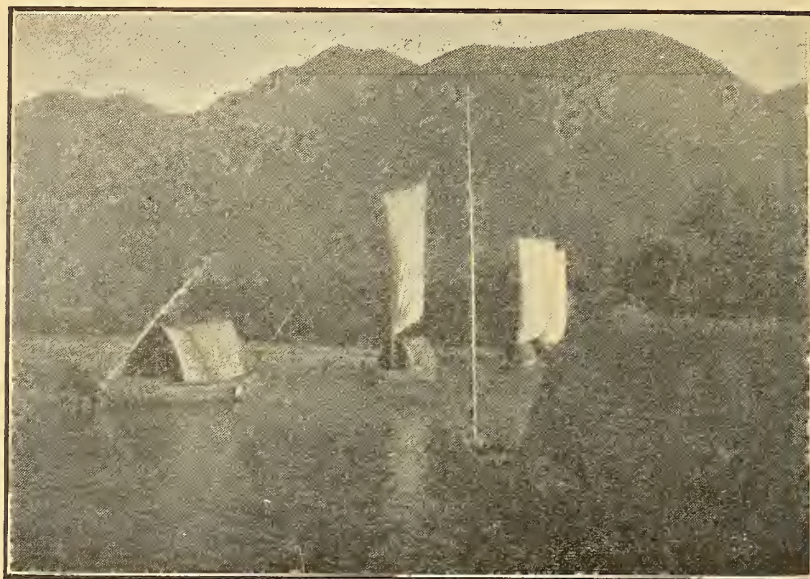
Very Rev. J. E. McRae J.C.D.

a tour of inspection which however, did not go beyond our own deck and it did not take very long as the space on these steamers is limited. We had a promenade deck just outside our cabin which was about two feet wide between the door and the rail and about 20 feet long. Along this were deposited several bundles, baskets, boxes and the ship's tea tables which measured about the same dimensions as the one described in the cabin. Aft was the "smoke" deck, skylights above the engine, and the funnel. On this were resting stretched out in quilts, I don't know how many Chinese who were likely travelling second class, as the deck below inside was filled with many more, all mixed with baggage, anchors, ropes and bundles. These corres-

pond to the next class, call it what you like.

The start was made about 10.30 just 1½ hours late. For the first 20 miles or so the course lay in the river both banks of which are very low and covered for a long distance with grave mounds which must run into many thousands. The larger the mound the older the grave—at the





The boatmen wade through the rapids pulling the boat after them.

time of burial the coffin is laid on the ground, and enclosed in a brick or stone vault. Annually an amount of earth is piled on the top and this earth gradually grows larger and larger, falling to the surface of the ground on all sides and weeds grow upon the top. The whole has the appearance of a vast field of hay stacks.

Some little time after we started our boy passed around a towel to each of his first class passengers. This was soaked in warm water, the idea being to refresh ourselves by passing it over our faces.

About noon one of the diminutive tables was placed in our room laden with our noonday meal. This table as described above contained four bowls of soup and inside these were bowls of boiled chicken, boiled pork, boiled celery or something like celery, boiled rice and in the middle supported on the others was a bowl of some kind of sauce which Father Fraser told us was a sort of relish into which the other food should be dipped. In China the orthodox manner is to use chopsticks. After soup each one is supposed to take with the sticks a portion of the dish he wishes to eat, dip it into the sauce and eat it. Thus each one eats out of the common dish. We did not greatly relish either the fare or the manner of partaking of it. We happened to have some bill of fare of our own, provided by the good fathers at Ningpo. The vegetables are very good, also the cocoa which came after the meal. The manner of making cocoa is simply pouring boiling

water into a glass or cup containing the right amount of cocoa mixed with sugar and sometimes with condensed milk added. Milk as such, is unknown, at least in this part of China. Cattle there are,—not for dairy purposes, but as draught animals. It is against the law for any one to kill a beef except one per month. This is what I am told.

Shortly we got out into the open ocean, which however is not so open either. Many islands lie to the left nearly all the way. The next morning early we arrived at Haimen and were royally received by Bishop Hou who is the personification of kindness. I was struck with the beauty of his cathedral church which is of stone and brick of a bluish grey. The interior—(now undergoing improvements) is in white and blue and when the work is completed it will be a very fine church. He showed us his schools and orphanage, all conducted by native sisters. Needles to say we received a welcome everywhere. We were instructed to be back about 8 p.m. on the boat, but about 7.30 one of the bishop's men came to tell us that the boat was whistling for our return and so we hurried off. We found that the boat was waiting for us,—and such a racket! The trouble was that two other steamers were just outside each trying to get the wharf we were leaving. Our vessel moved out amidst a terrible bedlam of whistles from all around and just as we moved ahead a little steamer nosed in behind. It was then the racket began in earnest



"We spent the night at our Chapel in Tsing Tien."



from the other fellow who was compelled to anchor outside until morning. I guess it was case of first come first served. We anchored out in the harbor to wait for the tide which came in about ten o'clock and then we got off for Wenchow, arriving there the next morning, (Thursday) at about 10. I forgot to mention that on getting up in the morning, the tea table was brought in again with a basin of water for our morning ablutions. It was all most strange and novel, yet very interesting for the three amateurs. Father Fraser, of course had been through it all before.

At Wenchow we were received again with the kindness and cordiality that mark the priests of France. Everything that could be done was done to make our stay pleasant. The city, and its institutions were visited. They have there a very fine hospital conducted by the Sisters of Charity so well known to the world.

I think this will be enough for one letter. The rest of the trip will have to wait a little and some trip it was. It will certainly remain in my memory as one of the experiences, new and varied, tiresome, monotonous—yet very interesting—the most striking of a life time.

With best wishes to all from all,

Yours fraternally,

JNO. E. McRAE

\* \* \*

Chuchow.

On Saturday, Dec. 1st., we left Wenchow on our last leg of the journey to Chuchow. Getting up that morning very early and having said Mass we started in rickshaws from the church to our boats,—a distance of, I would say, about two miles. The richshaw is an enlarged two wheeled, rubber tired, perambulator with shafts in front instead of a tongue or handle. There is room for one and a top over head which may be lowered or raised like a diminutive buggy top.

The way lay through the narrow streets of a dirty city. These so called streets, in the residential parts and apart from the main thoroughfares are only about five feet in width. The main streets are not much better, they being about 10 or 15 feet wide. This applies to all the Chinese cities, except such as Shanghai where the main streets are somewhat wider from contact with European ideas. In Ningpo improvements in this respect are being made by confiscation of frontage to the extent of four or five feet. Here the proprietors are compelled under penalty of further confiscation and by mortgages to re-erect the fronts of their buildings, all, of course, at their own expense.

It would be hard for an Occidental to do justice to the sights met with on Wenchow's streets. On the narrow walks, paved with stone flags, we met everything under the sun,—carriers, with loads of every sort suspended from the ends of bamboo poles; richsaws with the men between the shafts, shouting and ringing their bicycle bells to warn others approaching; youngsters of all ages sitting, running and walking, eating and

playing; people cooking their breakfast; women tending infants; pigs lazily and nonchalantly making their way along as if they owned the world and cared for nothing; dogs, cats, chickens, ducks, and geese. All the trades seemed to be busy, furniture makers, blacksmiths, nail manufacturers, pot makers, clock makers, clothiers, and the manufacturer of fire crackers. Accompanying all this were the eternal odors of a filthy atmosphere reeking with the emanations of thousands of men and animals. Their sewers are nothing more than ditches four or five feet wide running here and there and all over, and filled with stagnant dirty green fluid which was once water.

The houses or stores—whichever you like to call them, are two stories high, and open

to the street—everything going on inside can be seen. The darkness of the interior is lessened somewhat by skylights in the centre. As most of these places are stores of one kind or other one is at liberty to wander through their confined spaces, to inspect the stock of fire crackers, cigarettes, locks, clocks, silks, pipes, paper, hats, caps, shoes, nails, pots and pans, baskets, mats and bamboo carpets—all made on the premises.

After an hour's wait for the tide our three boats with seven others started up stream in tow of a launch. About thirty miles up the launch dropped us and the rest of the journey was by rowing, pushing, and pulling. We spent the first night at Tsing Tien—Father Venini's mission—the second, in the boats outside some city, the third on a sand bank, arriving at Chuchow about one p.m. on the following day (Dec. 4th).

The walk from the river took us about fifteen minutes—and then—well words fail me. With Fathers Serra, Morrison and Venini in from the missions to meet us—seminary days all over again. I'll have to leave this part of it for another letter. I am leaving on Tuesday (the 11th) for Sungyang to visit Father Wm. Fraser and then down to Lungchuan to spend a few days with Father Serra and Father Kam. I expect to be back in Chuchow to say mass on Christmas day for our friends and benefactors.

The compliments of the season from all to all,

JNO. E. McRAE.



NO FAIR!

Fathers Beal and Amyot are here seen trying out their Chinese vocabulary on a poor innocent carrier. For recreation they go on hikes to inspect the pagan temples which top the surrounding mountains. Read Father Beal's letter in March CHINA.





# A MODERN MARTYR



By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

## Chapter XII. (Continued)

Dear brother, you will want to know if Bishop Retord is still in his forest home. His body, yes; but his spirit has left this vale of misery for a better world. A malignant fever carried him off on the 22nd of October. Thus ended his life of labor and suffering, after twenty-five years spent on the missions, and fifteen in the episcopate. He did not live to see peace dawn on this unhappy country. All his days had been passed amid persecutions and contradictions, the realization of a dream which he had as a child, when the Virgin appearing carried him to the top of a high mountain, to the foot of a great Cross, and told him his life would be a series of crucifixions to the end. All missionaries have to follow the way of the cross, but Bishop Retord did more than any of us, and his death in this terrible forest, where he was exposed to the continual attacks of wild beasts, and had not even the commonest necessities of life, was indeed death on the Cross—naked, austere, like that of his Lord and Master.

"When Bishop Retord died he was alone with Fr. Mathevon, for as Fr. Charbonnier had had a touch of the fever, the Bishop had sent him down to the plains to be nursed in the house of a pious Christian. After our holy Bishop had expired, Fr. Mathevon took shelter in a less unhealthful place, where he remains concealed. As for Fr. Theurel, Fr. Titaud, and myself, we had to climb the mountains, walk with our bleeding feet on the cats' ears and install ourselves as hermits in the forest.

We remained a fortnight in perfect peace, and each day added some improvement to our Robinson Crusoe life. We collected rain water to drink, and to use in cooking our provisions; then we made a little straight avenue where we could walk and recite our office. Every morning the inhabitants of the village of Đông-Chiem brought us provisions; and we had just begun to dig the ground and plant some vegetables, when one

morning we had an unexpected visit from six pagans, armed to the teeth, who came in the guise of tiger-hunters. We received them with great civility, and a few moments after, under pretense of going out into the adjoining forest to get some wood, we escaped rapidly down the mountain-side to a boat which we kept on the river always ready for emergencies. These 'hunters' were in reality spies sent by the mandarins. From that moment we resolved to live in our boat among the reeds, now in one place, now in another. A faithful and devoted young Christian came every day, on the pretext of going fishing, to bring us food. Our life as seabirds went on for some weeks, when we found that we were again discovered and watched. So we were compelled to separate, and to seek shelter in different houses. I returned to my old district and lived for three weeks in the house of a catechist, but amid continual alarms. I then took lodgings at Bût-Dông, in a convent, where I still remain. This village is half Christian, half pagan; and in case of alarm I have promised not to leave it, but to hide in a cavern which has been prepared for me. Fr. Saiget, who had been imprisoned for three months in a dark place, escaped through a hole in the roof, and has been able to come and join me. Just now we are enjoying a certain tranquillity. The nuns have given up their own room, which is large enough for us to walk six or seven steps, and two of our catechists are with us. So we study Chinese together to occupy time. But the spies of the mandarins surround us, and the poor nuns are in continual terror. There are sixteen of them and they take turns watching day and night. On the other hand, it is an immense consolation for them to have the Sacraments, and we strive to console and strengthen them to the utmost of our power.

"We are in daily expectation of peace. A

### A Prayer for the Conversion of China

© LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls.—Amen.

(300 days Indulgence)



French squadron arrived at Touranne on the 1st of September, and three thousand soldiers are camped on the shore. As soon as their arrival was known, there was great rejoicing among pagans as well as Christians, for the pagans hate the reigning dynasty and attribute all the misfortunes of late years to the bad conduct of the king, who thinks of nothing but pleasure, and neglecting his people, gives them up to the oppression and rapacity of mandarins. Many say, 'The cruelties against the Christians have brought down the vengeance of the gods on this dynasty. The Europeans come to deliver them, which is just and fair.' The appearance of a comet has strengthened the popular belief in the approaching dissolution of the Government. Such phenomena are always a sign of war to a superstitious people. A revolt has been organized, and waits only for the reported success of the French troops to lift its standard from one end of the country to the other. Strangely enough, although the French squadron has been for three months and a half in Cochin-China, we have heard nothing.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### In the Caves.

"I have just heard that six more of our Christians have won the martyr's palm. Four were priests. One of our young students—of a noble family—who had had the misfortune to apostatize under torture, overwhelmed with remorse, gave himself up again into the hands of the cruel mandarin of Nam Dinh, who, in his fury, had him crushed to death under elephants' feet. Bishop Jeantet says he was quite a little fellow, and in one of the youngest classes. He adds, 'Our older students were superhuman in faith and fortitude. One of them, covered with blood, said, smiling, to the torturers, 'Your pincers and scourges are nothing to us; try something else'."

"Fr. Legrand de la Lyraie, one of our missionaries in the eastern district, writes for Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, who commands the French squadron in the Chinese waters, imploring us to

seek refuge on board his French steamer until the necessary measures are taken by the French army to deliver the Annamite Christians from oppression. The admiral is excessively alarmed at the dangers with which we are threatened, and wishes to put our lives out of the reach of the persecutors. Unfortunately, his proposal is impossible to us poor missionaries of the western district; we are too far from the sea, and journeying in the country is too perilous to be attempted. I have answered Fr. Legrand's kind letter and enclose this one in his, although there is fear that they will not reach their destination. I pray the Holy Angels to guard and conduct in peace the two devoted women who will be the bearers of my epistles. Women are our letter-carriers everywhere and manage it much better and with greater facility than men. Adieu."

This letter was dated December 21, 1858, and reached its destination in March, 1859, God having watched over the faithful messengers, so that they reached the French squadron at Touranne in safety. In July, 1859, similar letters were despatched by our missionary but they were intercepted and never touched the soil of France. It was not till March, 1860, that Theophane again put pen to paper. But already his father had gone to announce in Heaven the coming of his son. His three children, grouped around the bed, had implored his benediction, and Mélanie, faithful to her promise, held before her father's dying eyes the portrait of his absent one. 'Dearest father, Theophane is also here; you must bless him with us.' The poor father gave a deep sigh, and murmured faintly, "Ah, that dear child! where is he?" ... Then, gathering all his strength, and raising himself in his bed, he exclaimed, "Dear children, receive this, the last blessing of your father, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." His uplifted hand fell heavily back on the bed. Then he looked upwards with a fixed expression for some minutes, and those around him felt that he must have  
(To be continued)



Every day these zealous missionaries of 1st and 3rd Grade Academy of Merry St. Johns Nfld. bring a contribution to our mission work.



## With Our Benefactors

### CLUB OF TEN PRIESTS OF ANTIGONISH DIOCESE MAINTAIN ONE OF OUR STUDENTS ANNUALLY.

Some years ago Rev. D. MacPherson and nine of his zealous colleagues offered to contribute \$250.00 each year to provide for the board and tuition of a student for our missions. His recent letter enclosed cheques from the following;

Rt. Rev. Bishop MacDonald.—\$25.00; Rev. Ronald MacDonald, —New Aberdeen, N.S., 25.00; Rev. Joseph MacDonald, Reserve, N.S., 25.00; Rev. J. J. MacNeil, Dominion, No. 4, N. S., 25.00; Rev. C. W. MacDonald, Bridgeport, N.S., 25.00; Rev. D. MacPherson, Port Hood, N.S., 25.00;

The death of our old friend Monsignor Chisholm and the departure of two others leaves three vacancies in the club. Perhaps some of our good friends in the priesthood from that diocese would like to join this club.

### A New Burse

MacPherson Burse opens with \$100.00

"For some time" writes Father MacPherson, "I have been dreaming of a MacPherson Burse for your mission work. A burse of 5000.00 invested at 5% would yield annually 250.00 and would thus provide for the upkeep of a student in perpetuity. The whole question is—CAN, or WILL the MacPHERSONS GET TOGETHER SUCH A SUM? I am starting the burse on its way with \$100.00 today—cheque enclosed. If each of the MacPhersons who reads about this burse would write to your seminary or to me we could furnish each with three copies of an appeal for this burse which they could send to three others of the name. Whether they can contribute an alms to this burse or not let them please not fail to make its existence known. Say a little prayer for the success of the burse. Donations to this burse may either be forwarded direct to China Mission Seminary Scarborough Bluffs, Ont. or to Rev. D. MacPherson, Port Hood." The dona-

tions will be published regularly in CHINA. Many, many thanks Father MacPherson. The prayers and masses of our priests and students will be offered for your very laudable work.

The following contributions were received during November and December;

Mr. Thos. Smyth, \$100.00; St. Mary's Cathedral, Calgary; per Rev. J. S. Smith, \$60.00; Rev. J. J. McMaster, \$42.00; Vinton School No. 4, P. Q. per Miss Mary Wrinn, \$40.00; Miss Elizabeth Neville, \$35.00; Corpus Christi School Toronto, \$30.00; St. Cecelia's School Toronto, \$26.25; Mrs. C. J. Papineau, \$25.00; Miss Mary A. Monaghan, \$25.00; Rt. Rev. W. C. Gehl, \$25.00; J. F. Copeland, \$25.00; C.C.S.M.C. Mt. St. Vincent Academy Halifax, \$25.00; J.W.P. \$25.00; J. M. Dooley, \$25.00; Rev. A. J. Dee, \$25.00; Rev. Fr. Kimpton, \$20.00; Rev. J. Dantzer, \$20.00; Catholic Women's league Napanee, \$18.00; Friend Toronto, \$16.00; Presentation Convent Renewse, \$16.00; Boys' School Hamilton per John Connolly \$17.00; Mrs. J. Morry, \$15.00; M. O'Brien, \$17.00; St. Vincent's School of Commerce Hamilton, \$15.00; St. Aloysius School Sudbury, \$15.00; St. Joseph's School Halifax, \$12.75; St. Michael's College High School Toronto, \$12.50; Friend St. Dunstan's Charlottetown, \$12.00; Grade IX St. Ann's Convent Glace Bay, \$12.00; Mrs. English, \$11.50; C.C.S.M.C. St. David's School Toronto, \$10.70; Wm. A. Fawcett, \$10.15;

### \$10.00 donations

M.A.M. Toronto; Little Flower Club St. Vincent School Toronto; Catholic Women's League Kensington P.E.I.; J. J. Carolan; George Iredale; U. J. Marantelle; Mrs. J. Sampson; Andrew Martin; Cathedral High School Hamilton; Sisters of Charity Halifax; "Elizabeth", Albert Janisse; Anna Margaret and J. M. Speechly; Jas. Driscoll; Mr. H. Marty; "In honor of St. Joseph"; Hilaire Theriault; Miss E. Ryan; J. J. Carolan;

### Between \$10.00 and \$5.00.

Montreal Friend, \$9.00; Miss K. Bird, \$7.00; J. Smith, \$7.00; Miss Spielmacher, \$7.00; St. Mary's Sunday School St. Catharines per Rev. F. Smyth, \$7.00; Mrs. T. F. Shea, \$6.00; Friend North Bay \$6.00; M. E. McGuire, \$6.00;

### \$5.00 donations.

J. M. Speechly; Miss C. M. Harris; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hogan; Primary and First Class Sacred Heart School Peterboro; Mrs. T. Hanck; J. T. Kerr; Angus Gillis; Mr. and Mrs. Alex MacDonald; C. A. Kelly; His Honor Judge Meagher; Friend Almonte; J. Drohan; Mrs. Sheehan; M. A. Lafferty; J. O'Brien; Mr. and Mrs. H. Wellington; Rev. J. M. Foley; The Misses Gormey; Miss C. McLoughlin; Miss E. Delaney; Mrs. N. J. MacNeill; D. Kedroski; "from Leonard's mite box"; Eddie Grant; Mrs. W. McIver; J. Hiemoski; Mrs. John Foley; Miss H. Delaney; Miss R. Vincent; James Carroll; W. F. Dobell; Mrs. M. Bennett; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hogan; Miss E. Berberich; Father Cadot S.J.; Mrs. D. A. McDonald; M.P.W. Toronto; Gerard Gough; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Mrs. P. W. Hourigan; Mary Fitzgerald; L. McGilley; Mrs. A. Lehman; Mr. and Mrs. Matthews; Chas. J. Gilooley; Patrick O'Connor; J. M. Speechly; Cyril J. Cassidy; Friend Nfld; Mrs. E. O'Gorman; Miss Lena Betz; Mrs. Julia Herbert; Mrs. M. McGarry; Friend per Mary W. Cassidy; Mrs. C. J. Morrissey; Marjory Felley; Mrs. Deveraux;

### Miscellaneous amounts.

Duncan Chisholm, \$3.00; Mrs. W. Rose, \$3.00; M. Damask, \$2.00; Kingman's School Fermeuse, \$3.50; Miss K. Bird, \$2.00; Francis Follett, \$2.25; Raymond Roach, \$1.25; A. C. Murray, \$4.00; Mrs. J. W. Delaney, \$2.00; Miss Agnes Ryan, \$2.00; Miss A. Barber, \$2.00; Mrs. J. O'Keefe, \$4.50; M. M. McKenna, \$2.00; C. W. Thompson, \$2.50; Miss M. E. Deane, \$1.50; J. F. Coughlin, \$3.00; Friend Barrie, \$2.00; Miss C. Tims, \$1.25; Miss M. P. Mulvihill, \$2.30; Miss L. N. Sullivan, \$1.50; Our Lady of Lourdes Convent Picton, \$2.00; Miss E. Brennan, \$2.00; Andrew Fitzpatrick, \$2.00; Miss N. Sullivan, \$2.50; Mrs. T. A. Taylor, \$2.00; Miss T. Flick, \$1.50; Miss N. Foley, \$2.00; Mrs. E. Pinel, \$3.00; M. B. McDonald, \$2.00; J. H. Burke, \$1.40; St. Peter's School Kinkora, \$3.18; St. Bernard's School Arnprior, \$1.35; Miss K. Sharron, \$2.00; Reta Blainey, \$2.00; Mrs. A. T. Taylor, \$3.15; Loretto Brady, \$1.35; F. McKinnon, \$2.00; Mrs. F. Laughlin, \$2.00; M. Brodhurst, \$4.50; Rev. A. J. McNabb, \$2.00; Miss T. Burns, \$3.00; Mite box Kinkora School P.E.I., \$1.49; Mrs. J. English, \$2.00; M. D. Nelan, \$3.00; Miss A. Dawzy, \$3.00; Marie B. Robichaud, \$2.00; Miss M. V. Power, \$1.50; Mrs. J. The Breen Children, \$3.00; Mrs. D. Guiney, \$2.00; Miss M. V. Power, \$1.50; Mrs. J. Barrett, \$2.00; M. Whalen, \$2.00; Miss E. Dore, \$2.00; W. A. Downs, \$2.50; Pupils St. Columban's Convent Cornwall, \$4.83; Mrs. M. J. Rossiter, \$2.00; Mrs. B. F. Groves, \$2.00; A. J. MacDonald, \$1.50; Mrs. L. Levonnais, \$2.00; Mrs. J. Lunney, \$2.00; Margaret Smart, \$4.00; Miss N. O' Meara, \$2.25; Sadie McDonald, \$1.50; Raymond Ryan, \$1.75; John and Mary Herrick, \$2.25; Mrs. John D. McIntyre, \$1.25; Jas. Devine, \$1.50; Michael Chaisson, \$1.25; M. B. McKeown, \$1.50; Lucia F. Bauer, \$3.00; Mary A. McDonald, \$2.00; E. Brown, \$3.00; K. Sharon, \$2.00; Nora Sinnott, \$2.00; Friend Toronto, \$1.25; Mr. and Mrs. J. Leahy, \$2.00; St. Francis Xavier School Carlsruhe, \$1.50; Miss W. Higgins, \$4.50; Mrs. Peter H. McGrath, \$3.00; J. F. Moynihan, \$2.00; Mrs. McKay, \$2.00; J. Betz, \$3.55; John Massurett, \$2.00; A. J. MacDonald, \$1.50; Miss A. Boylan, \$2.00; Mrs. Long, \$2.00; Mrs. J. Whitty, \$2.00; J. Cook, \$2.00; Friend Barrie, \$2.00; Mrs. J. Kingsley, \$2.50; M. L. Brodeur, \$2.00; Sep. School Garden River Ont. \$3.50; Mrs. L. Cousin, \$2.00; Mrs. E. F. Nelly, \$2.00; G. Purcell, \$2.00; L. Cassidy, \$2.00; Thos. Hynes, \$2.00;

### \$1.00 donations.

Miss Reta Blainey; "Jimmie"; M. P. Coderre; Miss C. Fairly; Mrs. C. Mattram; Mrs. A. J. Allen; Miss L. Ryan; Clarence McDonald; Gordon Grant; Miss L. Bauer; Mrs. P. S. McIntyre; Miss C. Brennan; J. E. Rayfield; Mrs. W. Leonard; Mrs. H. Pineau; Michael Ryan; Mrs. F. Pustari; D. J. Ryan; St. Patrick's Girls' High School Halifax; Mrs. Clifford Coffey; Ralph Gaudet; Mrs. P. Charbrunt; Miss Reta Blainey; Maurice O'Connor; Miss M. McGrath; Sr. St. Stanislaus C.N.D. Montreal; Katie Masterson; Jas. Kennedy; Jas. McLean; Marion Plante; Miss M. Burns; Katie Campbell; Mrs. J. H. Foy; Mrs. D. Smith; Mrs. W. Richardson; E. Carroll; "Molly Bawn"; Miss M. F. Kidd; Miss B. Lindsay; Leo Mallen; Miss G. Smith; Room 2 Lourdes School Toronto; John A. Nicholson; W. R. Cairns; Gerald Barry; Mrs. Ourbonous; Jas. Kennedy; Geo. Follett; Ed. Molloy; B. & C. Sutton; Stan Curtis; Michael Curtis; Wm. Waddleton; Vincent Walsh; Ben O'Brien & L. Butler; R. Curtis; Maria O'Neill; Kitty Myrie; Eta Curtis; Angela Deveraux; Reta Hewitt; Laura Hewitt; Mary Gill; Lor. Sutton & Nellie Moore; Monica Neill; Angela Curtis per Rev. A. Conway; Mrs. P. J. Madden; St. Charles School, Amherst N.S.; Miss Mary Columbus; Good Shepherd Monastery St. John N.B.; Arch J. MacKenzie; Mary Trask; Friend Kingston; J. J. Kealey; Miss M. Schurter; E. Sverich; Friend Niagara Falls; Mr. and Mrs. M. Manning; Friend Earncliffe P.E. I.; Denis Ryan; Miss Isobel O'Brien; Peter Kinlin; B. J. Hegarty;



# Our Crusade



# Bulletin Board

## Our Junior Crusaders

They are idols of hearts and of households;  
They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;  
His glory still gleams in their eyes.  
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,  
They have made me more manly and mild,  
And I know now how Jesus could liken  
The kingdom of God to a child. —Dickens.

\* \* \* \*

Vinton School No. 4 gets the extra memento this month. The proceeds of their Christmas concert places them at the "top of the class" for school donations.

\* \* \* \*

St. Cecelia's Crusade Unit Toronto is again to the fore with a very generous donation to our mission work. Many thanks old pals for your continued generosity.

\* \* \* \*

Teacher to senior student—Define matrimony.  
Student—You go to adore, you ring a belle, you give your name to a maid—and then you're taken in."

\* \* \* \*

Hats off again to Mt. St. Vincent's Academy, Halifax. Their very handsome Christmas present to our priests "over there" was followed by an equally generous present to our seminary.

\* \* \* \*

## LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE TORONTO

During the month of December the C. C. S. M. C. unit of Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Ave., Toronto, under the leadership of Form 3A worked for the Chinese Missions.

The efforts of the month culminated in a Christmas play "The Echoes from Bethlehem".

The beautiful setting, the pleasing music and the well-portrayed characters, delighted the audience and carried them back in spirit to a similar scene so many hundreds of years ago.

The proceeds of the play together with the monthly Mite-box collection is being sent to the China Mission Seminary with our best wishes for their continued success.

"To have happiness you must share it. Happiness was born a twin." —Byron.

\* \* \* \*

"You have to hand it to Newfoundland for the real mission spirit" remarked our eastern philosopher as he pointed to the donations from Presentation Convent Renewse and from Kingman's School Fermeuse. "Yes" remarked our Hamilton representative "it looks as if they were trying to compete with the best city in Canada—look at these—Boys of St. Mary's School, St. Vincent's Commerce, and Cathedral High School." "Best city nothing"—shouted one of our Toronto representatives "don't you remember the sign we noticed when motoring to that town last summer—"This dump closed for good" You have to prove that it referred to garbage. Turn your lamps on these—St. Cecelia's, St. David's, Room 2 Our Lady of Lourdes, and The Little Flower Club, St. Vincent's School. "Gentlemen, what is all this talk about?" interjected our music professor. "Weren't you told in the spiritual lecture yesterday to place first things first? Look at this list—Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, St. Joseph's School, Halifax, Grade IX St. Ann's Convent Glace Bay, Our Lady of Lourdes Convent, Pictou, Kinkora School, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, St. Peter's School, Kinkora, St. Bernard's School, Arnprior, St. Columban's Convent, Cornwall, St. Francis Xavier School, Carlsruhe, Separate School, Garden River, Primary and First Class, Peterboro, and St. Mary's Sunday School, St. Catherines—what do you say to that?" "It's fine came a chorus of voices but—Kinkora School happens to be in P.E.I., and the rest of the schools from St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, down to the end are all in Ontario.—"too bad Geography was not on the curriculum when you went to school." Well replied the musician if they are not in Nova Scotia they deserve to be there for they have done very fine work"

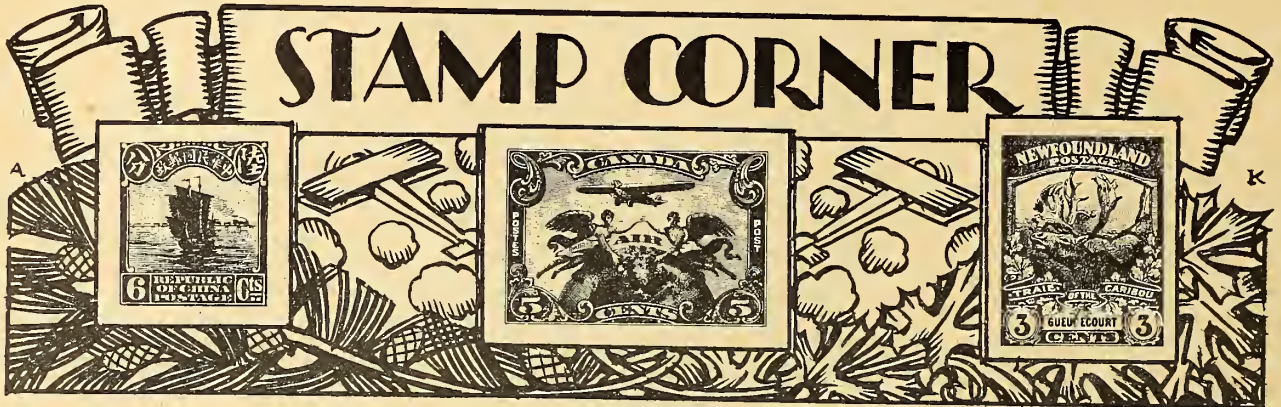
Ed. note. Them's our sentiments too—regarding the splendid work.

\* \* \* \*

Mother—Willie, why did you get zero in your spelling test?

Willie—Words fail me mother.





Well, youthful stamp collectors here we are! The requests received from our junior readers through "Father Jim's Mail Bag" started us thinking about a stamp column and we have decided to afford our stamp expert (Oh, yes, we have one) an opportunity of indulging once more in his one-time favorite hobby. He has become enthusiastic and reminiscent already; tells us all kinds of stories about some blue Maritius stamp worth \$40,000.00, and about the days when he used to give his dessert for three days in a row to his "holdout" young brother in order to get possession of a coveted Nyassa Giraffe or Guatemala Parrot. He says there's lots of fun in stamp collecting and that he has over five thousand different kinds himself and that that's only a very small collection. Well, after this brief introduction the column will be his and yours. So, friends, meet our expert and talk the thing over.

### The "expert" broadcasting.

Hello, fellow stamp lovers. I thought I was through with the stamp game, much as I like it and you bet I welcome this opportunity of delving once more into stamp lore and answering your questions and giving you as much stamp news as we can fit in from month to month. The editor thinks he's funny talking about stamps and desserts and all the rest of it but I betcha there were times when you'd give a whole lot more to own some nice mint triangle or some one stamp to complete your set. However, I won't get sore because he's the only one who ever called me an expert. Well now, young friends, what will you have? This stamp corner is yours and we want your sugges-

tions as to what to make it. We can do many things. We can:

- 1 Form a regular stamp club, with members and certificates etc.
- 2 Start a stamp exchange or rather a medium of exchange through which you can get in touch with any other collectors and offer what stamps you have to exchange.
- 3 Confine ourselves simply to giving you stamp news and answering you questions, or
- 4 Carry in stock stamps from all parts of the world and sell them to members of our club at half the rate you will have to pay for them on approval sheets from regular dealers.
- 5 Carry albums and accessories such as stamp mounts, packets etc which we can also sell at almost half the regular rate if we go into the thing on a sufficiently large scale.



This wise old bird says, "Stamp collecting is the berries."

There may be many other things we can do. What we want now is your suggestion. Write today if you are interested in stamp collecting. Take it from me there is no hobby more fascinating or educational. If I ever did learn any geography at school half of it was from my stamp album. Let us know what you want in this column.

Address your letters:  
Stamp Corner, CHINA,  
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Father Jim's Note—Say buddies—even the editor is reading our letters now.





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



## MYSTIC TREASURES

By Betty Chin

**E**D. Note: This is the second instalment. You'll remember that jolly Uncle Ted had just opened the library door when the first instalment closed.)

"Well be gory if I heven't ben a' huntin' the place high and low for ye, until I thought ye must a bin playin' side-and-seek wi' me! So here ye be, as unconcerned as could be. Well, I nevar. And what be ye reading, me young 'uns?"

"Oh, Uncle," cried Betty, running and jumping on his knee, as he had by this time sat down, "I was reading the grandest story of a little orphan girl who lives with a hateful old woman who is very rich and wicked. One day when they are going to visit another lady, who lives near Colorado, for two months, Joan, for that is the girl's name, makes friends with a young lady about twenty, and I think she is going to run away with her."

"It must be exciting there, me wee chick," answered Uncle. "Now Eric, me boy, what is it you are reading?"

"Well," said Eric, seating himself on the arm of his uncle's chair, "it is chiefly about two young men who are flying an airoplane over South America near the Amazon River. They have many exciting adventures and are often forced to land on account of engine trouble. They have just been forced to land in a very wild place, and find they have no petrol. It is so interesting I could read day and night," continued Eric.

"Talkin' about readin' at night," returned Uncle Ted, "how would it be if ye both go to bed a wee bit earlier than usual and read for a coupla hours, eh?"

"Oh, that would be grand," chorused both children. "Let's!" cried Betty. "Alright," said Uncle Ted. "Off with ye for your sup-

pers then!" And off they ran each kissing him first as a token of affection.

"A jolly pair of youngsters, to be sure," mused their uncle, "and clever too. Just think the two of 'em in second grade of High School at thirteen, with their little heads full of everything from English to Greek."

Watch for the next instalment of Betty's story, Buddies. Something should happen very soon!

## THE STORY CONTEST

**T**HE little Christmas contest was a huge success. Everyone wrote such charming descriptions, and really, there were so many excellent entries that I'd like to publish all of them, if space permitted.

However, I believe you'll all agree with me that Frances Kurtinis, (Rose), sent in an extraordinarily interesting description, which appears on the "Mail Bag" page. Congratulations, Rose. You are a real credit to the Garden, and so are all my other Buds—yes, every one of you! Rose called her story, Christmas and How I Spent It. Don't you all think it's really excellent? And now, how would you like to

## TRY OUR KEY LINE

Since some of our little Buds have evidenced a desire to draw, I think perhaps you might all be interested in the Key Line Drawing. Follow

the method carefully, and send me your drawing, with name, age and address clearly written on the top, right-hand corner of the page. Get them in to me not later than February 7th, and the names of the three best artists will be published on our page next month.

## THE FELLOW THAT MOTHER THINKS I AM

**W**HILE walking down a crowded street the other day I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say: "Say, Jimmie, lemme tell yous, I'd be happy as a clam If I only was de feller dat me mudder thinks I am."

"She tinks I am a wonder, and she knows her little lad Could never mix with nothin' dat wuz ugly, mean or bad. Oh! lots o' times I sit an' tink how nice 'twould be, gee-whiz! If a feller was de feller dat his mudder tinks he is."

My friend, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy, You still can learn a lesson from this small, unlettered boy. Don't aim to be a window saint, with eyes fixed on a star; Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

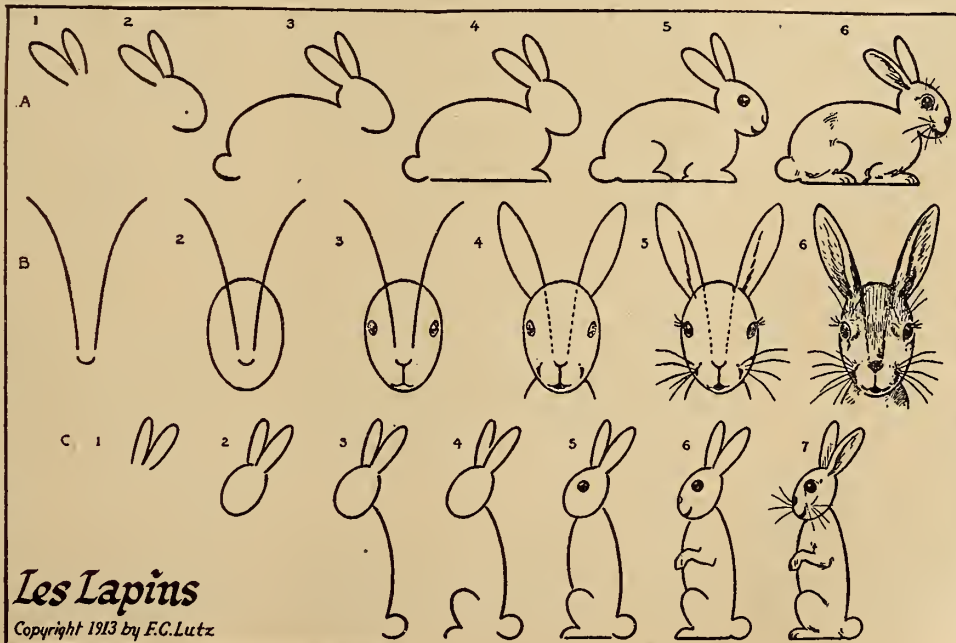
## SOME UNUSUAL FORFEITS

Tie your feet together and try to walk around the room.

Select some player in the room, put your hand over your heart and repeat each letter of the alphabet, to him or her.

Walk backwards around the room and bow backwards to the three "wisest persons."

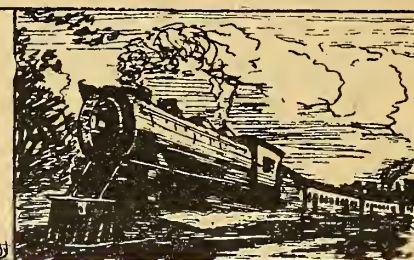
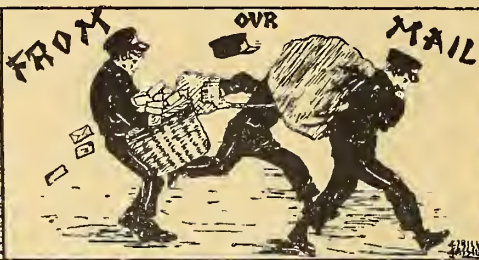
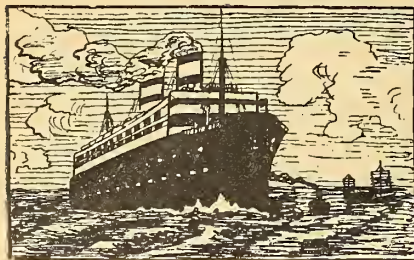
Go about the room and smile at each of seven persons.



**Les Lapins**

Copyright 1913 by F.C. Lutz





Ottawa, Ont.

DEAR Father Jim:

I am an ardent reader of "China" and I look for the Little Flower page every month. I have never written to you before and this isn't going to be the last time either.

I am fond of music, reading and sport, such as skating, sliding and baseball. So is my sister. She is two years older than I but she doesn't weigh much more.

I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I have great devotion to the Little Flower too. I would like to become a Gardener. My ambition is to become a nun and maybe a missionary. In case we are allowed to send stories you will find enclosed a short original one entitled "Excuses and Result".

Well good-bye for now and hoping the new-born King will raise His Little Hand to bless you, the buddies and missionaries, I will close with best wishes for the New Year.

Frances O'Malley,  
alias "Snooks".

Welcome to our Garden, Snooks, and thanks a lot for your nice wishes and dandy story. I only wish I had enough space to publish it this month, but will do my best to squeeze it in later on. It is fine. Let's hear from you again—it's a real pleasure!

Father Jim.

### SOME BLARNEY FOR "GARDENER"

HERE is a complimentary paragraph which I took from Mary Kenney's letter. I'm very sorry I haven't enough space to publish the whole letter, Mary, but write me again—I like it. I hope "Gardener" won't have to buy a new hat after he reads this:

"Gardener put his letter in a very nice way. The thought of being a gardener and helping to keep such a lovely garden in order makes one feel more intimate still with Saint Theresa, doesn't it?"

And now I know you're all just dying to read Rose's Christmas story, so I won't keep you waiting any longer in case you'd all come down and mob me!

### CHRISTMAS AND HOW I SPENT IT

By Rose

CHRISTMAS is a wonderful time and also a wonderful day to think about. The most beautiful thought of Christmas is, our Lord in the manger at Bethlehem, this tiny Babe who came on earth to bring peace and to teach people; He was a great King who came to scatter His

blessings. Then there is the Christmas Spirit,—the spirit of rejoicing and merriment. We should all have this feeling at Christmas time. And last of all there is the children's Santa Claus, a wonderful myth that has travelled safely down through the ages. Put all these things together for this oen day and a joyful Christmas day will be obtained.

And now, how I spent my Christmas day. Well, I had been preparing for it some while before the great day itself, as had everybody else, and our house was full of secrets and whisperings. On Christmas Eve we all went to Midnight Mass. By all, I mean our family and my two uncles and their

### CORRESPONDENCE BOX

DOLORES E. KNECHTEL, Box 560, Hanover, Ontario, has asked for "Rose's" real name and address. Rose's name is Francis Kurtinis, and she lives at 131 Dovrecourt Rd., Toronto. I'm sure she'll be delighted to hear from you Dolores.

Pauline Schnurr, of Walkerton, Ont., age 13, would like to hear from Rose and Willow.

families, and I—you see it was a family reunion. I felt as I left the church after Mass and Communion as if I were full to overflowing with joy, and wondered if the crib and Mass and singing made everyone feel as peaceful and joyful as it did me. After arriving home, some of us decorated our Christmas tree, laid out some of the gifts, hung up our stockings on the fireplace, and leaving Santa to do the rest, tumbled into bed fater a sleepy good-night.

Christmas morn dawned cold and clear with not a speck of snow, but the sun was shining for all its worth. I woke up as it peeked in my window and seeing the holly wreath fastened there, I quickly remembered it was Christmas morning. With a little joyful morning prayer, I leaped from bed and flew down stairs crying, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" Soon the whole household was around the Christmas tree sorting out their gifts. My little sister was squealing with joy over a blue teddy bear, my brother was admiring his rifle, my Mother and Father and everybody else were commenting on their gifts. It was a merry bedlum; everyone was exclaiming and laughing together, and Santa was so kind to us all. He left almost a hundred gifts around our

tree. All my gifts were nice and I was so pleased to receive so many. Later on in the day the rest of our relations and a few friends came to our house. That saying "the more the merrier" is certainly true, because we had a most delicious Christmas dinner and a most merry celebration afterwards.

As I retired Christmas night I thought over all the joys of the last few hours and thanked God for all He had given me.

Margaret McPhail (just 8 years old) of Harrison Corners, Ont.; Marion Schooley, of Peterboro; Honora Kennedy, of Toronto; Alicia McDonald, Hilda Carrier, Janet and Camilla Cavanagh, of Harrison, Ont., all sent in very creditable little stories which I would have liked to publish, but lack the space. All the other entries received were very good, too, and I want to congratulate each one.

Toronto, Ont.

DEAR Father Jim:

Here is a new member for page. Three or four months ago my mother began subscribing for "China" and I was at once attracted by the "Little Flower's Rose Garden," but hesitated to write because I thought I was too old. However, when I saw that "Gardener" was eighteen, it gave me courage.

I am eighteen, but still going to high school, for I want to be a teacher. We have an active Crusade unit, and just before Christmas were offering our prayers for the conversion of Chinese children. Perhaps I will send in a story some time, if I may.

My little brother, nine years old, wants to be a priest, and I am pretty sure God will give him the grace. We like "China" very much and think the Christmas issue was beautiful indeed.

Wishing you, Father Jim, and the Chinese missions, a successful and prosperous New Year,

Yours respectfully,  
"Columbus"

I WAS very pleasantly surprised to hear from Dolores Knechtel again. You'll find Rose's name and address in the correspondence box, Dolores. If any other Buddies would like "pen pals," just let me know. That's what our Correspondence Box is for.

It is nice to find you so interested in music, de E. Seke. I, too, am very fond of Gounod's "Ave Maria", though I also appreciate Schubert's. As a matter of fact, Schubert is a special favourite of mine! Write me again—another long, newsy letter, Seke.

Father Jim.





*Why I Cry*  
 2-day I took my &   
 To play upon the &  
 The was shining very bright  
 The were simply grand.  
 I took my and off  
 And ted in 2   
 A big came & knocked me down  
 & carried off my   
 — That's why I



I SIMPLY can't overlook all the fine letters the boys sent in this month, describing their Christmas. All the letters were excellent, and it is certainly very pleasing to see a few more boys in our Garden. I think the boys will have to be the strong little shrubs without which no garden is complete—how about it boys? We'll let the girls be the flowers. Here are one or two of the boys' stories.

Harrison, Ont.

Dear Father Jim,

I have read in your corner that you were opening a contest for your little "Mail Bag Cousins."

The day before Christmas I got up very early to help get things ready for Christmas. Before I could go after the tree, I had to fill the wood-box and help water the cows. I hurried up with those little chores and hustled away to get the tree. After looking through the bush for some time, I found a fine bushy tree which was so nice that I took it home. I then put the tree up in one corner of the parlour, and ran upstairs and got the decorations and helped put them on the tree. That night as there was no sleighing, we took the buggy and went to Midnight Mass. As I went into the Church I could not but notice the Altar with its red lights burning brightly.

After Midnight Mass we went home and I hurried into the parlour and looked on the tree but Santa had not been there yet. I went to bed, but I just slept until about five o'clock, then ran downstairs, where I saw my presents. Under the tree lay a pair of long trousers and a sweater, which I was wishing for. On a little stand near the tree lay a hockey puck and a pencil box. I ate so many candies and oranges before dinner that I did not feel like eating any dinner. After dinner I enjoyed playing games. I did not get up so early the next morning, as I was very tired. During the forenoon I helped water the cows. After dinner I put on my skates, took my new puck and went to play hockey. I came home about five o'clock. After I took off my skates I took in the wood and water, which I usually have to do. After supper I read a book. Soon bedtime came and I hurried off to bed.

I shall close for this time and leave room for others.

Aloysius Clancy.  
 Age 10

Here's another ambitious bit of shrubbery!

Harrison, Ont.

Dear Father Jim,

The morning before Christmas I got up very early and got my chores done and in the afternoon I went back to the bush with the axe and my sleigh and got a Christmas tree. I took it out and was the rest of the day getting it in place and decorated.

Christmas Eve I went to Midnight Mass at St. Andrews. It was about two o'clock when we got home. The next morning I got up very early and went down stairs to see what I got. I put my hand in the stocking and pulled out a pair of brown golf socks, a box of handkerchiefs and some candies and nuts, and from my aunts and uncles, I got a scarf, a pair of stockings, a dollar and a quarter and a pair of gloves. When dinner came I did not feel like eating, as I had been eating candies all morning. In the afternoon I played games and when supper came I did not feel like eating either. That night I went to bed very early. The next day I played out doors and skated. Well, I think this is all.

One of your Corner Cousins,

Douglas Wood.  
 Age 12.

There were many more letters from Harrison, sent in by both boys and girls, and they were all delightful. I only wish I had enough space for all of them. Harrison certainly turned out in force and introduced us to a number of very talented young writers. Let me hear from all of you again.

Father Jim.

Thanks for your letter, Helen Caruthers, and it is really very nice of you to save stamps for us. We're very glad to welcome you to our Garden, and I'm sure Rose and Rita will be pleased to know that you thoroughly enjoyed their stories. Write me again, Bud.

Father Jim.

And such a grand, long letter, Pauline Schnurr! "Petal" is a very pretty name, and you're a real credit to our Garden. I'm glad to hear that

you're so fond of sports; they're good for you, and I'm sure Rose will find you an interesting pen pal. You have a lot in common.

So you'd like to elect a Secretary and Vice-President, and keep me President? Now that is nice of you, Petal, but who would you suggest for the other two offices?

Just off hand I'm afraid I can't tell you the name of a little Chinese boy or girl who writes English, but if I can locate one, I'll let you know, Petal. In the meantime, write me again. Now don't forget!

Father Jim.

"Willow" has sent us another wee story that simply won't "keep". And by the way, why don't some more of our Buds try their hands at poetry? Come now, Buddies, see what you can do. Don't be faint hearted!

Another new member! Buddies, our Garden is indeed fortunate. Age is no bar whatever, Columbus; I do hope you'll write me again, and send me your story. I'll do my very best to make space for it if you don't make it too long, Columbus.

Father Jim.

I'm afraid you'll have to take a memory test, Eugene Poirier, if I'm to hear from you often! And why haven't you chosen a penname yet? Think hard, now, and choose a real one, and then tell me why you picked it.

Father Jim.

Thanks for your Christmas card, Joe Poirier. It is very pretty, and it makes me happy to know you remembered me.

Father Jim.

### STOP THE PRESS

Father Jim just threw in a monkey-wrench. The judges would not let him put in a group of essays from Mount Forest because they came four days late, but he dug up some new judges and is giving a prize for the best essay received since the contest closed.





# Gloom Chasers

## Hard Workers

"Does you man work, Mrs. Waggs?"

"Oh' yes; he peddles balloons whenever there's a parade in town. What does your husband do?"

"He sells smoked glasses during eclipses of the sun."

## Guilty

Judge: "Did you or did you not strike this woman?"

Landlord: "Your honour, I only remarked that the wall paper in her apartment bore fingerprints."

Judge: "Two years for knocking her flat! Next case."

—Belle Hop.

The Boss.—Robert, I hope you try to save half of what you earn.

Office Boy.—I don't get that much, sir.—Boston Globe.

Barber.—Haven't I shaved you before, sir?

Customer.—No, I got these scars in France.—Judge.

## W-w-w-wh-what?

"H-h-h-hurry, S-S-S-Sam, h-hit that r-r-rivet."

"H-h-how h-h-hard sh-sh-shall I h-h-hit it?"

"N-n-n-ever m-m-mind. W-w-we'll h-h-have to h-h-heat it ag-g-gain."

—Williams Purple Cow.

"Gee, I'n not myself to-day."

"Well, you got the best of the bargain."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

"Did you give your penny to the Sunday school, Robert?" asked the fond mother.

"No, ma, I lost it."

"What! Lost another one? That makes three Sundays straight that you've lost your penny."

"Yes, but if I keep it up I'll win 'em back. That kid's luck can't last forever."

Sambo—"Whaffo' you looking so unnecessary, Mose?"

Mose—"Ah feels like a dumb owl, Sambo."

Sambo—"Reveal yo' meanin', man."

Mose—"Ah jes' don't give a hoot."

When the colored couple were being married by the clergyman and the words "love, honor, and obey" were spoken, the bridegroom interrupted:

"Read that again, suh. Read it once moh, so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity ob de meanin'. I'se been married befoh."

## Tact

Wife: "What shall I put in Anna's estimonial—I can't say she stole."

Husband: "Say she carried all before her."

## Why Worry

"I don't see where we can put up this lecturer for the night."

"Don't worry. He always brings his own bunk."

Harold.—Ouch! I bumper my crazy bone!

Alkali Al.—Oh, well, comb your hair right and the bump won't show.

Nervous Curate (giving out notices).—"The Vicar will continue his pleasant series of Friday evening addresses, and the subject next Friday will be 'Hell.' The Vicar hopes to see you all there. The collection will be for the new heating apparatus."

## My Sympathy Sir!

"I'm a man of few words."

"I'm married also."

Conjuror.—"Now, if any lady or gentleman will give me an egg, I will perform a really marvelous trick."

Voice from Gallery.—"Don't be silly! Ain't you got proof there ain't a darned egg in the place?"

## Not Guilty

Judge: "So you broke in the store just to get a ten-cent cigar? Then what were you doing at the safe?"

Prisoner: "Your honour, I was putting in a dime." —Life.

"Fifteen cents," said Ike to the village druggist, "for a box of sulphur? Why, man, I can get it for 10 cents in town."

"Yes," said the druggist. "And you can go to another place where you can get as much sulphur as you want for nothing."

## There's a Kick in This

On mules we find  
Two legs behind  
And two we find before;  
We stand behind  
Before we find  
What the two behind be for.

The young married couple were having a disagreement while awaiting lunch at a modest Soho eating-house. The woman was grumbling because they were unable to afford the luxurious restaurants which had been a feature of their honeymoon.

"You can't have a brass band everywhere you go," said the man crossly.

"Oh, yes, I can," snapped his wife. "I've got it with me now—on my finger."—Pearsons Weekly.

Jacobs—"How's your boy getting along?"

Appel—"Oh, the little rascal gets to look like me more and more every day."

Jacobs—"I wouldn't go telling it around if I were you. Give him a chance to make his way in the world."

The concert seemed to be boring to the young man in the second row. The first two items had started him gaping. Now a young lady singer was positively getting on his nerves.

"Did you ever hear such an unearthly row in all your life?" he said to the middle-aged gentleman who sat next to him.

"Excuse me, sir, that is my daughter who—"

"As these people are making at the back," went on the diplomat; "I can scarcely hear a word of that beautiful song."



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## The Typewriter in the Home

It is quite generally recognized today that wherever there is writing to be done there is need for a typewriter.

The typewriter is no longer merely an office necessity. It has found its way in increasingly large numbers into the home.

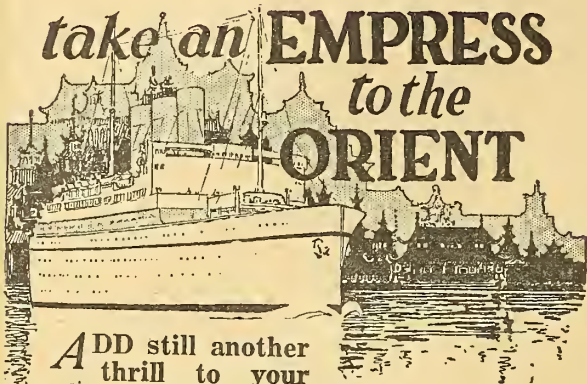
And for this purpose there have been designed by manufacturers typewriters which are small, compact, light, but nevertheless thoroughly efficient, and equal to all personal writing needs.

Another attractive feature about these smaller writing machines is the moderate cost. The Underwood—the world's favorite typewriter—has produced two small models. Of these the one which make the strongest appeal is called the Personal Underwood. It is ideal for use in the home, for travelling, for personal writing anywhere. It weighs only 10 lbs.—a little more in its neat attractive case.

It can be purchased on exceedingly convenient terms, payments being distributed over almost a year. Descriptive circulars may be had upon application to the United Typewriter Co. Ltd., at 135 Victoria St., Toronto. The Company has branch offices in twenty-two other Canadian cities.



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# CHINA

March

1929





## HENDRY'S SERIES OF SCHOOL RHYMES

NO. 7

### MARCH

**M**ARCH comes to usher in the  
spring  
And ever blustering winds  
doth bring.  
While as St. Patrick's day is seen  
Dame Nature always shows her  
green.  
This is the month St. Joseph claims  
So let us call upon his name  
Patron of China—let us pray  
To him for pagans far away.

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## A Secret

**A** BEAUTIFUL shramrock of Erin's Isle  
Once lifted its face to the sunshine's smile,  
When lo and behold! from its depths of green  
Stepped a tiny elf decked in shamrock'sheen.  
From his perky cap to his dancing feet;  
He was glowing and happy, and such a treat!

Then in search of a playmate he glanced around,  
And the first one his sparkling blue eyes found  
Was a sad wee maid in a homespun gown,  
Who breathed a sigh and her head hung down,  
Didn't want to play, had no fun at all;  
But the elf was wise, though so very small.

Said he, "You shouldn't be tired or sad,  
Sure a child like you should be always glad;  
You're underfed. Just you come with me  
To the very heart of the shamrock tree."  
And down in the stem where its stores its food,  
There were quarts of milk—and it tasted good!

Then every day for the longest time,  
The elf brought some milk to that lass of mine,  
And she got so healthy, had no more "glums,"  
And now they're the very best of chums.  
But there's a secret—that elfin man  
Stole the milk from a City Dairy can!

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TORONTO

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use of them to help our work for the  
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We can use those ordinary everyday  
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preparing them for sale.

BEGIN SAVING FOR US NOW.

If you have any send them along. We  
shall be deeply grateful for the assist-  
ance you will thus render us in our work  
for China.





Vol. X.

No. 3.

CHINA,—published in the interests of the Chinese Missions by St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallon, London; Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Brien, Peterboro; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

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## ST. JOSEPH PATRON OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH, PRAY FOR US.

We do not belong to this world. We have a higher destiny. Our Holy Mother the Church strives unceasingly to keep us in mind of this important fact. She never yields to the passing spirit of the times which would wish to teach us that this earth is the "be-all and the end-all of our existence". She holds out to us the real object of our lives—the gaining of Heaven,—and she has chosen a wise method of reminding us of it. Each month she proposes to our devotion some particular subject to encourage us along the way. This month of March is St. Joseph's Month. The occurrence of his Feast-day on the 19th should remind Catholics of the debt they owe to the Guardian of Mary, and his titles of Patron of the Universal Church, Patron of Canada, and Patron of China should commend him in an especial manner to the readers and friends of "China".

St. Joseph's life teaches us that God's ways are not man's ways. If the selection had been left to man, the greatest angel in Heaven would have been chosen as the foster-father of Our Lord; but God made the selection, and a humble workman is given the greatest responsibility ever committed

to human kind. Joseph was not possessed of worldly power, nor was he renowned for intellectual attainments, yet he can teach the world a lesson, if the world will but learn from him. To Joseph was committed the care over the physical body of the Incarnate God; his was the wonderful prerogative of guarding the Child-God from harm, and how suitable then is it that St. Joseph is now honored as the Protector of God's Mystical Body. Surely his anxiety for the strengthening and preservation of the Mystical Body of Christ is not less than was his care for His physical body, and as Catholics we should pray to Joseph for the spread of God's Church, and earnestly beg his help

for those men and women who are devoting their lives to attain this object.

Perhaps never before has the world had such need of learning the lesson St. Joseph teaches it. In an age of Industrial unrest, and when the sanctity of the Christian home is so widely disregarded, the Church holds up before our gaze the Model Workman and Husband and bids us imitate him. The world has need of St. Joseph. St. Joseph is ready and anxious to help the world. "Ite ad Joseph—Go to Joseph."

### St. Joseph.

**H**OLY patron! thee saluting,  
Here we meet with heart sincere;  
Blest Saint Joseph, all uniting,  
Call on thee to hear our pray'r.

Happy Saint, in bliss adoring,  
Jesus, Saviour of mankind;  
Hear thy children thee imploring,  
May we thy protection find.

Through this life, O watch around us  
Fill with love our every breath,  
And when parting fears surround us,  
Guide us through the toils of death.





Some of Father Serra's parishioners at Lungchuan.

News from Dr. McRae

Chuchow

Dear Father McGrath:

Your letter of Nov. 11th was awaiting me when I returned to Chuchow from Lungchuan on Christmas eve. You may take it from me I was delighted to get it.

The news from the seminary was certainly refreshing. Tell the boys I am overjoyed with their spiritual progress - all that remains now is ordination. Tell them also to take advantage of all the skating and hockey they can get now for there is no skating in the Chuchow district. It will keep them in condition for the great work which awaits them over here. I have had two very nice visits with our bishop here—Bishop Defebre and I assure you he is a big man, with a big heart. He is certainly a real friend and father to the missionaries.

I had a very nice visit with Fr. Wm. Fraser and had the privilege of blessing the new church at Sungyang. Mrs. Small has every reason to feel proud of her work for China. It will be the means of bringing into the true faith thousands of souls in the Sungyang district.

My visit with Fathers Serra and Kam was also very enjoyable—another installment of seminary times. Both are enjoying good health and are do-

ing excellent work. The new church is very fine indeed.

Give my best regards to all.

Sincerely yours

John E. McRae.

#### Authorities of Paoshan Move to Oust Paganism

Drastic measures have been adopted by the Paoshan district authorities to suppress superstition and to lead the people along the lines of truth. The result is that the temples are minus their idols and the people are bewailing fate because several score of their gods have been reduced to ashes.

It appears that on, December 21 last, the district authorities despatched a party of 80 police

to the Eastern Peak Temple and destroyed the gods and all other semblances of superstitious beliefs. These men were accompanied by representatives of the district Kuomintang, the educational committee, the finance committee, the reconstruction committee and the normal school. Systematically, they carried out their work and nothing escaped their notice.

#### Hundreds Deities in Bonfire

The gods were dragged about the streets, then placed in a heap. A fire was made and 100 of the deities went up in flames.

On the following day, other temples were visited. Not a single house of worship in Paoshan or in the countryside escaped notice. The gods were taken out and smashed up, after which they were burnt.

#### Jubilee Congratulations (Our Frontispiece)

To His Holiness Pope Pius XI—the pope of the missions—we tender our warmest congratulations on the attainment of his fiftieth anniversary in the priesthood.



The Chuchow Derby—Father Venini is the "ready-go!"



## News From China

Chuchow.

Greetings and best wishes from the land of rice and chop sticks.

Well here are a few reminiscences from our trip. On Nov. 15th we arrived in Yokahama. We passed the Quarantine Officials and the Japanese immigration officials and then did justice to a ham and egg breakfast. Father Gagnon S. J. hired a car for 25 yen (12.25) to take us to Tokio. In a downpour of rain we set out along a highway studded with innumerable towns. The road was crowded with market gardeners bringing their produce to the towns. The quaint looking costumes of the natives and the antique straw-covered trucks drawn by horses, oxen and cows made an interesting sight.

We reached Yokahama in good time. It is or will be a very fine city. The earthquake of 1923 ruined the city and it is now in the process of being rebuilt. Bicycles are numerous here and cars travel on the left hand side of the street. Umbrellas or rain shields are very numerous.

The Japanese women are arrayed in silk robes of variegated colors. The mothers who have to go shopping carry their infants on their backs. The children seem to enjoy it and look quite contented as they look over the mother's shoulder while she makes her purchases. At important street crossings two policemen direct traffic with "stop and go" signs. When our chauffeur asked directions from an officer he took off his hat—respect for authority. The streets which are paved are fine—but the others, well—. Cleanliness is the distinctive mark of Yokahama—the people wear wooden shoes to ward off any dirt from the streets and passenger carrying vehicles are washed every night.

At 11.45 we arrived in Tokyo and had dinner at the Jesuit University. They are very fine men and gave us a royal reception. In the afternoon we drove around the imperial palace but because of the deluge of rain we did not enter the special shrine. On our tour we passed many processions in honor of the new emperor. At 4.30 we began our return trip to the steamer.

Next morning we arrived in Kobe. Father Amyot and I went ashore to see the big town. We made our way down town and found the place in great excitement and jubilation over the newly crowned emperor. We enjoyed the affair immensely—and I think the natives did likewise.

On Saturday morning we left Kobe. That even-

ing the scenery was beautiful. We were passing many towns and villages illuminated with myriad lights. On Sunday we were out in the ocean again and the scenery was all the same until we reached Shanghai Monday at 10.30 a.m. Dr. McRae has described our visit at Shanghai so I will

ramble on to other features.

You will find the trip very interesting to Ningpo. Many sights on the street will attract your attention and cause wonderment but you will have to keep in mind that this is China. Sanitation has not reached the standard of America but there is this consolation that there are some places in China worse than this. Ningpo, for example, has many artificial canals which are filled with stagnant and somewhat odoriferous water. In Shanghai, the Chinese quarter is densely populated, the streets are very narrow and that inveterate Chinese habit of spitting makes you enjoy your walk—I don't think. Only the wealthy Chinese carry a handkerchief—the others use the sleeve.

The money system here is certainly a Chinese puzzle—

big money, little money and dong pon. A Chinese dollar is worth about 47 cents of our currency. Many things can be bought much cheaper here in Canada. Cigarettes, tobacco and other sundries can be had almost for a song.

The boat trip from Ningpo to Wenchow was fine save for being rather cramped for space. At Ningpo there was a little squabble at the dock—two boats jockeying for position at the dock and I believe the sailors swear sometimes. While at Ningpo there was a partial eclipse of the moon and thousands of fire-crackers were set off to scare the heavenly dog away from devouring the moon.

A steam tug towed us the first thirty miles up the river from Wenchow—the rest of the trip (90 miles) was rowing, poling, pushing, and dragging. There are fifty rapids between Wenchow and Chuchow—some of them are a hundred yards in length.

I felt fine during the whole trip until just as we were within sight of Chuchow the diet decided to disagree with me and I did the 'vulgar boatman'. Once we got to headquarters and had a cup of tea I was O.K.

The day following our arrival we fixed up a Tennis court and at the inauguration we had a record attendance. Our western games are as great a curiosity as we ourselves are to the natives.

(To be continued.)

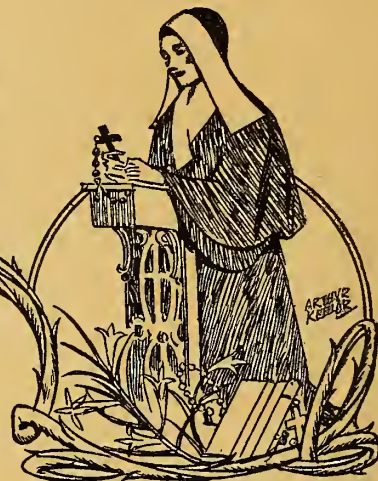


Father Beal says he is making friends with "the neighbor's kid" but Wong says "you've got my goat."





# A MODERN MARTYR



By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

## Chapter XIII. (Continued)

So this good man fell asleep sweetly in God, and his pure, honest soul passed without struggle to its rest. The death occurred at noon on Friday, the 26th of August, 1859, M. Vénard being sixty-four years age. His children had the following inscription engraved on his tomb:—

“Lord! He shared in Thy sacrifice; grant that he may share in Thy peace.”

The sad news was at once conveyed to Tong-King but the unhappy state of that country prevented the arrival of the letters; and Theophane never knew on earth of his father's death.

But let us return to the Mission. After Bishop Retord's death, Bishop Jeantet—who was about seventy years of age—remained alone to administer the vast diocese. He chose Fr. Theurel to act as his coadjutor; and this devoted missionary, a bosom friend of Theophane, was consecrated Bishop of Acanthus, though only twenty-nine years old. If God had given peace for a short time to the persecuted Church, much might have been done by these two men, the one of such ripe wisdom and experience, the other with such fervent zeal and burning love of souls. But our Lord permitted the still further desolation of this land; and the following letter from Fr. Vénard gives an account of the first and last persecution of which he was to be the witness and the *victim*. The letter is addressed to an old college friend, the Abbé Paziot, and is dated the 10th of May, 1860.

“MY DEAR FRIEND.—It is a long time since I have written to you and perhaps you may fancy that I am dead, or that time has swept away our old friendship. Now I hope that both suppositions will disappear when you see this monstrous

bit of paper—the only thing I can get—on which I shall try to paint for you—I have nothing but a brush—a description of our life here, in as good language as a poor missionary can command who has nearly forgotten his native tongue.

“I write to you from Tong-king, and from a dark hole, where the only light comes through the crack of a partially opened door, just making it possible for me to trace these lines, and now and then to read a few pages of a book. For one must be ever on the watch. If the dog barks, or a stranger passes, the door is instantly closed, and I prepare to hide myself in a still lower hole, which has been excavated in my temporary retreat. This is the way I have lived for three months, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with my dear old friend, Bishop Theurel, now

### A Prayer for the Conversion of China

**G** LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls.—Amen

(300 days Indulgence)

coadjutor to our Vicar Apostolic. The convent which formerly sheltered us has been destroyed by the pagans, who got wind of our being there. We had barely time to escape into a space about a foot wide between two double walls. We could see through the chinks the band of persecutors, with the mayor at their head, garotting five or six of the oldest nuns, who had been left behind when the younger ones took flight. They beat these poor women with rods, laying their hands on everything they could get, even a few earthenware pots which hung on the partition behind which we were concealed. And we heard them vociferating, howling like demons, threatening to kill and burn everybody and everything unless they were given a large sum of money. Their ‘agreeable visit’ lasted four hours; and we were so close that we almost touched them. We did not dare to make the smallest movement, and held our breath till our pursuers were invited by the principal people of the village to go out and eat and get drunk with them. They



did not go, however, without leaving guards to surround the house so it was not till cock-crow in the morning that we could make our escape, and take refuge in a smoky dung-heap belonging to a pious old Christian widow, where we were joined by another missionary who had had equal difficulties in making good his retreat.

"What do you think of our position, dear old friend?—three missionaries, one of whom is a bishop, lying side by side, day and night, in a space about a yard and a half square. Our only light comes through three holes the size of a little finger, made in the mud wall, and these a poor old woman is obliged to conceal by some fagots thrown down outside. Under our feet is a brick cellar, constructed with great skill by one of our catechists; in this cellar are three bamboo tubes, cleverly contrived to have their openings to the fresh air on the borders of a neighboring lake. This same catechist has built two other similar hiding-places in this village with several double partition walls.

We stayed with our poor old widow three weeks, during which time I am afraid you would have been rather scandalized at our gaiety. When the three holes gave no more light, we had a little lamp, with a shade to prevent its tiny rays from penetrating outside through the chinks of our prison. One day we found ourselves surrounded, in fact completely blocked, by sentinels posted at every corner of the house, so that there was no possibility of passing from one house to the other. An apostate who knew that we were in the village, had betrayed our hiding-place. Well, God defeated his plans. From morning till night, the pagans passed and repassed us, upset everything in the house, searched every corner. They broke in the walls behind which we were concealed, and I thought our hour of martyrdom had come. But vain are the efforts of men when God opposes their designs! Perhaps you will say, 'In such a place, without air, light, or exercise, how can you live?' Your question is perfectly reasonable; and, what is more, you might ask why we don't go mad. To be shut up between two walls, with a roof which one can touch with his hand; having for our companions,—spiders, rats, and toads; obliged always to speak in a low voice, 'like the wind,' as the Annamites say; receiving every day terrible news of the torture and death of our fellow-missionaries, of the destruction of missions, the exile of our students, and occasionally, worse still, of their apostasy under torture,—to live thus and not be utterly discouraged and cast down, we require, I admit, a special grace, a grace fitted to our state, I suppose.

"As to our health, we are like poor plants in a cellar, stretching our lanky, unhealthy branches toward the light and air. When I can put my mouth close to the door which guards our retreat, I own occasion-

ally to a feeling of envy for those who can enjoy as much of God's fresh air and sunshine as they please. One of my brethren writes to-day that for eighteen months he has not seen the sun, and he dates his letter 'from the land of moles.' As for me, I live on without being too bilious; the weak points about me are the nerves. I want something strengthening, like wine, but we have barely enough to say Mass, so one must not think of it. I have some pills now which an Annamite doctor has made up for me instead. Not many days ago, I managed to pass into a neighboring house, and was very much astonished to find myself tottering like a drunken man. I had lost the habit and almost the power of walking, and the daylight made me giddy.

"I wrote to my family in 1858, to tell them of the French squadron at Touranne. In 1859 the troops destroyed the fortifications of Saigon, in Cochinchina, leaving a garrison in one of the forts of the river. Then in the summer came news of the war with Austria, and a pestilential sickness which began to decimate the French forces. Nevertheless, hostilities were resumed against the Annamites in the autumn and continued till April, 1860, when, to the astonishment of everyone, the French retreated, and abandoned all the points which they had previously occupied."

Then follows a long comment on this retirement of the French troops, ending with, "Man proposes, and God disposes." An expedition undertaken by the iron will of the Emperor Napoleon III., and confided to such a man as Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, ought to have been crowned with success. But what are human probabilities to the Divine decrees? God has permitted that our deliverance should be delayed, and our Church still further purified by suffering"

"The Annamite government, seeing the French leave their shores determined once for all to extirpate the Catholic faith throughout the kingdom. Mandarins in any way favorable to the Catholics were dismissed, and replaced by others whose hatred was well known. Crosses were placed at

(To be Continued.)



One of our best Crusade Units—Boys of St. Mary's Sunday School, St. Catharines, Ont.



## Our Crusade



## Bulletin Board

All praise to St. Patrick who brought to our  
mountains  
The gift of God's faith, the sweet light of  
His love!  
All praise to the shepherd who showed us the  
fountains  
That rise in the heart of the Saviour above!

### The Activities of the Crusade Army

The activities of the Crusade Army showed no let-up during last month, and successes recorded at Headquarters embraced such widely separated sectors as Nfld. and Northern Ontario. The greatest advance was made in Halifax, when College St. School did honor to its Mission Standard. Units from Holy Angels School, Sault Ste. Marie, St. Peter's School, Peterboro, St. Stanislaus' School, Fort William, and Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto, made notable contributions to the Front Line victories. The Divisions in Ontario had the greatest number of engagements, and in addition to the ones mentioned above valuable spoils were brought in by the Jr. 4th Class, Penetang, Maryvale Abbey, Glen Nevis, Loretto Convent, Stratford, and Sep. School No. 5, Glenelg. The Despatchers got the last named Battalion spelled backwards, but the Chief Staff Officer exonerated them when he found it did not interfere with their support work. When the barrage laid down by the Nova Scotians had lifted, successful advances were made by the Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, St. Mary's School, Halifax, and the Convent of Our Lady of the Annunciation, Cheticamp. These were ably supported by Red Island School, P.B., Nfld., and all are now safely entrenched, eager to make further gains under the Mission Crusade Standard. Many other units, we hope, will go into action this month and be Mentioned in Despatches, and the Crusade Army will go "Over the Top" to further victories, led by General Mission Enthusiasm.

### Pageant Returns

The City of Toronto will be privileged this month in having another opportunity to witness the presentation of the beautiful Pageant "CHRIST THE KING". Very many of our read-

ers will be happy to know that the Canadian Catholic Students Mission Crusade under its energetic director Father Martin Johnson will sponsor this production, and all who saw the Pageant last year will welcome this chance of seeing again such a beautifully realistic portrayal of the life of Our Blessed Lord. It is not easy to forget the impression created last year by the talented troupe under Brother Gabriel. He scored a distinct triumph in stagecraft by the clever manner in which he made the Gospel incidents live for the large audiences, and not only was it a theatrical treat but it was the means of increasing our personal devotion to the Christ Who lived and died for us. It has rarely been the good fortune of any community to have such a feast of acting and musical delight as is in store for all who will attend "CHRIST THE KING" this Season. The Pageant will be presented from March 18th to March 23rd, with Matinees on the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of that week. The Dramatic Director is Bro. Gabriel, and the Musical features will be under the capable direction of Father Ronan. The Pageant Director will be Father Johnson, leader of the C.C.S.M.C. Undoubtedly the demand for tickets will be very great, and those outside Toronto should apply at once to the Crusade Office, 67 Bond Street, Toronto. In Toronto tickets can be secured from the Parish representatives. Attend "CHRIST THE KING", and have a memory to cherish all your life!

### St. David's School Toronto

Captain Jack Bradley and his Crusade Army from Rooms 8.7.6, and 4 are certainly to be congratulated for their splendid work for the missions. The magnificent sheaf of spiritual works and the handsome cheque presented during their mission program on Feb. 1st bespoke a zeal which would do honor to any unit.

Teacher: "This makes five times I have punished you this week. Now, Howard, what have you to say?"

Howard: "I'm glad it's Friday."



# Mission Notes

## Canadian Missionaries

Four priests of the Foreign Mission Seminary of Pont-Viau, Quebec, recently arrived in their district in Manchuria, China. Another departure was that of ten Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Three will go to Manchuria, two to the new mission in Haimen, one to Manila, Philippine Islands, and the remaining four are to open a new mission at Kagoshima, Japan.

## New Mission District

The new Prefecture of Hingan-Fu is now being formed from territories belonging to the two Vicariates Apostolic of Hanchung-Fu and Sian-Fun, in China. It will be under the care of the Conventual Franciscan Fathers

## Corner Stone Laid

The corner Stone of the new preparatory seminary of the missionary Fathers of St. Columban was laid at Silver Creek, N.Y., on the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary of our Blessed Lady, October 7th by the Rt. Rev. William Turner, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo. The new structure will cost \$180,000.

## A Welcome Visitor

A few months ago we announced the departure of Father Mullin, O.F.M. for Honan, China. Though he is back in his beloved China he visits us each month through his proxy—"The Franciscans in China". This beautifully illustrated magazine under the very capable editorship of Father Kirst gives first hand information regarding the mission work of their priests brothers and sisters in China and would be a valuable source of mission information to Crusade units.

## Carmelites

To provide for the anticipated requests for foundations of Carmels in mission countries, there was opened, on August 15, 1925, the Monastery of Jesus-Emmanuel at Cholet, France which will devote itself solely to providing subjects for mission lands. The monastery now has 20 subjects and has already sent a group of four to Indo-China and 12 Philippines.

## More Work and Workers

Nine new missionary priests of St. Columban (Chinese Mission Society) have arrived in the Vicariate of Han Yang. Word also reaches us that Father C. Tierney and ten priests have commenced the work of preaching the Gospel in the new district of Kiangsi, which has been committed to the care of the Society.



The Captain leads His Crusade Army to the mission fields.

## The Field At Home

There was certainly a scramble in our reading room when the first number of this beautiful illustrated 16 page quarterly magazine arrived. Under the direction of the zealous and scholarly Rev. G. Daly, C.S.S.R., the Sisters of Service, 2 Wellesley Place, Toronto, have given us a magazine of which the people of Canada may well feel proud. Thoroughly catholic in scope this magazine gives us; the mission problems in Canada; news from the missions in Canada; news from the foreign missions; an appeal for vocations to mission work; an appeal for prayers and spiritual assistance; and an acknowledgment of the

financial assistance given. It is our sincere wish that this very welcome visitor will soon be monthly instead of quarterly and that it will find its way into every Catholic home in Canada.

## Real Fortitude

It is doubtful if the conditions of travel which the Apostles endured were any more trying than those which many missionaries endure in China today. Not only priests and Brothers, but nuns also face fearlessly these long and trying journeys. For instance, last year seven Sisters of the Missionary Servants of the Holy Ghost were appointed to the Vicariate of Lanchowfu, in Kansu, the most interior of all the missions of China. Their journey from Shanghai on river junks took 60 days. For 20 days the Sisters lived in quarters in which only four could find space to lie down, the other three being forced at night to transfer to another junk. There were perilous incidents continually. On one occasion a band of 50 brigands boarded one of the junks but fortunately were driven off by a small patrol of soldiers. Many other journeys, long and troublesome, could be cited. The question arises: Why do highly educated men and delicately reared women submit to such ordeals? And the answer is: They are seeking souls for Christ.



## Items of Interest

### JEWELS OF FABULOUS WORTH

#### Buried in China's Tombs

Riches far greater than those entombed with Egyptian kings, beyond even the royal treasures nationalized by the Russian Soviets, are believed to lie buried with the long line of rulers of the often famine-stricken, naturally opulent country of China. It is 3,051 years since the Chow dynasty began the system of monarchism heard of from Babylon and Assyria and copied by emerging Europe two millenniums later—which less than two decades ago ended in a nominal republic, now taking fresh breath in its struggles for life. In those thirty centuries nearly all Dragon Throne royalties were interred in stone or earth with cements of gems and precious metals.

What the coverings reached in value is indicated by the just authenticated contents of the sepulchre of the last great Manchu, the adroit Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi, which was looted by Chang Tso-lin soldiery on his fatal retreat from Peking last August. When Chinese newspapers estimated that the valuables taken from several tombs at Tung Ling were worth \$20,000,000 it seemed fabulous. Yet it now turns out to have been an understatement. The exact total will be looked into by the tribunal that is soon to try the arrested grave robbers, but from the diary of the "favorite eunuch" of the Empress Dowager it has been learned that with her alone the jewels buried were worth no less than \$35,000,000.

Li Ying-chow, a grand nephew of the favorite eunuch, indignant at the desecration, makes public the diary and its record of treasures entombed with her: For her to rest on, a mattress of gold thread embroidered with pearls; over that a silk coverlet strewn with a layer of pearls; over this, lace with pearls woven into a figure of Buddah; at her head and feet jade carved as lotus leaves. On her robe were strung pearls on gold thread; her jacket was embroidered with these gems from Eastern fisheries, and a rope of them circled her body nine times.

Eighteen pearl images of Buddah were laid by her arms. A chaplet of pearls was set on her head. Gold, jade and gem Buddahs, 108 of them, were laid by her side; 200 gems carved as peaches, pears, apricots, dates and three melons of jade were placed at her feet. A gem portraying a growing lotus was at her left side; on her right was a coral tree. Interstices in the coffin were filled level with pearls and gems, a pearl network was over all. One gem ornament of eight galloping horses, another of eighteen

holy men of Buddah were contributed by "a certain prince" and tucked under the coverlet.

The appraiser's total of \$32,250,000 did not include the eight galloping horses, each carved from a separate gem, all different in color, nor the eighteen holy men chiselled of various precious stones. These stolen marvels are the national property of the new republic, and it is watching for their appearance in world jewel markets.

### The Last Baggage

What may we take in our cold dead hands

To the Great White Throne away?

What may we take to plead for us

In the light of Judgment Day?

The crumb of bread to a hungry waif—

The word of cheer to the poor; The heart of hope that we left behind

When we entered that troubled door,

The little song we blithely sang When the words were needed so; The cheerful look and the kindly hand

We may take when we're called to go.

But never a cent to the Throne of God,

Though millions we may claim— Never a cent to plead for us

Save the pennies in His Name! The little words in kindness said

To a heart that was burdened so—

The flower we left in the withered hand,

Before we turned to go.

For we never know in the offing, friend,

Just how will fall the spray— We are only sure that the things we give

Are the things we may take away.

### WHEN MONEY TALKS LOUDEST

I am ten dollars.

I am not on speaking terms with the automobile dealers.

I am too small to buy a house and lot.

I am not even large enough to pay a month's rent.

I could pay for little more than the buttons on a suit of clothes.

But, believe me, when I go to China Mission Seminary I can do wonders.

I can secure the CHINA for a lifetime.

I can help the missions in China.

I can help to educate a student for the missions who will carry on God's work in the mission fields.

Let me demonstrate during Lent, will you PLEASE?

We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions received during the month of January.

#### Macpherson Burse:

Previously acknowledged ..... \$100.00  
Mrs W. J. Heenan ..... 25.00

#### Miscellaneous:

College St. School, Halifax, for Madeline Sophie Burse, \$70.00; Pupils Holy Angels School, Sault Ste. Marie, \$32.00; St. Peter's School, Peterboro, \$27.00; St. Stanislaus' School, Fort William, \$25.00; Loretto Abbey College School, C.C.S.M.C., \$25.00; Rev. Jas. P. Whalen, \$25.00; Miss Mary McVey, \$25.00; Catholic Church, Allan Island, Nfld., per Rev. Wm. Sullivan, \$22.64; In honor of the Immaculate Conception—Friend, Nfld., \$20.00; Friend, Toronto, \$12.00; Mr. W. L. Scott, \$11.00.

#### Donations of \$10.00 each.

Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Rev. E. J. Wilson; Rev. P. L. Belliveau; J. J. Carolan; Austin F. Hall; Mary U. Cassidy; James Faragher; Mrs. Catherine Pounden.

#### Miscellaneous:

Rev. T. M. Malone, \$9.40; St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax, \$8.50; Rev. A. P. McLellan, \$7.00; Rev. A. J. Reynolds, \$7.00; Mrs. H. Black, \$7.00; Mrs. B. O'Connor, \$6.00; J. R., Separate School, 4th Class, Penetanguishene, \$6.25; Catholic Women's League, St. Claire's Parish, Toronto, per Mrs. D. O'Meara, \$4.50.

#### Donations of \$5.00 each.

Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D.; Rev. John O'Brien; Convent Our Lady of the Annunciation, Cheticamp, P. E. I.; Rev. J. D. Keane; Very Rev. Canon Cavanagh; Sr. M. Placida, Comox, B.C.; Rev. P. Rankin; Children of Mary, Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, N.S.; Crusaders, Maryvale Abbey; A. C. Musgrave; Thos. Brennan; J. A. O'Halloran; Leonard McGurty; Friend, Smith Falls; M. M. Loretta; H. Joannette, Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Aileen Young; John Daly; Miss S. Flanagan; Mr. and Mrs. Hogan; Primary Class, St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's, Nfld.; Rev. M. Dinn; Peter Canning; Friend—for Foreign Missions.

#### MISCELLANEOUS AMOUNTS

\$4.00.  
St. Bridget's School, Hamilton; J. V. O'Shaughnessy; Miss Annie Sullivan; Miss Francis Scott;

\$3.62.  
S. M. Lalonde; Crusaders, Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, N.S., \$3.50.

\$3.00.  
J. Travers; L. M. Gillis; Friend, Flinton, Ont.

\$2.50.  
Miss Agnes Boylan; Mrs. Chas. LaScelleur; Cecile Theriault; Mr. C. Jablonowski.

\$2.00.  
James Fitzgerald; Catherine Roberts; Kathleen Bird; Alex. J. MacDonald; Mrs. M. McQuarrie; Mrs. Agnes Woolcott; Stephen S. McNeil; G. A. Noonan; Mrs. E. Harris; Emma Krieger; Albert Briand; Mrs. Michael Gurney; R. Sibald; Friend, Iroquois Falls; Mary Devine; K. Sharron; Mrs. James Battle; St. Joseph's Convent, Hoylston, Nfld.  
Pupils, Red Isand School, Nfld., \$1.80.

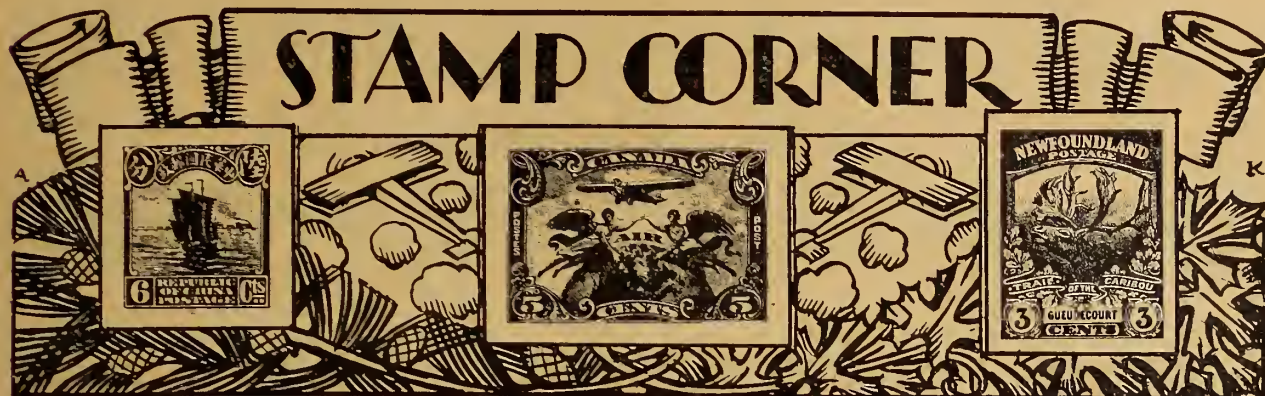
\$1.50.  
J. V. Oulette; Mrs. G. T. McGuire; A. J. MacDonald; Mrs. J. Fishpool; R. J. Houston; M. McManamy.

#### Donations of \$1.00 each.

Mary J. Bon Ness; Friend, Fort William; Sr. M. Consilia, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; Dorothy R. Ackerman; Ida Reeves; W. K. Liddy; Miss I. Gillerin; M. Delaney; Margaret Robson; Mrs. S. A. Abrahams; A. B. Knechtel; Miss E. Sutton; Miss S. Sutton; John Moynihan; Separate School, Glenelg, Ont.; J. R. Campbell; C. C. Handrahan; Mrs. Venin; John Connolly; Mary Beal.

We are very grateful for a very fine Donation of Fruit from the members of the Catholic Women's League, St. Claire's Parish, Toronto.





Well, I guess we struck the right idea this time. Our young collector friends are sure tickled to know that CHINA is to have a regular stamp column. And between ourselves, we asked Father Jim to give a little boost to our stamp department. Just look at his page and see if he did. He says he knows the story of how postage stamps first came to be used. Believe me, he ought to because he uses more of them in the run of a day than I have in my United States collection. But to be as good as he is we'll tell you the story and a really interesting one it is.

You've all heard, I suppose of Rowland Hill and perhaps heard that he was the man who invented postage stamps. Well, he was and it happened this way. Mr. Hill was for long years a postal administrator in England and was later knighted for his service to the country. He was, in consequence, keenly interested in all that pertained to postal matters and one day when he noticed a servant maid return a letter to the postman because she claimed she lacked the necessary shilling to pay for it he decided to come to her assistance. In those days the letters were paid for at the rate of a shilling for one single sheet, by the person who received them.

Sir Rowland gallantly paid the postman his shilling and handed the letter to the girl, proud to be able to come to her assistance. However, she did not seem particularly grateful and was not going to open the letter when he insisted that it be opened in his presence. To his surprise he found that there was nothing whatever written on the sheets inside. He then examined the envelope and noticed a series of unintelligible dots and dashes all over it. This was a code that the girl had made up with her friends and when the postman came she always kept the letter in her hand long enough to read the message and then returned it sorrowfully because she had no shilling.

This defrauding of the revenue was trivial enough in itself but Sir Rowland concluded that it was probably being done on a wholesale scale and then and there decided that in future letters should be paid by the sender and that a gummed label should be attached to show that this had been done. This was the origin of the postage stamp and of the various prepaid postal envelopes.

#### FIRST ERRORS

The Mulready envelopes were famous in early English postal history (from 1841) and one of them contained the first error which has been since followed by so many curious errors that have been responsible for fabulous increases in the value of stamps. William Mulready, the Royal Academician of the time, designed an envelope showing the figures of angels flying to distant isles but on one of the designs he omitted the leg of one of the angels. Since then there have been errors galore, inverted surcharges, missing bars, wrong letters etc., etc., all of which make the stamp of more value than if it were normal like so many million of its fellow stamps of an issue.

Write and tell us what you would like to have in your stamp column, how long you have been collecting, what countries you like best, whether or not you would like to have your name on our exchange list so as to be able to exchange your duplicates with other reader collectors. In fact if you are interested at all in stamps write and let us know. We can help you a great deal and secure stamps for you if you wish, at a much cheaper rate than you could get them yourselves.

Next to stamp collecting, and pumpkin pie and hockey, there is nothing the expert likes so well as to hear from kindred spirits of stamp land. You can imagine the real picnic he had reading all the enthusiastic letters which came in from stamp collectors in North Bay, Galt, Sarnia, and Toronto. He would like to publish all the letters but space forbids. Here is one from Galt.

Dear Expert,

We have just received the Feb. CHINA and I am just delighted that we are going to have a stamp corner. I have been saving stamps for a short time and already have more than 400 different stamps. I have also started to save the different stamp cancellations. I think stamp collecting is a real educational hobby and I think it would be "real" to have a club with members and certificates. How about a pen name like they have in the Rose Garden? I guess I'll sign off and give somebody else the air.

Sincerely yours, Blackie.

Answers to questions.

David—Yes we can supply you with Newfoundland stamps. Send in your list early.

John—Watch for the information in the Stamp Corner and any special stamps that you can't get just let our expert try his hand.

Orma—Glad to know you have a Bethlehem stamp—not many of them in Canada. Your suggestions are fine.

#### Here's One on Father Jim


While visiting a school the other day Father Jim overheard one boy calling another a dumb bell. Thinking to get into the secret he asked "who is a dumb bell? Are there any in this room?—if so let them stand up."

At last Willie Smith stood up.

"Are you a dumb bell?" asked Father Jim.

Well I don't know replied Willie but I hated to see you standing alone."





## Our Mail Bag Messengers

### The Christmas Scare

By "Willow"

It was the Eve of Christmas; the stockings were hung up, the tree decorated and Santa Claus about to come. In a house on Stoney Road, lived two children—Jane and Jim. Jane was four years old; Jim was five.

Their mother told them to go to bed, but they didn't want to, so they stayed up. Finally Jane fell asleep and Santa Claus came down the chimney to the Christmas tree, and instead of laughing and chuckling, as he usually did, he sighed and left the house very sad, and didn't leave her anything but a broken doll.

The next morning as they went downstairs, Jane was very sad, telling Jim about last night, but a stream of joy came over her when she saw her doll and carriage, and the other things she had wanted, instead of the broken doll.

"Oh, but I'm glad it was only a dream!" she cried. "Aren't you, Jimmie?"

Glance Bay, C. B.

DEAR Father Jim,  
May I have a little nook in your Little Rose Garden? Every month I look forward to China, which interests me immensely, especially "The Arithmetic Pencil", "Mystic Treasures", and also the letters and verses. The New Year verse was very beautiful. I noticed that Rose mentioned skating and sleighing in her letter. I enjoy skating very much, or rather, I enjoy learning to skate. Only sometimes I get the worst of the bargain, because the hardest part is the ice!

Pearl McPee.

You'll have to persevere, Pearl. "Faint Heart ...." you know! And why haven't you chosen yourself a nice penname? Hurry up and let me know what you're going to call yourself.

Father Jim.

DEAR Father Jim and Buds,  
May I join your lovely club? I will be getting the China Mission Magazine every month now. I have now the January issue. I like it very much. I like The Little Flower's Garden especially; also News From China, along with the poem, "The New Year". "The Arithmetic Pencil" and "Mystic Treasures" are very interesting. I am a pupil of St. Joseph's School, Chatham, and I am ten years old. I suppose all

Buds are having fun skating, snowballing, sleighing, etc. We have a new arena built in our city for skating. It is nice. I imagine you must be very tired sometimes, Father, with this work of reading and answering these letters. I will go to Mass every day in Lent and pray for you, Father, and Buds.

Douglas Groome.

How many of our Buds are interested in stamp collecting?

It is quite fascinating Buds, really, and I think you'd all enjoy it. Moreover, you'd be helping the Missions with each and every stamp! Let's see who can send in the best stamps.

Father Jim.

That's very kind of you, Douglas. I hope a few of my other Buds remember me in their prayers now and again. Your story is fine, Douglas, even though I haven't room to print it. Write me again, and choose a penname for yourself. Get a real lively one, Douglas.

Father Jim.

Two little girls from Apple Hill, Ont., made a slight error when sending in their Key Lin drawings. Instead of making their own drawings, they completed the Key Line, cut it out and sent it in. Remember, Buddies, you must make your own drawings by following the lines indicated by the Key Lin. Now try again, little Apple Hill Buddies!

Father Jim.

The "Magic Piper" is a lovely little poem, Lilliam Obrecht. Would you mind writing me again and telling me the poet's name? I am particularly fond of poetry, and "The Magic Piper" appeals to me very much. Perhaps we'll find room for it next month.

Father Jim.

### A NARROW ESCAPE

It was in a military camp in Ireland some years ago, though I wasn't told what war it happened in.

Each day the sentries had been found dead: mysteriously killed the night before. Careful searching fail-

ed to discover the hidden enemy, and though they kept strict watch, not even the sentries themselves could find who was killing their comrades almost before their eyes.

To-night Colonel O'Rielley was the only one left. Overhead the moon shone brightly, showing dark silhouettes of bushes and shrubbery, which cast ghost-like shadows on the ground. The sentry paced steadily in and out among the tents of sleeping soldiers. As usual, he was accompanied by his faithful Reno, while from his folded arms hung his prayer beads. O'Rielley was a devout client of Our Lady, so to-night he had recourse to his rosary while he calmly awaited his end; he was quite certain of meeting with the fate of his companions.

"...at the hour of our death—Mine isn't so far off!" he thought. Pray for me, Blessed Mother, that if I can't be spared, at least I'll be ready to die; and in earnest he prepared for death.

Once the dog stopped suddenly, pricked up his ears and barked. "What Reno? Keep quiet! Down Reno hush!" and with a gentle pat from his master the dog obeyed and the former resumed his prayers. The soldier, absorbed in heavenly thoughts, half forgot his duties as sentry!—that he should investigate suspicious signs or unusual happenings.

Shortly, after, without any evident reason, O'Rielley's beads slipped from his hands. There they lay, conspicuous in the moonlight. Their owner absent-mindedly stooped to pick them up, when a gleam of light in the darkness of the bushes caught his attention. Recalled from his thoughts, the sentry sped towards the spot and discovered an Indian Mahout from the English camp. His flashing eastern sword had been ready to slaughter the soldier, but Reno and his master made short work of his capture. The Indian had been using his pagan, uncivilized methods of killing in secret, instead of open fighting.

Colonel O'Rielley received great praise for being the only one to capture the wild man and that, alone! But the hero took little notice of it. He knew who had saved him. Ever after he kept that rosary as a precious keepsake, and when he died it was clasped in his hands.  
P. S. This is a true story.



# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

*Edited by*  
**FATHER JIM**



Mystic Treasures  
By Betty Chin

**EDITOR'S Note:** In this third installment of her story, Betty is treating us to a taste of excitement. The plot thickens!

Now for a moment to describe Uncle Ted. He is a tall man with dark, slightly curly hair, blue eyes, and altogether is rather handsome, taking after his older brother, Colonel Harvard. Betty and John were also pretty children, and had frequently been mistaken for twins as both had blue eyes, brown, wavy hair and fair skin,—and as smart as they were pretty. Moreover, they were loving and kind both to one another and others.

That night after supper, Betty and Eric hurriedly got ready for bed. Betty cuddled herself up in a comfortable position, and Eric did likewise in his room. After two hours had elapsed, Betty was up to where Joan (her story girl) was lost on a moor in a great blizzard, and reading as fast as her eyes would allow her, she turned a page and out fell a piece of folded paper, yellow with age. Betty opened it carefully because of its age. What she saw made her jump. There, unfolded on the bed, lay a map, or at least, when studied closer, half a map! Betty was out of bed and into her slippers and dressing gown in two ticks. Slipping the paper into her pocket, she hurried along the hall to Eric's room. Knocking on the door and receiving no answer, she opened it and went in. Eric lay in his bed, sleeping. With one jump Betty was by his bed and shaking him vigorously. Eric awoke with such a start he nearly knocked Betty over.

**B**ETTY, all excited, took out the paper and showed it to him. First, she told him of how she had come across it and then suggested that they study it together, so thus they sat, far into the night. It was

two o'clock before they had finished. "Let's go and tell Uncle," said Betty, for they had found that it was a map of gold bars and ore found somewhere (they knew not where, for it was on the other piece of map), which Spaniards had discovered three hundred years before, but they had fought one another over it and had either been killed by their comrades or died of thirst.

"No, not until we have found the other half of the map," answered Eric. "We must search every book in the library."

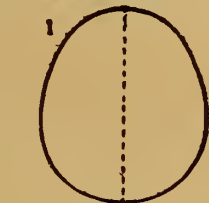
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Sounds as though Betty might have more thrills in store for us. Let's see what next month brings.

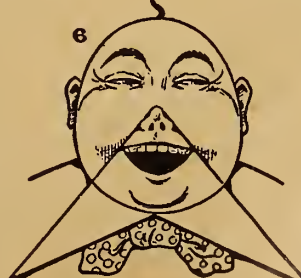
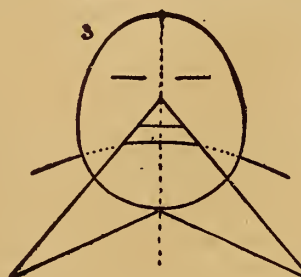
I must take just a few lines to mention the fine essays received from the boys and girls of St. Mary's School, Mount Forest. Among the best were M. Frezell, Wilfred Obrecht, Anna Buckley, Helen Phelan, Marie Burns, Helen Murphy, Margaret Harper, Bill Murphy, Lillian Obrecht, Anna Buckley, Helen Phelan, Lawrence Obrecht. M. Frezell won the prize, and I only wish I had space for his essay this month.

## KEY LINE CONTEST

What's the matter with all our young artists? Come, now let me see what you can do. Surely every boy and girl can follow the Key Line!



Mirthful Countenance



**J**O Wang sent a delightful collection of jokes for our pages.

Thanks, Jo, we want heaps of laughter in this Garden of ours. How do you like this one, Buddies?

Little Robert, aged four had learned something about the face of the clock, but not all there was to know. "See what time it is, dear," said his mother one morning when she was busy.

"It's zackly eight o'clock," the little fellow reported.

"Oh, it can't be as late as that. You must be mistaken."

"Well, bofe hands is p'nting to eight, jes' as straight as zey can," said the youngster. "If zey ain't tellin' ze truf, I can't help it."

Dear Father Jim,

I have read the letters and stories of the Buddies and I would like to become a Buddy. We get China every month and I have just become interested in it. I enjoy the half hour I spend reading it. I wish it would come more often. I guess I had better close my letter for fear of taking up too much room in the paper.

"Sunbeam"

Welcome to our Garden, Sunbeam! Let us hear from you often.

Father Jim.

Thanks, Michael McDonald, for the snap which you enclosed with your letter, and also for the fine riddles. We'll just keep them stowed away in our work cupboard for future use.

Father Jim.

Willow, Willow! Do you think it's kind to write me flattering poetry and keep me buying new hats? But I like it anyway! By the way, Buds, here's the little story I promised you last month.

(See page 44)





## Gloom Chasers

### Plenty of Room on Top

Housewife (to garbage man): "Am I too late for the garbage?"

G.M.: "No mam; jump right in."

—Pup.

Talking movies it is said, must be made in a padded room. Draw your own conclusions.

### A Matter of Opinion

"My father says that he thought nothing of studying five hours a night."

"Well, I don't think so much of it myself."

—Cornell Widow.

Rastus had just rolled out three naturals to the gaze of his brunette opponent.

Sambo—Say there, Rastus, Ford dem dice?"

Rastus—Whafoh you means, "Ford dem dice?"

Sambo—You knows what ah means; ah means shake, rattle and roll, niggah; shake, rattle and roll.

Two men went fishing. One of them was quite new at the sport and the other was an old hand. The new man kept asking the most ridiculous questions.

"What will I do now?" he asked, after he had wound his trout in until it was near the end of the rod.

"Oh! climb up the rod and stab the beast."

### Some Horse

Jockey: "Say, Niggah! Hold the stop watch on me while I runs dis greased lightnin' round the track."

Tout: "Yo, can't time 'at horse with no watch, boy. Yo needs a calendar."

Visitor: "Is this a good place for rheumatism?"

Native: "Yes, I got mine here."

### Cheating

The Doctor: "And if he loses consciousness again, give him a teaspoonful of that brandy."

The Patient's Wife: "While he's unconscious? Oh, doctor, he'd never forgive me!"

—Texas Ranger.

"I shure have my ups and downs," said the elevator boy.

A motorist has admitted running over the same man twice. The time has evidently come when there aren't enough pedestrians to go 'round.

Doctor: "Your husband will never be able to work again."

Missus: "I'll go an' tell 'im. It will cheer 'im up."

"Whadya think of the new Ford?"

"I think it's positively uncanny."

—Panther.

Old Father.—"It's bad to be old and bent."

Young Son.—"It's worse to be young and broke."

An old hen was pecking at some stray carpet-tacks in the yard.

"Now what do you suppose that hen is eating those tacks for?" said Henry.

"Perhaps," rejoined his little sister, "she is going to lay a carpet."

"The jig is up," said the doctor, as the patient with St. Vitus' dance died.

### Fare Enough

Guard: "Ticket, please."

Passenger: "Can't I ride on my face?"

Guard: "Sure, but I'll have to punch it."

—America's Humour.

Lecturer—A good deal depends on the formation of early habits.

Heckler—You said it. When I was a baby my mother paid a woman to wheel me around, and I've been pushed for money ever since.

It takes about fifteen hundred nuts to hold an automobile together, but it takes only one to scatter it all over the landscape.

Hubby (struggling under a load of grips and bags)—"It's too bad we didn't bring the bureau."

Wifey—"Dont be sarcastic."

Hubby—"Well, that's where I left the tickets."

Old Lady (to little boy in puddle): "Get out of that water immediately." Little Boy: "Aw, find one for yourself."

Lot's wife, who looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, has nothing on my wife. She looked back and turned into a telegraph pole.

"Rastus, yo' all am de most narrow-minded pusson Ah know."

"Say, bo, ef yo' was a little moh narrow-minded yo' eahs would be on on the wrong side of yo' haid."

She's only a baker's daughter, but she can spot a guy with the dough.

Here is a letter of recommendation given to an employee:

"Whomsoever is de boss—

"Dear Sir—Dis is to testify dot Hans Snyder worked for me von week. Ven he left I was perfectly satisfied."



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flowers.  
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With Christ, triumphant from the  
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Who scarcely saw the children there,  
"Till mother warned, "Now, have a care!"  
"Oh, please don't go! We mean no harm,"  
Called Jill, to still their wild alarm;  
"We want to join you at your play,"  
Said Jim. "Please, bunnies, let us stay."

"Then you must not be very rough,  
Or try to capture Pink or Fluff,  
Or say we rabbits do not lay  
The lovely eggs for Easter Day."  
"We promise!" both the children said,  
And mother nodded her wise head.  
Then off they ran; each game they knew  
Was played, and oh, the moments flew!

When sunset came and mother sighed,  
"It's bedtime, bunnies, how they cried!  
So Jill said maybe they'd come too,  
For 'twas the only time to do,  
Then in the cosy rabbit nest  
The bunnies soon were put to rest,  
Each in a little, mossy bed,  
And covered up from tail to head.

"I've got to get their bottles now,  
Or there will be a dreadful row,"  
Said mother "and besides, you know  
My bunny babies have to grow."  
And back she came with bottles bright,  
Jill said, "Jim, we've found out tonight  
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1170. 25 different stamps .....	.75
1171. 50 different stamps .....	1.75
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1173. 175 different stamps .....	15.00

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**STAMP CORNER, CHINA**





Vol. X.

No. 4.

CHINA,—published in the interests of the Chinese Missions by St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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### Pope Pius XI—Ad Multos Annos

Fifty years in the service of the altar—o, golden jubilee indeed. Years of ardent apostleship there were after ordination and then Christ tried his love still further—"Feed my sheep." Fruitful indeed has been the pontificate of Pope Pius XI and to crown the present festivities in his honor, God has given back to him the long lost territorial sovereignty as to a fitting gift for the golden anniversary of his priesthood. CHINA extends to the Holy Father in union with the whole Catholic world its sincere congratulations, with the fond hope that he will for many years to come raise his hand in apostolic benediction, o'er the City and the World.

The present sovereign pontiff will certainly go down in history as "the Pope of the Missions." "From the first moment of Our Pontificate, the evangelization of the world is the work which has preoccupied Our mind and heart." These were the words of his first encyclical and one need only look back over the past few years to realize how true they were.

Native bishops have been consecrated for China and Japan; the Vatican Missionary Exposition has opened the eyes of Catholics to the needs of the missions; religious communities have been established in missionary countries and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has been reorganized.

The Holy Father's interest in the above mentioned society comes home to us especially in the recent appointment of Rev. Alfred T. Lellis of Toronto, as national direc-

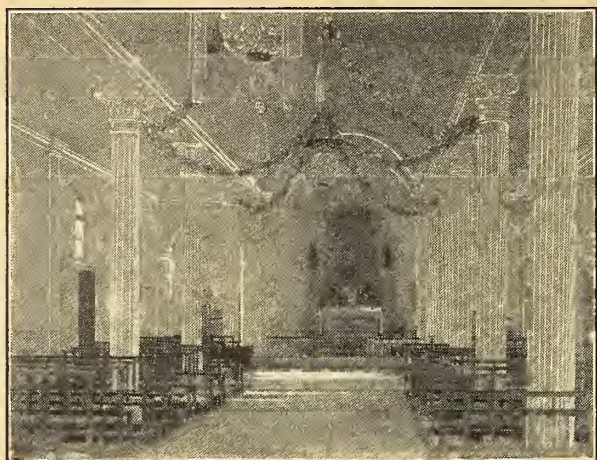
tor for Ontario and Western Canada. We feel sure that no more fitting choice could have been made and that the zeal and ability of the new director, will have far-reaching and fruitful results in this age of renewed apostolic daring and missionary enterprise.

### Easter

Easter is with us once more and everything in the world around us speaks of the glorious feast we are commemorating. The cold, dead, snow-enshrouded earth awakes to life; the birds are singing their allelulias; and the pure white Easter lilies are unfolding their petals to God's warm life-giving sun. Nature is telling us in type and symbol of that greater spiritual resurrection,—of the spring which came after that other Fall—when God's own Son parted the clouds of heaven and poured the warm life-giving sunshine of His grace on a world dead through sin.

With all Nature bidding us be joyful, there is one distressing thought which we cannot drive from our mind. China, the land of our adoption, is still sunk in the darkness of paganism and unable to share in the fruits of the resurrection. True, she is undergoing a rebirth—of body, but who will help to bring her the real rebirth,—the rebirth of soul. When the Risen Christ comes to you in the Supper Room on Easter Sunday and you know Him "in the breaking of the Bread" will you, dear reader, implore Him to bestow on poor pagan China the grace of resurrection.





Interior of St. John's Church, Sungyang.

### SUNGYANG CHURCH SOLEMNLY DEDICATED BY REV. DR. McRAE

**E**ARLY in 1926 Fr. Fraser received a petition signed by all the Christians of Sungyang, imploring him to build them a church and to station a resident priest in their midst. The petition pointed out that the several days delay required for a messenger to bring a sick call to Chuchow resulted in several of the Christians dying without the last sacraments.

Such conditions could not continue. Father William Fraser was sent at once to take up his residence in Sungyang and to minister to the surrounding district. Now, who would build a church? The little mud hut which had served as a chapel would not begin to accommodate the Christians of the district and besides it was crumbling into ruin. Were the Christian families to be deprived of the holy sacrifice of the mass and public instructions? And were the well intentioned Pagans to be deprived of an opportunity of learning about the new religion so dearly cherished by their neighbors?

Father Fraser wrote to us about this deplorable situation and in the June number of CHINA 1926 we appealed to our friends for funds to build a church. Scarcely had the magazine gone into the mails than we received a request from Mrs. Teresa Small, Toronto, to be allowed the privilege of providing these poor people with a house of worship. Needless to state, we very gladly acceded to her request and her cheque of two thousand dollars was immediately forwarded to China with instructions to proceed with the work.

To erect a temple for Christian worship in a community satiated with ideas of grotesque pagodas and temples—museums for grinning gods and goddesses—is no easy task. To draw up plans; to make workmen understand the peculiar lines of this strange edifice; to select suitable materials; to supervise the making of brick and mortar; to frame the timber and put it together; these are tasks which few would care to encounter.

But to Father William Fraser, with his expert knowledge of building gained from years of experience it was merely "a part of the day's work" and in a few months the outer structure was completed. Then came the civil war. Sungyang being on the line of march, the church along with other buildings of Sungyang was commandeered by the Nationalist army and used for some months as a barracks. With the return of peace, work on the interior was resumed and soon the finished structure, resplendent in its oriental decorations was the cynosure of all eyes. The solemn dedication was reserved for Dr. McRae, the account of which appears in Fr. Wm. Fraser's letter. To Mrs. Small who so zealously and generously financed the project and to Father William Fraser whose strenuous labors have given Our Lord a home among His Chinese children we are grateful beyond words. God alone can adequately reward them for the great work they have accomplished.

#### Excerpt from Fr. Wm. Fraser's letter describing the Dedication Ceremony

Under separate cover I am sending you some photos, taken by Father John, of the new Church of Sungyang, and one showing the priest's residence which is still in course of construction. On Sunday, December 16th, the exterior and interior of the church were blessed by Father McRae with all the solemn ceremonies of the Ritual. He was assisted by Fr. John, and Fr. Serra. Father McRae celebrated High Mass at the new massive main altar, a photo of which I am forwarding you. You will notice the Chinese sculpturing on the altar. Father John gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the after-



Facade of Sungyang Church, showing Chinese ornamentation



noon for the first time in Sungyang. Our Christians gorgeously decorated the church and grounds for the opening. Evergreens, festooning, Chinese lanterns, large paper figures in the shape of butterflies, bees, birds, and flowers were very profuse. A Chinese musical band was in attendance, and fire-crackers galore were set off. About two thousand pagans flocked here to witness the celebration and all had words of admiration for the new church. They were saying that it was indeed worthy of its title: "Temple of the Lord of Heaven". These people never saw foreign architecture before, and they go into raptures over it.

## STRAY LEAVES from Father Beal's Diary.

The other day I went down to buy a pair of Chinese slippers—they are just the thing for mountain climbing. In a few minutes the store was crowded to see the foreigner's boots—they sure got an eye full, I was wearing my big police boots—size 88. Some of them must have very poor eyesight for one chap came over and lifted my soutane and trousers to get a look at those "Dolly Vardins".

Mr. Ching, the manager of the local "Hydro" had us over to dinner. After partaking of tea and sweets we inspected the power plant, then the dinner continued as follows: mushrooms and pork; oysters pork and vegetable soup; soup of sharks fins and green peas; chicken; chopped ham and eggs; beef rolled in flour; mutton and pork skin; vegetables; boiled ox tongue; mushroom soup; peppered bamboo shoots; syruped ox-heart cherries; a hot vegetable which looks like celery; coffee and cognac; and lastly tea and more sweets. Besides the above sixteen courses there were sugar cane, tangerines, oranges, toast, bread and butter. What do you think of this for a lunch?

Father Amyot and I are busy studying hieroglyphics and getting pronunciation for them. After getting a vocabulary we try it out on the kiddies or on some of the help.



Father Wm. Fraser standing in front of his new rectory in Sungyang

They get a great kick out of our efforts to sneeze their words and we enjoy it ourselves when we discover that we have been saying "we ate our wheelbarrow" instead of our dinner. We break up our study periods with hikes up the mountains. We have climbed several of them already. Nearly all of those visited already are capped with temples in which are several grinning gods and idols. When "our gang" gets over here and we get a mastery of the language these temples will soon, please God, give place to chapels and churches.

## Chinese Franciscan

Joseph Cheng, a native of Wuchang, Hupeh, China, was recently invested in the Franciscan habit at Saint Anthony's monastery, Cincinnati, Ohio. He is said to be the first Chinese Franciscan in the United States.

## A Museum for Tien-Tsin

The Jesuit fathers have recently opened in Tien-Tsin a large public museum. The building was specially designed for the purpose and remarkable collections from the various departments of their own private museum have been transferred to these beautiful new galleries.

At the official opening Father Licent S.J., Director of the Museum received the guests which included; a representative of the government; the commissioner of Foreign Affairs; His Lordship Msgr. de Vienne of Tien-Tsin; consuls of England, Italy, United States, Belgium, Austria, Germany, Japan, France; and a large concourse of ecclesiastics, professors and students.



In front of the Church—From left to right  
Dr. McRae, Rev. J. M. Fraser, Rev. Wm. Fraser, and Rev. R. Serra.





# A MODERN MARTYR



By kind permission of the author. The life story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

## Chapter XIII. (Continued)

Crosses were placed at the entrance to all villages that the Christians might be forced to trample them." (Thus Theophane goes on to recount their misfortunes and their trials.) This letter he wished to be handed on to his Father and he manifests anxiety over all at home, saying that for two years he has not heard from them.

Meanwhile another missionary had received the palm of martyrdom and Bishop Theurel writes—"Fr. Neron has left us and has passed from the battle-field to the rank of martyr: Fr. Venard is taking the same road and will soon be with him in heaven. "The heroic close of this young apostle's life must form the subject of another chapter.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Arrest and Martyrdom.

Of the events which followed, Bishop Theruel says,— "On the 30th of November about nine o'clock in the morning, five or six junks, carrying about twenty men, appeared a few yards from the missionary's house at Ke-Beo. As it was an isolated building and the floods covered the whole country, these junks were able to guard every avenue. They were led by an old chief of a neighboring hamlet, named Cai-Do, the same who in 1854 had contrived the escape of Fr. Neron from the custom-house, but who now came on a totally different errand. Leaving his junks, he marched with five or six of his men to the mission house. Fr. Venard, instantly realizing the whole plot, had retired behind the usual double walls. The chief arriving at the house cried out, 'Let the European priest come forth. At these words the catechist, Khang, who was busy hiding Father Venard's property, came forward boldly, and said, 'It is I who inhabit this house, although I have only lately arrived. If you will leave me in peace I shall be thankful: but if not I shall be resigned.' The chief, making a signal to his men to garrote the catechist, marched straight into the house, and giving a great kick to the thin, double partition which concealed the missionary, seized Fr. Venard, and dragged him brutally to the junks, with his servant. It was a very fine capture, accomplished with no risk whatsoever. By the time the faithful villagers of Ke-Beo heard a rumor of the event, the junks were well out of sight with their prey, and rescue was impossible. You may wish to know, dear Eusebius, who was the Judas that betrayed our dearest brother and Christ's chosen minister. There are different reports, but the most probable is that which fixes the treachery on Su-Doi, a pagan, related to the widow with whom the missionary lodged.

"The chief, having carried off the prisoners safely to his own house, made a great feast of rejoicing, after which he drove our dear missionary into a cage of bamboo, and put a cangue on the neck of the catechist. Thus he took them to the prefecture. (From his cage, Fr. Venard penned a very touching letter to his loved ones notifying them of his capture.)

After this a detachment of fifty or a hundred soldiers arrived to escort the prisoners to the capital, and the

prefect sent with them a long letter explaining the circumstances of their arrest by the chief Do, who formed part of the convoy."

Arrived at the capital, Fr. Venard found means to write again to his family. (This beautiful epistle concludes thus) "I am now only waiting patiently for the day when God will allow me to offer Him the sacrifice of my blood. I do not regret leaving this world: my soul thirsts for the waters of eternal life. My exile is over. I touch the soil of my real country: earth vanishes, Heaven opens, I go to God. Adieu, dearest father, sister, brothers, do not mourn for me, do not weep for me, live the years that are left to you on earth in unity and love. Practise your religion: keep pure from all sin. We shall meet again in heaven, and shall enjoy true happiness in the kingdom of God. Adieu. I should like to write to each one separately but I cannot, and you know my heart. It is three, long, weary years since I have heard from you, and I know not who is taken or who is left. Adieu. The prisoner of Jesus Christ salutes you. In a very short time the sacrifice will be consummated. May God have you always in His holy keeping. Amen."

During the night of February 2nd the desired sentence arrived at last, but Fr. Venard knew it not. At two o'clock in the morning he breakfasted as usual and was allowed to walk in the garden. The widow Nghien, having followed him stealthily, said in a low voice, 'Father, you are to be executed to-day.' At this moment an old lady named Xin arrived, bearing the Blessed Sacrament to the prisoner of Jesus Christ. It was the fourth time that Fr. Tinh had managed to convey to him the Bread of Life. (But alas he was not permitted to receive it.)

In the meantime, the mandarin had summoned the missionary to hear his sentence and to be sent to execution. Fr. Venard had prepared for himself a special dress for this day of his nuptials, a garment of white cotton covered with a long robe of black silk. Having put it on, he calmly appeared before the mandarins, and when the sentence of his death had been pronounced, he took up his parable, and made a little speech. This was a formal declaration that he had come to Tong-king only to teach the true religion, and that he was going to die for the same cause. He ended by saying to his judges, 'One day we shall meet each other again, at the tribunal of God'. The mandarin of justice arose hastily and exclaimed, 'I will have no insolence.' The convoy was ordered to start at once. It was composed of two elephants and two hundred soldiers, commanded by a lieutenant colonel. Fr. Venard began to sing Latin psalms and hymns as the procession passed through the town. The place of execution was about half an hour from the mandarin's house, and when they had arrived, the soldiers formed a great circle to keep back the crowd, which was enormous: but the courageous widow Nghien broke through the ranks and at last obtained permission to remain with the missionary to the end.

"Fr. Venard, with a calm and even joyous countenance, looked all over the crowd, hoping to see Fr. Tinh and to receive a last absolution. But this poor priest, not knowing that the order for execution had been given, could not arrive in time. Your brother, having given his sandals



to the faithful widow, sat quietly on his mat. The soldiers took off his chain, and with a hammer loosened the nails which fastened the ring about his neck and ankles. Then they pushed all, even the poor widow, outside the circle.

"The executioner was a hideous hunchback, called Tue, once a soldier, now a buffoon. He had already decapitated four of our priests on the 25th of March, 1860, and had begged to be allowed to perform this horrible office that he might have the martyr's clothes. He began by asking Fr. Venard, as of an ordinary criminal, what he would give him to be executed promptly and well. The answer he received was, 'The longer it lasts the better it will be.' Seeing the missionary's clothes were new and clean, his whole anxiety was to get them without any stains of blood. He therefore begged his victim to strip: and, as this first invitation remained unheeded, he added, with barbarous ingenuity, 'You are to be lang-tri,' that is, to have all the members cut off at the joints and the trunk sawn into four parts. Our dear missionary, either because he believed the lie, or because he wished to experience more fully the humiliation of Our Saviour, took off all his clothes except his trousers. His elbows were then tightly tied behind his back, forcing him to hold up his head for the fatal stroke, and he was fastened to a stake badly fixed in the ground. In this position, at a given signal, Fr. Venard received the first stroke—but it was simply a trial blow on the part of the merciless executioner and did not enter the flesh deeply. The next stroke, more vigorously applied, cut the head nearly off, the stake and the victim falling together. Then, the executioner, finding his sword blunt, took another, and hacked at the neck, while indignant murmurs rose from the crowd.

"Finally, seizing the fallen head by the ear, he held it up to the lieutenant colonel who presided at the torture. This officer, having desired the municipal authorities to keep watch for three days, during which time the head was to be exposed, instantly sounded the retreat and marched his troops back to their quarters. All this time the poor widow Nghien and many other women were bewailing as if at the death of their first-born. No sooner had the troops left the ground than these women and a crowd of sympathizers precipitated themselves on the spot to soak their handkerchiefs and papers in the martyr's blood: and they showed such ardor that not a blade of grass was left in the place."

The official news of Theophane Venard's martyrdom did not arrive in France till the end of December, 1861, nearly eleven months after the event. The Bishop of Poitiers at once resolved to hold a feast in honor of one whom his hand had led into the sanctuary, and who had become the glory of his diocese by the heroic confession of faith and the shedding of blood for Jesus Christ. The feast was fixed for Sunday, the 2nd of February, the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, and the anniversary of the martyrdom. After the mass, the Bishop preached with such fervor and emotion that the whole audience was in tears. Yet there was nothing sad about the festival. Nothing spoke of death, but everything breathed life and hope.

His father's house was decked that day as for a marriage feast and at the breakfast given by his brothers, the room was hung with festoons and garlands, the martyr's monogram being twined with palm branches and crowns.

Mdlle. Melanie Venard assisted at the feast. She had now followed her heart's desire, so often talked over with her martyred brother, and had taken the veil in the convent of the Holy Family, under the name of "Sister Theophane."

And now that we have followed Theophane Venard from his birth to his death, is our interest in him entirely at

an end? If our minds have been for a short time turned from frivolous thoughts to the contemplation of a life so pure, so holy, so single-minded in the dedication of all its gifts and powers to God, will it not have some influence, some effect on our future conduct?

We feel confident that Our Lord will not allow so eminent an example to pass unheeded, and that already this martyr's words have kindled in other souls a like burning love and zeal for the conversion of the heathen. Scarcely had Theophane Venard reached Tong-king when his letters began to fire the ambition of friends and companions, determining them to share in his apostolic labors for the foreign missions. We trust that on those who read this little book a like impression may be made; that if all cannot actually take part in the missionary's life, they may at least help others to do so by propagating the works of the foreign missions to the utmost of their power in the circle of their own homes.

We shall close this inspiring biography by reproducing some of the letters which he wrote just before his execution. To Bishop Jeantet he wrote:

"Father Tinh will tell you of his visit, when I gave him some tea in the midst of all the crowd. He brought me, on the other hand, the Bread of the traveller,—*'Mi Jesus, deus meus.'*"† in my cage! Think of that!" Then

he goes on to say, 'I have not received a single stroke of the knout. I have had very little insult, and much sympathy; no one here wishes me to die. The people of the household of the great mandarin are kindness itself to me. I have suffered nothing in comparison with my brethren. I have only to lay my head quietly on the block, under the axe of the executioner, and at once I shall find myself in the presence of Our Lord, saying, "Here am I, O Lord! Thy little martyr!" I shall present my palm to Our Lady, and say, "Hail, Mary! my Mother and my Mistress, all hail!" And I shall take my place in the ranks of the thousands killed for the holy name of Jesus; and I shall intone the eternal Hosanna! Amen.'

"I enclose the last letters, written to you all, which are of the same date as mine. It is impossible, I think, for any one to read them unmoved."

†My Jesus, my God.

"J. M. J.†

"FROM MY CAGE, KECHO,

"January 20, 1861.

"MY DEAREST, MUCH HONORED, AND MUCH LOVED FATHER,—As my sentence is still delayed, I will send you one more word of farewell, which will probably be the last. These last days in my prison pass quietly; all who surround me are civil and respectful and a good

many love me. From the great mandarin down to the humblest private soldier, every one regrets that the laws of the country condemn me to death. I have not been put to the torture like my brethren. A slight sabre-cut will separate my head from my body, like the spring flower which the Master of the Garden gathers for His pleasure. We are all flowers planted on this earth, which God plucks in His own good time, some a little sooner, some a little later. One is as the blushing rose, another the virginal lily, a third the humble violet. Let us each strive to please Our Sovereign Lord and Master according to the gift and the sweetness which He has bestowed upon us. I wish you, my dearest father, a long, happy, and peaceful old age, and that you may bear the cross of life with Jesus unto the Calvary of a happy death. Father and son, may we meet in paradise. I, poor little moth, go first. Adieu!

"Your devoted and dutiful son,

"Theophane Venard, Missionary Apostolic."

†Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

### ECCO HOMO

**H**E lived, and His love forever is living and burning;

He died, and the honor of men was dead in the shame of His death.

He arose, and His rising was faith for the dying hearts of the faithful, And form for the phantom of truth,—the blood in its veins and its breath.

And beauty more beauteous was in the grace of heaven,

For His were the crucified hands that opened the gateways of art;

And His was the gentle tongue that sowed the most infinite wisdom,

And His was the lesson of glory that is bought with the pain of the heart.

More is the span of His life than the years of His living.

The light that is shed from the star that is shattered is His.

His is the story of life that began not and shall not be ended,—

The glory that was not, nor shall be, but endlessly is.

—DILYS BENNETT.



# Our Crusade



# Bulletin Board

## The Challenge

DO KEEP the Faith, we must spread it,"  
A holy and wise man said;  
"For we are but few of the millions  
For whom Christ's blood was shed."

Crusaders, awake! The challenge  
Rings down the ages long,  
"Can you not walk in My footsteps  
And eat the bread of the strong?"

For spreading the Faith means giving  
One's heart and one's life to God—  
Leaving home and country and loved ones  
To walk in the paths He trod

Then when life's battle is ended,  
The brave awake to the word,  
"Arise, and come unto glory—  
I name thee Knight of the Lord."  
N. S., St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.

The absent-minded professor who poured syrup  
down his back and scratched his pancake takes  
second place to the one who poured catsup on his  
shoe laces and tied his spaghetti.

## Thanks to the Little Flower

I N thanking our benefactors for their very kind  
assistance to our mission work, we must select  
for special recognition and gratitude—The Lit-  
tle Flower Period. The great desire of her life as  
she herself expressed it was "I would like to be a  
missionary not only for a lifetime but until the end  
of the world." Although her wish was not grati-  
fied during her lifetime it is now being fulfilled.  
She is spending her heaven doing good for the  
missions. Last year the bulk of the donations  
in support of our work were in her honour or  
in thanksgiving to her for favors received.  
Should this evidence of her popularity occasion  
any surprise to you just tempt her with an offer-  
ing for the missions in return for some favor  
you wish to obtain and you will soon understand  
why the faithful in every country have taken her  
to heart and why the Church has named her as  
patroness of the missions.

## Summary of Activities for February

The most notable gains on the mission front  
were in the sector held by St. Francis Xavier's  
University Antigonish N.S. while Winnipeg, Sud-  
bury, Portugal Cove and Peterboro also advanced  
and perfected their plans for the Lenten attack.  
An unofficial communication states that the ab-  
sence of reports from the other sectors of the  
far flung mission line is due to the extensive vic-  
tories achieved during their long March.

## The Missionary

He sleeps, this blessed of the Lord, and waits  
Until his Master comes. His ashes lie  
'Neath scorching veldt, 'neath icy layer, and in  
Lone lands where'er the heathen dwells. His  
deeds  
Were all for those in whose hearts, gods, their  
throne

Had placed. And death was but a shining gate-  
way

Through which he passed to his eternal home.  
True Knight of God, he lifted high the Cross  
That Pagan eyes might see and hearts believe;  
Nor faltered he until his task was o'er,  
And souls for Christ, by zealous efforts gained.  
True Soldier of the Cross he died; and we  
Shall seek, in all the world, a nobler work;  
A nobler death than was his happy lot  
To share. Great men have died and all this  
world

Has mourned; and pillars peaked the sky; and cut  
Thereon their names, that all might see, and so  
They and their deeds in stone lived on again.  
But he who sought those precious souls for Christ,  
When soul and body cleft, we hear not word  
Of him, nor of his deeds. The silent grave  
Closed o'er him until comes the Judgment Day.  
No granite columns raise their glittering domes  
For him who strove and died for love of men.  
This earth was not his goal, and cared not he  
What men would say when he had bid adieu.  
A mightier monument with pulse and soul  
He left, which honor gives to God alone;  
And which shall be with him in glorious courts  
Of Saints, when dawn breaks bright that joyful  
morn.

D.A.M. in "Red and White"



# Mission Notes

## Canadian Sisters

The Canadian Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are finally settled in their new mission at Tsongming, Haimen, China, where Bishop Tsu, S. J. is Vicar Apostolic. The Sisters have been given charge of a school, a foundling-home and an orphanage.

## Native Clergy

Three-fourths of the clergy of the Vicariate of Peking, China, are Chinese. Of the eighty parishes in the vicariate sixty-four are under the care of native priests. The Cathedral has had a Chinese rector and a Chinese first assistant for the past fifty years.

## Chinese Sermons

Chinese priests in the prefecture of Lihsen preached over one thousand sermons to pagans last year. Father Paul Tch'en of Mat.—An. preached 271.

## Chinese Catholics

Two Catholics have been given places in the Canton local Government, which has sent twelve students, six of them Catholic, to Pengnam to make a collection of the flora and fauna of the district.

## Diplomatic Move

The "Chen Pao", the largest newspaper in China, has praised the attitude of the Catholic Church in refusing indemnity for the losses suffered during the past two years from the Chinese.

## Beggars Description

No longer can the poor of Canton beg in peace. Now they must go to school. The Beggars' School is vocational and all are compelled to learn a trade of some sort. The school already has seven hundred "Students."

## Chinese Scholarship

Two hundred and nine doctorate degrees and five hundred and nineteen masters degrees were awarded to seven hundred and twenty-eight Chinese students in the United States during the past twenty-six years, according to the 1928 report of the China Institute in America.

## Eleven Per Cent Increase In Three Years Reported.

"According to a census taken by the Directorate General of Posts in Peking, for 1928 China has a population of 485,508,838 persons. The increase in the population during the past three years is put at 49,413,885 persons.—Toho."

This would be an increase of a million and a third a month! In other words, at the present time China's population will exceed 500,000,000. Some missionaries will be required to convert this mass of humanity!

## Peking

There are 289,000 Catholics in the city of Peking and its environs. This figure shows that Peking has 29,000 more Catholics than the Arch-

diocese of Westminster (London, Eng.) which has a Catholic population of 260,000.

## Catholics in U.S.A.

There are now 21,453,928 Catholics in the United States according to the new issue of "The Catholic Press Directory" published by Joseph H. Meier Chicago. Comparing these figures with those of 1908, namely 15,265,168 shows that the Catholic Church has gained 6,188,760 in membership during the past twenty years.

## DEATH OF VETERAN MISSIONARY

From the December number of *Le Bulletin Catholique de Peking* we learn of the death of Auxiliary Bishop Fabregues of Peking. The deceased prelate, who was but 56 years of age, entered the Lazarist community in 1890. In 1896 he began his mission work in the district of Pao-tsingfou (near Peking) and in 1905 was named mission superior of the district. In 1905 he was made Vicar Apostolic and in 1910 he was consecrated Bishop. In June 1923 he was appointed Auxiliary bishop of Peking. May the reward of his thirty-two years of missionary labor be great is our heart-felt prayer.

## New Missionaries

Nine young men were ordained to the priesthood in the Maryknoll chapel on January 27th. The young priests then went to their various home parishes where each chanted his first High Mass. After having blessed their relatives and friends, and received congratulations from the home folk, they return to Maryknoll and resume their theological studies. These young men will leave for their posts in foreign lands next September. The ordinations taking place at Maryknoll in January marks a new departure, former classes having been ordained in the months of May or June.

## Honor to Xavier

Sancian Island, where St. Francis Xavier died, is to have a shrine worthy of the glorious patron of missions and missionaries. The Shrine, which will replace the present battered Memorial Chapel with its ant-eaten roof, will be financed by Bishop Dunn and other friends of the missions. A fresco of Xavier's life, for the walls of the Shrine, will be the personal offering of the most skilled artist of the Benedictine Order, Father Gresnigt. Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll relates a humorous incident that occurred during Bishop Dunn's visit to Sancian: "Of course all said Mass at the Memorial Chapel—and what did it matter if the boat that took them there got caught by low tide, treating us to the unforgettable spectacle of the Auxiliary Bishop of New York clutching the episcopal shoes in one hand and his life in the other while he waded ashore like any missionary!"



## With Our Benefactors

We gratefully acknowledge  
the following contributions received  
during the month of February.

### Macpherson Burse:

Previously acknowledged .....	\$125.00
Mrs. L. Derosier .....	4.00
Mrs. S. B. MacNeil .....	1.00
Mr. Wm. Curry .....	25.00
Mrs. Donald Beaton .....	5.00
Mrs. Catherine (Rankin)	
MacMillan .....	5.00
John J. MacMillan .....	1.00
Alex and Catherine MacInnis	
in memory of mother .....	25.00
Mrs. Mary Ann MacDonald .....	4.00

### Miscellaneous Amounts:

St. Francis Xavier's University, Antigonish, \$100.00; Friend, Toronto, \$100.00; St. Patrick's Mission Circle, Sherbrooke, \$75.00; Miss M. Frecker, \$25.00; St. Joseph's Parish, Kentville, N.S., \$25.00; Rev. M. Goodrow, \$12.00; Mrs. F. B. Fuerth, \$10.50; Grades 1 & 3 Mercy Convent St. John's Nfld, \$80.00; Mrs. C. Powden, \$30.00.

### The Following gave \$10.00

J. J. Carolan; Miss B. A. Hubbert; Thos Dickey; Miss A. Colbert; Mrs. L. H. Timmins; L. R. Lannon.

### Miscellaneous Amounts:

Children of Mary, St. Cecelia's Parish, Toronto, \$6.00; George and Mary Jordan, \$5.70; Sanctuary Boys, St. Mary's Cathedral, Winnipeg, \$5.20.

### The Following gave \$5.00:

Friend, Ottawa; J. M. Speechly; Rev. J. J. Sullivan; Mrs. A. Kenny; G. A. Melaney; Rev. J. M. Fogarty; C. M. Davies; Sisters of Immaculata High School, Ottawa; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Rev. J. Emery; Miss S. McGowan; Mr. and Mrs. J. Hogan; Mrs. L. Derosiers; Sister M. Winifred; Mrs. M. Dunphy; Mrs. Grouchy; Presentation Convent St. John's Nfld.

### Miscellaneous Amounts:

Miss Sadie Smith, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Young, \$2.00; Miss R. Blainey, \$1.00; Miss I. M. Roberts, \$1.00; Jas. Cosgrove, \$2.00; C. O. Curley, \$2.00; Mrs. J. Fitzgerald, \$1.00; Mrs. J. B. Farrell, \$1.00; Miss K. Bird, \$2.00; M. F. Collins, \$1.05; P. G. Roche, \$1.00; A. J. Macdonald, \$1.50; Miss J. Burke, \$1.00; Wilfred Healey, \$1.00; M. Wade, \$2.00; Friend, Creighton Mine, \$2.00; Friend, Toronto, \$2.00; Mrs. M. Pitre, \$2.00; Mrs. S. P. Doiron, \$3.00; Friend, Barrie, \$2.00; St. Joseph's Convent, Sudbury, \$1.50; D. J. Rankin, \$1.00; Jr. III. class, Immaculate Conception School, Peterboro, \$1.00; Adam Pataski, \$2.00; John Devine, Jr. \$1.15; Friend, Pakenham, \$1.10; M. Vice, \$2.00; Miss E. M. Dawson, \$1.00; Miss A. de Monrichard, \$1.25; Miss V. de Leon, \$3.00; Mrs. D. J. Gillis, \$3.00; Miss L. Hinsperger, \$1.00; F. G. Kehoe, \$1.00; Portugal Cove School, Nfld., \$1.50; Mrs. Lucy McNeil, \$2.00; Angus H. Gillis, \$2.00; Miss F. Scott, \$2.00; M. Brunsard, \$1.00; Miss K. Sharron, \$2.00; D. L. Hunt, \$1.00; Miss C. J. Tobin, \$4.00; Friend, Toronto, \$3.00; Mrs. Jas. English, \$3.00.

## MISSION VALUES

50c for a year's subscription to CHINA, for yourself or for friend.

\$1 for a day's support for a missionary.

\$5 for the support of a student for one week.

\$10 for a life subscription to CHINA

\$25 for the yearly support of a boy in our mission schools.

\$50 for the yearly support of a student in the preparatory Seminary in China.

\$100 for the yearly travelling expenses of a missionary

\$250 for the support of a student in our seminary for one year.

\$500 for the expenses of one our missionaries to China this year.

\$2,000 for the building of a Church in one of our missions in Chuchow.

\$5,000 for a Burse for the perpetual support of a student at the seminary, the monument of monuments to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

## THE STUDENTS' BURSE.

What is a Burse? It is the investing of \$5000 which pays \$250 interest each year forever to educate a priest for China. When one has complete his education another starts.

The students of Canada are going to raise \$5000 to help convert China. How can it be done? It is to be done by many students making a little sacrifice. We are asking each high school, College, University and Seminary to give \$25.00 for each 100 students. The parochial schools, can they help? You bet, by donations saved from candy money and other means they can think of.

Here is the manner some schools are doing it. 5 cents a week for 5 weeks from 400 students makes \$100. It soon counts up and before long our students Burse will be completed. Other schools are putting on little plays, raffles and in many ways are students working. Here is one letter we have received.

"Dear Father:

We have considered you splendid plan concerning the Burse for China Mission Seminary, and we are delighted to do our share towards making it a success.

We think we can safely prom-

ise to send you a cheque for at least one hundred dollars.

Thanking you for asking us,

We are, Sincerely Yours,

Loretto Abbey College School,  
387 Brunswick ave.

This is the kind of letter we wish to receive. It shows a wonderful missionary spirit that must be pleasing to God. Congratulations Loretto you are a credit to the Church.

Just imagine a priest educated for all time by the little sacrifices of the students of Canada. Maybe some boys working for the Burse will be educated by it or a brother of some girls who are working. What would we like for our next issue of CHINA. Perhaps some school will have their hundred dollars in. Others we are sure will have part of it and we will have many promises to attempt to get the \$100.

Who will have the first hundred dollars in?

Who will have the first cheque in?

How many pledges will we have for the next issue?

And what a wonderful thing to be able to say you and your school helped to raise a Burse for the education of a priest for China.

Make sure you mention in your letters that the donation is for the Students burse.

Three hundred years ago the children of France made sacrifices to send Missionaries to Canada. We now enjoy the true faith and will we refuse to aid our missionaries to bring the light of faith to China.

This is the call to arms for the students. Make the army large and the work will be light for all. Every school can help.

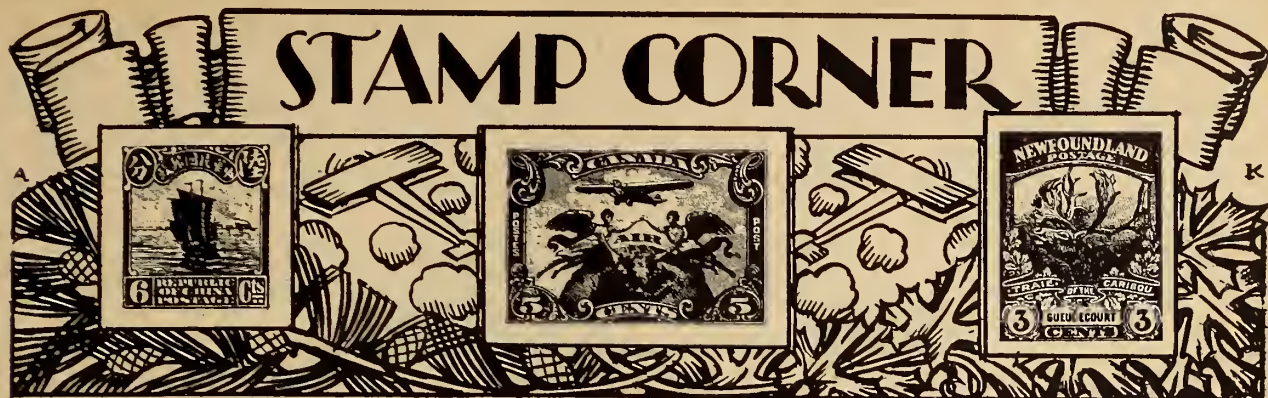
The originators of the Burse are:

Loretto Brunswick—Margareta McKenty, Margaret Bottle.

Loretto Armour Heights—Veronica Coyne, Frances McCarron. St. Joseph's High School—Mary McCormick, Gertrude Ivey, Helen Ellard.

St. Michael's College—Mr. Jack McGoey.





### WATCH US GROW

We had no idea that there were so many people interested in the "King of Hobbies and Hobby of Kings." stamp collecting. And, mind you, it is not only from the Buddies, of Father Jim's Department, that we have received encouraging and enthusiastic letters but from grown-ups too. By an overwhelming majority our readers, young and old, have advised that we make this Corner not merely a place for answering stamp questions and giving information, but a medium whereby they may be able to secure stamps for their collections.

### Stamps, Stamps, Stamps

We had long been in touch with wholesalers and local dealers in many parts of the world. Our expert has been studying sources of supply very intently for the past four months and now informs us that by handling large quantities we can give readers of CHINA prices that they simply could not get elsewhere. Our first wholesale shipment has arrived, hundreds of sets and packets, stamps from all parts of the world, stamps depicting ships and aeroplanes, birds, beasts and reptiles; the spotted panther of the Congo, the great wild elephants of Borneo and a regular zoo from the famous issues of Liberia. There are stamps used and unused, the gorgeous triangles of Nyassa, a complete set of nine just as they left the "mint" and hundreds of sets and packets too numerous to mention.

### Begin Well

Some of our readers have asked us the best way to start a collection. The best, and the easiest way, is to begin by collecting all the stamps you can find at home. In this way you will get a fair assortment of Canada or Newfoundland without spending a cent and your duplicates will be of use for exchange with collectors from other parts of the world.

### General Variety Packets

After you have acquired all the stamps you can find in this way the next step is to buy some stamps in the inexpensive and convenient form of packets. Sort them according to the different countries; compare them with the illustrations in your stamp album; you will begin learning history, geography, customs and institutions of the different countries almost before you realize it.

### Individual Countries

After you have classified and arranged a good general variety packet you can fill in the spaces in your album by purchasing packets from individual countries, for example 100 Austria, 50 Finland, 50 Guatemala etc, all different stamps. And the collection that you form now, without any great expense, may be of considerable value in years to come.

On the inside front page of this issue of CHINA we give a list of some of our general packets. If you wish complete information please enclose five cents in stamps and we will forward you our forty page catalogue with over 300 illustrations of actual stamps, and including a complete list of ten cent packets from all parts of the world.

### Exchange Department

The stamp Corner will be pleased to publish names and addresses of those who wish to exchange duplicates with other collectors.

### STAMP NOTES

#### The World's Rarest Stamp

The rarest stamp in the world (only one copy is known to exist) is a one cent stamp of British Guiana, black on magenta in color and issued in 1856. When the French Government auctioned the collection of Count Ferrary, after the war this stamp was bought by Arthur Hind, American millionaire collector, for the staggering figure of \$38,025.00

### Valuable Air Mails

The Hawker Air Mail stamp of Newfoundland which sold for one dollar in 1919 is now catalogued at \$500.00 unused and \$350.00 used. And the Pinedo air mail stamp of the same country which could be purchased for face value of \$1.00 in 1927 now catalogues \$300.00 unused and \$150.00 used. The reason for the phenomenal increase in their value is the fact that so few of each were issued.

### Famous Collector

The world's best known collector is King George V of England whose magnificent specialized collection of Great Britain and Colonies is valued at half a million dollars. Other royal collectors are King Albert, Queen Elizabeth and Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium; King Fuad of Egypt, Alphonse XIII of Spain and Queen Elena of Italy.

### Stamp Hinges

The modern collector always puts his stamps in his album with "mounts" or stamp "hinges." These are little rectangular pieces of thin transparent paper coated on one side with thin tasteless gum. One half of the hinge is attached to the upper back edge of the stamp and the other half to the page.

### Medium Priced Album

For the average young collector it is a mistake to buy either a very cheap or a very expensive album. We can secure a good album for you for about \$2.00, one which contains hundreds of stamp illustrations and spaces for every stamp issuing country.

### Stamp Puzzles

It is often difficult to tell at first sight to what country a certain stamp belongs. The illustrations in your album will be a great help and will often enable you to place a stamp which otherwise defies identification.

## THE PRIDE AND JOY OF EVERY BOY.



The Famous Nyassa Triangles—set of nine complete. (See inside front page.)



# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by  
FATHER JIM



## Mystic Treasures

By Betty Chin

Note. Now for the search which Betty promised in her last instalment. Really, this is getting so exciting that I'm sorely tempted to read ahead, just to see how it all turns out!

Next morning at half-past eight, Betty and Eric were up and dressed, waiting for breakfast, neither having slept much. After a delicious breakfast of cereal, melon, toast and cocoa, they set off to fulfil the morning's intention. They started at Shelf Number One, and searched every book thoroughly. After an hour and a half of fruitless search, they heard a step in the hall. Hastily they took a book and settled down quite innocently. Uncle Ted entered the room.

"Well, well, well!" said he. "In here on a day like this, be ye? Those books must be very interesting. I'll have to read them meself, sure I will."

"Yes, Uncle we thought it would be rather nice to stay here today and look through the books," replied Eric rather cleverly. Betty's smile was concealed by her book. What a clever brother she had! He had never told any lies since she could remember, and this wasn't a lie.

"Well, me dears, ye are quite welcome to look at anything in here," replied Sir Harvard. "I am going for a drive. Ye can both come if ye so wish it."

"We'd rather not this morning, thank you Uncle dear," they both answered.

"Very well," he murmured and smiling, left the room, his light step ringing in the hall.

In a moment both youngsters had sprung up and were resuming their work. Half an hour passed and still no sign of the missing half of the map. Suddenly Eric found a piece of paper in a book and his fingers twitched nervously as he opened it, but it was only a list of books. He looked very disappointed. Presently the dinner gong rang and as they left the library, Eric said:

"Let's not bother any more to-day about the map."

"Allright then," replied Betty.

The next moment Uncle came in, all fresh and jolly from the morning's ride.

"Well, I never! Ye both look a slight bit pale for the want o' some pure fresh air. Ye must have your ponies around the garden this here very afternoon, bein' as ye were both in this mornin'."

When dinner had been cleared away,

Eric drew Betty aside. "Betty dear, you go for your ride and I'll join you later," he said.

"Why?" queried Betty.

"Well, if you must know. I am going to look through Shelf Number Two. That is where you found your book, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I thought it might be there."

"Please wait until later," pleaded Betty.

"No, never put off one hour what can be done the next, as I usually say," returned Eric, so Betty went to change her frock, while Eric made his way to the library. He didn't like to disappoint his sister, so he hurriedly started through the books. Betty hurried, and then ran down to the library and asked Eric once more whether he had changed his mind, but he resisted her tempting him. So she kissed him good-bye and told him she would be either among or around

In order to give you a real, honest-to-goodness Easter issue this month, Buddies, we're publishing China earlier than usual, and consequently won't have time to wait for any more letters or Key Line Drawings. However, these will all be in time for next issue—and I'm sure you'd rather have an Easter edition, wouldn't you?

Father Jim.

the ruins, or down by the river.

After Betty had gone, Eric worked on feverishly. He had been thus working for over an hour, when he finally came to a heavy black lexicon. Upon taking it down, it slipped from his hands and fell with a clatter to the floor. As he bent to pick it up, an envelope fell from its interior. Eric fairly pounced upon it, and ripping it open, read the contents. A few lines were written thus:

"You will find, under the books on Shelf Number Two, a trap door. Open it and you will find steps leading down under ground. Follow these."

Eric put back the book and rushed off with the letter to find Betty. Judging by the rate Eric made Prince go, that poor pony must have been very puzzled over his master's behaviour. Betty, at this moment, was sitting among the ruins reading her book, as usual. Suddenly the clatter of hoofs came to her ears. Looking up, she beheld Eric racing down the path on Prince, his face flushed with ex-

citement. He drew rein as he neared her, and was off his pony before it had stopped.

"Look!" he exclaimed, as he drew from his pocket the envelope which contained those curious words. Betty glanced at it and then said, "Let's go now, while Uncle is out bowling."

So, accordingly, they both jumped on their ponies and rode homeward. Leaving Lady and Prince with Jackson, the groom, they retreated to the house. Once within the library, with the door locked and the key in their possession, all was safe.

\* \* \*

Now for the big secret! We can all hardly wait for the next instalment, Betty!

## RESULT OF PLAYING TRUANT

Mr. Brown was taking giant strides down the street near his home, when he was abruptly stopped by Miss Hill. "Good-day, Mr. Brown," she greeted cheerfully. "How is Tom now?"

"Tom? Was he not at school to-day?"

"No. Jimmy Fairbanks told me he would not be able to come until to-morrow," she replied, equally astonished.

"Well, I'll have to look into this matter! Good-day, Miss Hill."

His steps seemed even longer, as he proceeded homeward. Just as he was entering the house, he bumped into breathless Tom.

"Well, young man, what is this I hear? Weren't you at school? Haven't I told you before to return home immediately after school? Where are your books?"

Knowing that he could not deceive his father, Tom stood mute for a minute, and then replied despondently:

"Well—well, the boys called me a coward when I wouldn't go fishing with them to-day, so I went, and..."

"Well, proceed."


"And I happened to miss them and got in an old man's orchard. I was fishing and he came along and chased me. Just then I noticed "Forbidden Grounds" on a signboard."

"So that's the way you behave when your mother goes away for a long-needed rest! I will attend to you. Go to your room and remain there!"

That night, as he peered through the window in tears, he saw a big policeman with one of his brave school comrades on each side. They had been arrested, then! Tom made a resolution right then to obey mother and dad, always. They know best!

Very fine—Petal—come again.





## Our Mail Bag Messengers

Harrison. Ont.

Dear Father Jim,

I am writing on behalf of the pupils of Forms Three and Four, of S. S. No. 18. We were very glad to see our names printed in the China, and that you were pleased with our Christmas essays. We know you will be glad to hear that we have started a Canceled Stamp and Tinfoil Club for the Maryknoll Missionary Sisters in New York. We all appreciate writing to you.

Pupils of S. S. #18  
per Angus E. McPhail.

Thanks for your nice little letter, my pupils—and how very business-like you are! Indeed I am glad to know you've started such a fine little Club, and I hope you'll be successful in your good work. Let me hear from you again, pupils.

Father Jim.

Actinolite, Ont.

Dear Father Jim,

I am a new member for the Little Flower's Rose Garden. We have been taking "China" for two years and intend to keep on taking it. It is a very interesting little paper. Everyone in the family that can read, reads it. I like the Little Flower's page best of all. I am twelve years old and am in the Fourth class. I have nearly two miles to go to school. I like to skate and play hockey. We have a splendid slide at school and we have a great time sliding. The fourteenth of February is St. Valentine's Day so I am sending you a valentine with my letter. My proper name is David Latendre. Will you please give me a penname. I wish the Little Flower's Garden every success.

Yours sincerely,  
David Latendre.

Your valentine was a beauty, David, and I appreciate your thought for me. Now, about that penname—how about Slider? You're so fond of sliding and skating that I think that should be very appropriate. Let me know what you think about it.

Father Jim.

Box 376, Almonte, Ont.

Dear Father Jim,

As I read over the delightful pages in "China" which are dedicated to St. Theresa, I came across your request for more original poetry, so decided then and there to try it.

and I turned out what you will find enclosed with this letter. It is just a try, remember, but I do hope that you will see fit to print it. Well, I must make some comment on the wonderful work that our Buddies are doing. Betty Chin's story is really very interesting, and I can hardly wait for the next instalment. Rose's letters are also very interesting and I really can't find a word in this language good enough to describe her description of Christmas. But I must say it was wonderful. Please, Father Jim, I wish you would put my name and address in the correspondence Box because I want to have lots of "corries". I wish Rose would write to me; also Betty Chin, and I promise faithfully to answer every letter promptly. I am fond of all outdoor sports and reading. I am 12 years old and am in First Form of High School. Well, I must close now, wishing the best o' luck to everyone.

Just a Bud,  
Mary Coderre,  
"Rose-Marie".

### THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

By Rose-Marie

St. Theresa has a garden, filled with  
roses bright and rare,  
And she leaves these lovely flowers  
under Jesus' special care;  
The roses are the boys and girls  
whom St. Theresa loves,  
And they are all so white and clean,  
as pure as turtle doves.  
But this garden must have gard'n-  
ers, and we ask, "Who can they  
be?  
Why, they're nought but guardian  
angels, closely guarding you  
and me;  
They tend these roses faithfully,  
give food and drink and air,  
And sprinkle with the dew of grace,  
and feed them all with prayer.  
This garden is a lovely place, 'tis  
sunny, bright and clean,  
And the roses are the prettiest that  
one has ever seen,  
For are they not the work of God,  
Whose hand so wisely made  
These boys and girls so sweet and  
pure, and in this garden laid.

What a lovely poem, Rose-Marie,  
and such beautiful thoughts behind  
it! I'm sure it will inspire each and  
every Bud to work harder than ever  
to beautify our garden. Do not fail to  
write again—soon.

Father Jim.

Dom. #4, C. B.,

Dear Reverend Father,

Just a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope you are the same. I have picked out a pen-name which is "Cowardly Joe" I picked it because in Grade Four the teacher gave me a strapping and I cried and she called me a coward, and that is why the school children call me cowardly. I am in Grade Six now and I am learning very well. My sister, who is in the same Grade is thirteen years of age and I am eleven years. I will be twelve on April Fool's day. I am very fond of reading the Little Flower's Garden. My sister and I are going to give you a present, but not for a while. I saw where our parish priest, Rev. Father MacNeil, gave \$25.00. I wasn't to school today, because I got a bad cold and nearly choked. I might go to the station this evening. Now it is Lent and I am fasting from gum, candy and apples. I go to Mass every Sunday and go to Communion and go in the week days, but I didn't go this morning. It was too cold."

"Cowardly Joe".

Your letter really made me feel very badly, Joe. That is a very cruel pen-name you chose for yourself, and it really cannot be justified, because you certainly are not afraid to be frank about it. So forget all about it, Joe, and pick yourself a nice, inspiring penname, and then live right up to it! You aren't cowardly, and you must begin right now by believing you're not. Now let me hear from you again, telling me you've chosen a real penname, and one that you'll be proud to have!

Father Jim.

Here's another of Joe Wang's special brand of jokes. How do you like this one, Buds?

The schoolmaster of a certain village asked his pupils the following question:

"Suppose in a family there are five children, and mother has only four potatoes for them. Now, she wants to give every child an equal share. What is she going to do?"

Silence reigned in the room. Everybody calculated very hard, till a little boy stood up and gave, to the great surprise of the schoolmaster, the following unexpected answer:

"Mash the potatoes, sir!"





# Gloom Chasers

## A Reasonable Belief

Bank President: "But why do you wish to work in a bank?"

Serious Youth: "I believe there's money in it."

"Your wife is very broad-minded, isn't she?"

"Oh, wonderfully! She believes there are always two sides to a question—her own and her mothers."

## The Unexpected Caller

"Johnny, run and tell that Mrs. Smith at the door that I'm out."

"Hello, Mrs. Smith. Mom's out."

"Oh, that's too bad, I just came over to borrow some sugar."

Johnny (shouting up the stairs): "Mom! Did you mean that you were out of sugar?"

"What do you feed your dog on—table scraps?"

"Yes, and believe me, he gets an earful."

## Suiting Style to Subject

Reporter: "How shall I handle this story of a dog attacking pedestrians?"  
City Editor: "Make it snappy."

"Does your wife go in for athletics?"

"Absolutely! You should see her jump at conclusions!"

## Improving Association

Mrs. Ladidah—I'm going to enter Fido in the dog show next week.

Friend—Do you think he will win?

Mrs. Ladidah—No; but he'll meet some nice dogs.

—Tit-Bits.

Fair Yachting enthusiast—"What makes the yacht jump about so?"

Chaperon—"The coach says the poor thing is on a tack"

## Faith and Good Works

Faher O'Leary was off to catch the Dublin Express and on the way to the station he met the bishop. "Well, what's your hurry?" said the bishop.

"It's the Dublin Express I'm after, your lordship," replied Fr. O'Leary.

The bishop pulled out his watch. "Well," he said, "there are seven minutes yet. Let us walk together and both catch it."

They arrived at the station just in time to see the train steaming out.

"Do you know I had the greatest faith in that watch Father O'Leary," said the bishop.

"Yes, my Lord," replied Father O'Leary. "But what is faith without good works?"

## No Sale

Farmer: "Say, what would it cost me t'go in the sleepin' car as fur as Chicago?"

Pullman Agent: "Upper or lower berth?"

Farmer: "Why, is there any difference in price?"

Pullman Agent: "Yes, the lower is higher than the upper. You can take your choice, but most people take a lower even though it comes higher. You see, when you take an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher, and \* \* \*

Farmer: "Never mind, young fellow, I'll just go in the settin' car."

An optimist: a man who goes looking for lodgings with a trombone under one arm and a saxophone under the other.

Teacher—What great law is Newton credited with discovering?

The Class (in unison)—The bigger they are the harder they fall.

—Carnegie Puppet.

"How old is Elizabeth?"

"Don't know, but everybody was overcome by the heat from the candles on her last birthday cake."

—Tit Bits.

"And what do you think of the Grand Canyon, Hokku?"

"Just gorges, Anaximander, just gorges."

## Family Likeness

Dabson: "He claims to be related to you and says he can prove it."

Dobson: "The man's a fool."

Dabson: "That may be a mere coincidence."

Room: "I found fifty cents on your bed."

Mate: "Oh, those are my sleeping quarters."

The Girl: "Oh, don't some people get offensive when they own a car!"

The Man: "Well, some certainly do get a habit of running other people down."

A man was one day visiting a lunatic asylum and while walking in the grounds he met a patient, to whom he said:

"Well, how did you get here?"

The man replied: "Well, sir, you see I married a widow with a grown-up daughter, and then my father married my wife's daughter; that made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and my father became my step-son. Then my step-mother, the daughter of my wife, had a son, and that boy of course, was my brother, because he was my father's son; but he also was my wife's step-son, and therefore her grandson, and that made me the grandfather of my step-brother. Then my wife had a son, so my mother-in-law, the step-sister of my son, is also his grandmother, because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the son of my step-grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grandfather. That's one reason I am here, sir."

—Answers.



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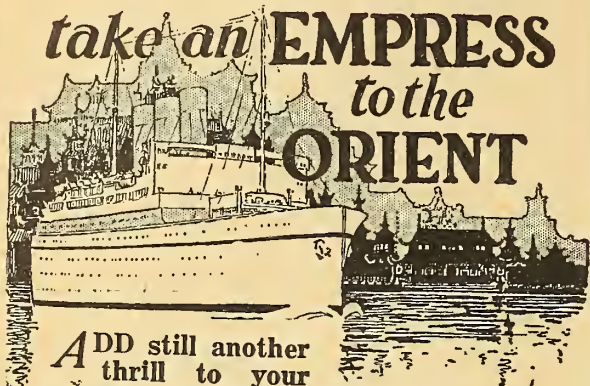
It frees you from the drudgery of handwriting. And handwriting is on the wane. We shirk it whenever possible.

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# CHINA

May

1929



MARY, Queen of the Missions, pray for us.



# HENDRY'S SERIES OF SCHOOL RHYMES

No. 9

MAY

\*\*\*

**T**HIS is the loveliest, the best  
The grandest month of all.  
The days of skipping-ropes  
and hikes  
Of marbles and of ball.  
And Nature makes the hills and  
dells  
One wonderful bouquet  
To place upon the altar-throne  
of Mary—Queen of May.

## TO OUR TEACHERS

**D**URING May we recommend  
Teachers to consider any re-  
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seating accommodation and sup-  
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mer vacation, with the object of  
having the Trustee Board approve  
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closes in June.

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# The Flower Fairies'

## Vale of Health

I know of a wonderful, scented dell,  
Where the beautiful flower-fairies dwell;  
You never could find this vale so sweet,  
For 'tis trodden only by fairy feet.

Now all day long, just as you or I,  
The children frolic, and laugh and cry,  
For flower fairies, though always good,  
Have their joys and sorrows, as children should.

But there's something strange 'bout these fairy folk,  
They're never sick—oh, I do not joke!  
They're the healthiest children you'd ever see,—  
And here's what a fairy told to me.

Each eve, when the children are fast asleep,  
And the valley is bathed in moonlight deep,  
A fairy messenger slips away  
To purchase the food for the coming day.

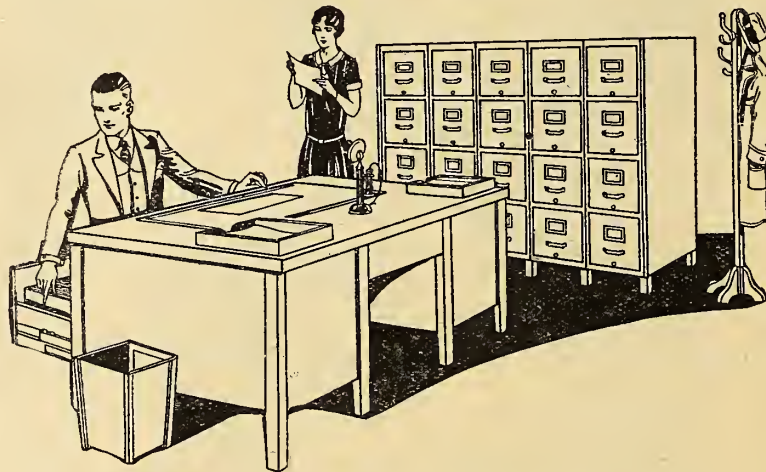
To a fairy blue-bell he wends his way,  
Where he sees a sign, which is sure to say:  
"City Dairy Milk is a fairy food,  
So rich and wholesome; so pure and good."

And there he gets such a big supply,  
That poor wee fairy can hardly fly;  
But he needs it all, the demand to fill,—  
That's why flower fairies are never ill!

*City Dairy*

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# EDITORIAL page

Vol. X.

No. 5

CHINA,—published in the interests of the Chinese Missions by St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallon, London; Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Brien, Peterboro; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

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Mission Superior in China, Very Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.Ap.

Entered as second class matter and admitted to privileged postage rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., July 10th, 1924.

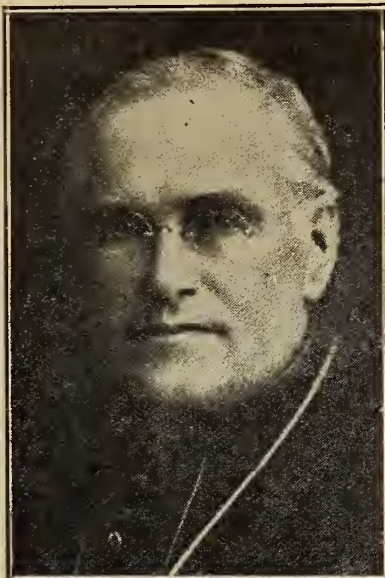
The editor wishes to express his sincere gratitude to many kind friends who sent Mass cards and messages of sympathy on the occasion of his mother's death, on March 24th. May her soul rest in peace!

## Ad Multos Annos!

CHINA extends to His Grace Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D. hearty congratulations upon the occasion of his recent Golden Jubilee of Ordination.

In our work for China we have always found His Grace a staunch and sympathetic friend. It was at his invitation that our headquarters were transferred from Almonte to Scarboro and his was the suggestion that we build our present seminary within easy reach of St. Augustine's so that our students might avail of the splendid course in philosophy and theology which that institution affords.

The wisdom of this decision has become manifest with the years. It has meant the release of our own men for China and the consequent work for souls in which they are now engaged would not have been possible had they been obliged to remain and teach in the seminary.



His Grace Archbishop McNeil, who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood

To our message of congratulation to His Grace upon this happy occasion we cannot but add one of heartfelt gratitude and appreciation. We rejoice to feel that many from the mission fields of China are thus to be found amid the golden harvest of souls whom fifty years of faithful and zealous service have garnered for the Master.

## An Apostolic Spirit

Before me is a letter from the Sisters of Service, Edmonton, Alta., enclosing two new subscriptions to CHINA, secured as a result of an appeal in our behalf in their own paper. Other subscriptions have come in before from the same source.

To say that we are grateful is really to leave a great deal unsaid. We are edified and encouraged to feel that those to whom the work of the Western Missions is so dear find time amid their own exacting duties to encourage, as far as is in their power, the work of the Foreign Missions..

Father Daly, from the time we first knew him, has always been a booster for our work. And his own work has not suffered in consequence. Rather has it been singu-



larly blessed by Divine Providence, and to this very apostolic spirit which he has so well inculcated into the spirit of the order he founded can be attributed much of the amazing success that has attended the work of the Sisters of Service in Canada.

### Welcome Home!

We are all looking forward eagerly to Dr. McRae's return early in May, and to a great deal of interesting first hand information about the "boys" in China.

Since leaving the seminary last October our Rector has had a most eventful journey, new scenes and new impressions crowding

fast upon one another on the way. After a month spent in a tour of inspection of our mission district of Chuchow he journeyed to Rome where, a short time ago, he had the privilege of a private audience with the Holy Father.

His Holiness inquired minutely, and with fatherly solicitude, about our work both in China and in Canada and presented Dr. McRae with a relic of the Little Flower for each priest and student in the seminary.

Needless to say these precious relics of our Little Saint and Patroness of the Missions will be doubly prized, having come directly from the hands of the Holy Father and with his special blessing.

## My First Mission Journey

By Rev. W. K. Amyot



YOU are a stranger in a strange land—but what would your thoughts be, if four days before Christmas you were informed that you are to go alone to the next town for the great Feast, even though you hardly knew a word of the language? To go I say and really begin that work you came so far to do. To bring True Christmas to those who have it not. You can answer for yourself.

The days slip by. 'Tis Christmas Eve before you know it. Are you ready? Aye, ready sir. The clock struck eleven. Out through the gate into the ever busy street we go. Yes, just we three—the carrier, sacristan and I. Up to the right, down to the left, slowly we weave our way. People here, people there, people everywhere. They stop their work as we come along, they look, they stare—then back they turn to that endless work of their's.

Out the Little Water Gate and across the rocky riverbed we go. The ferry is waiting, in we jump and lazily it crosses to the other side (speed is an unknown quantity in China). Then the fun began. To get on was easy—but just TRY and GET off. Men and women, young and old, of every trade, with all kinds of bundles, from washing to desks and farm implements, waiting to cross. Of course all wanted to get on the only ferry at the same time (just like a subway crowd in New York) before those in the ferry had had a ghost of a

chance of getting off. After much pushing and pulling and quite a word battle (that came very close to blows it seemed) our baggage-carrier managed to get his feet on shore—and weight did the rest.

Scrambling up the steep bank we followed close by the famous wall—built by Father Salon to prevent the floods from tearing away the river bank and the farms on that low stretch of ground. Leaving the river and Chuchow behind, we turned towards the mountains, following the highway—a cobbled path about three feet wide that winds through the field-checked valley and then over the hills.

Two hours steady walking through fields all green with winter vegetables brought us to the river again, almost halfway to our destination.

While waiting here for the ferry our attention was taken by a potter who dexterously plied his trade in a "wee" house by the roadside.

Apparently it was not market-day at this ferry, so order reigned. Well did the ancients know the ferryman, when they coined the phrase—"How long have you been loafing on the ferry?"—meaning, "how old are you?" or poetically written—"How long have you been idling away your time crossing the river of life?" A ferryman does nothing but leisurely row the passengers, as they come, across the river. Why he does not even have to "push off"—the last man to board must do that.



Rev. Wm. K. Amyot





A flour mill at Pi-wu-Ka

Here at the half-way of course, one must take refreshments at the village inn. I tried "macaroni in soup", much to the amusement of the spectators who had gathered to see this "foreign devil" eat. They certainly had a real treat and I almost a bath. The macaroni would keep slipping off those chopsticks, and as expected, I received the full benefit of the splash each time it dove back into the bowl. But some way or other all was stowed away under hatches and away we went once more.

In a short time, the next hamlet—"CHU-LUNG" was reached. Here we must turn from the main road to visit the little, open chapel. Little it was and old. Old indeed, for I found out later that this chapel with its lattice front, is the mother church, the first to be built in the district of Chuchow.

A short pause and off we go again. On, on, to Pi-Wu-Ka. The carrier pointed it out, but it was still a long way off. Not far from here, men were cutting down some large fir trees, for lumber. Some were four or five feet in diameter, lovely trees, it seemed such a pity to have to cut them down. Most of the trees in this district are small, being only six inches or a foot in diameter, with the exception of the camphor trees, which are left to grow as they will. They are huge, short but thick-trunked shade trees. 'Tis said there is some superstition connected with these trees, regarding the Spirits of the Wind. Anyway, one always sees them near the temples and most of them well over three or four feet through.

Nearer and nearer we came along the zig-zagging path, till at last, four and a half hours after leaving Chuchow, we reached the town. In by a small alley we went, a sharp turn to the right and there, there before us, was the Tien Tsu Dtong or the Catholic Church—in its little compound. The catechist greeted us at the

door and then hurried to the kitchen to prepare some tea, for we must be thirsty after our long walk.

In the meantime I looked the place over. The chapel was poor, poor indeed, but far better than many others here in China. It was on the second floor, smoky and low, but a chapel, with rickety benches and a single altar, decorated for the occasion with four vases of orange branches and artificial flowers to lend a little color, a few paraffin candles, a crucifix and that was all. To this place Our Infant Saviour was to come that very night—how perfect a setting for one more anniversary of that first Christmas in far off Bethlehem. No crib—but that poor altar: no adorers—but the mere handful of Christians in this huge pagan country. Yes—Christ coming, coming once more, almost as a stranger among these people, after nineteen hundred years. Here, the sacristan interrupted my thoughts by telling me that tea was ready. The news had spread by this time and the Christians began to straggle in, each one bowing profoundly many times as he arrived, in greeting.

Supper was served about six, much to the delight of those early arrivals, for now they could have a ringside place, from which they could watch the new priest eat. You cannot imagine the attraction it is to these simple people, to see foreigners eat. They press in close to have a better view. Their eyes follow those strange implements—knife, fork and spoon, as you wield them. They whisper to each other, laugh and point to the different dishes. It is such a novelty, —to them, yes: but not so much to the poor missionary. Yet such petty trials must be considered necessary inconveniences. They do not amount to a row of pins, if one only thinks where he is—China, where everybody's business is everybody else's.



Our 300 year old chapel at Gno-Chi — 6 miles from Pi-wu-Ka





The scenery along the river is beautiful in the vicinity of Chulong

Not everyone can have music while he eats. Yes, music—music a la mode Chinese. The orchestra—two pipe players, and a man with the traps had been engaged as a special feature this year. They played the same tune, it seemed to me, for five minute stretches, about every fifteen minutes from five in the afternoon till one-thirty in the morning. They are “bears” for punishment, these Chinese bandsmen.

Gradually the congregation reached the compound and mingled with those already on hand. They talked, drank the ever present tea from the receiving table and passed remarks about the beautiful lanterns that hung everywhere. The new-comers sought me out—the men bowing and the women shyly approaching to show their babies, who were all dressed up for the occasion in highly colored clothes, with beads, medals and tiny bells dangling from their close-fitting caps.

About seven-thirty, all but one bandsman (who acted as door-keeper) retired to the chapel for the first session of prayers. They sang them out lustily for perhaps forty-five minutes—then everyone came out again. There was more talking, tea and much music.

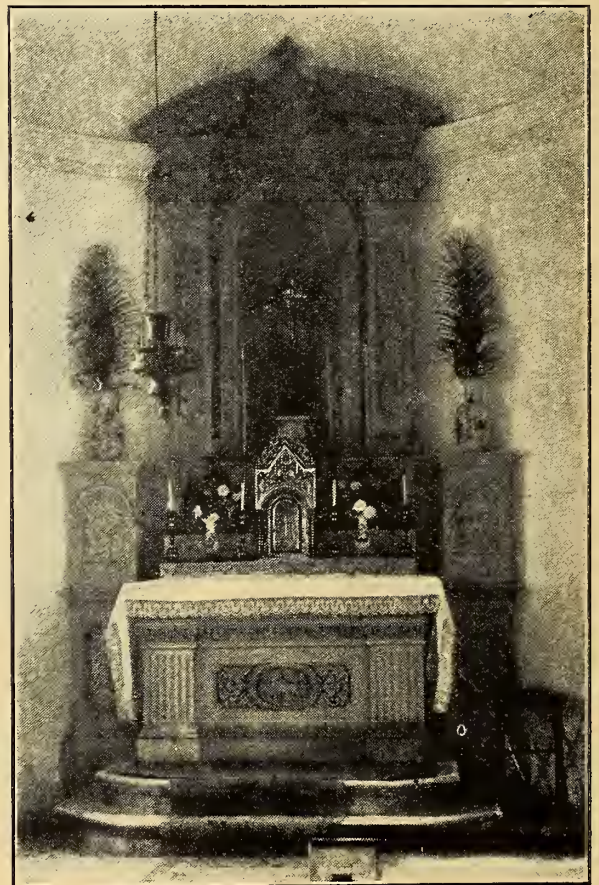
The second session began about nine o'clock and lasted for half an hour or so. This was shortened because the mantled-oil-lamp, went on strike. There was much excitement and an intermission as before, followed. Now they prepared the fire-crackers. A few were set off and back they went again for the third session, which consisted of hymns, prayers and catechism, as before. This concluded about eleven-fifteen with a sermon by the catechist. Out they went once more. The big lamp came back in order, the altar was covered and all was set for Midnight Mass. Many fire-crackers were set off. The old bell clanked again and again, shaking the whole building and rattling the paper window-panes. The band bravely carried on amid the uproar—and Christmas had come.

Christians, catechumens and interested pagans—men, women and children, crowded in and Mass began. My first Midnight Mass and that in China. You can imagine my thoughts at that great moment when Christ, the King of Kings, came down again as an Infant, into that poor hovel, unknown to all the millions outside. O God grant them to see the True Light, as Thou didst to those poor shepherds on that first Christmas night.

Mass and thanksgiving over, I went to my room, hoping for rest, as I was feeling a little tired after the walk and long vigil. But alas—“there is no rest for the wicked”. Just try and sleep, with that orchestra, not twenty feet away, going full blast under a heavy head of

steam. There was nothing else for it but to get out and join the crowd. All were eating their “van” or cooked rice and enjoying it too. I walked up and down in the bright moonlight—for it was a sparkling, cloudless night,—whistling Christmas carols to pass the time away, till the guests should depart.

As each one or group left, there was another



The main altar in our new Sungyang Church



burst of music to speed them on their way. Finally, at one-thirty, all had gone—then and only then, did the orchestra disperse. One by one the lights were put out and silence, blessed silence, reigned once more.

Seven-thirty came all too soon. The next task was to rouse the sleeping Christians, who have no clocks, for Mass. Those who had slept in the catechist's quarters were up with the first bell, but with the rest in the town it was different. Clang, clang, clang—thump, went the old bell. Bang, bang—went the fire-crackers. Toodle, toodle, toodle—went the pipes and cling, clash, the cymbals: but still they came not to adore. A few straggled in by nine-thirty and I said my second mass. There were more bells, more band, more fire-crackers—then prayers began and like magic, they came from everywhere. The catechist gave them another snappy sermon, which was immediately followed by the third and final mass.

At twelve o'clock noon, with thoughts of those at home in Canada, who were just then leaving for Midnight Mass (we are thirteen hours ahead of Eastern Standard Time), I sat down for breakfast. Yes, breakfast and Christmas dinner all in one, with the usual, inquisitive crowd at my very elbow, looking on. The first course was, cold, fresh fish and a Chinese stew of finely chopped pork, a sweet vegetable and bamboo roots. Then came some vermicelli and two, hard-boiled duck eggs, which when mixed, made quite a dish eaten with bread. All was topped off with tea and the old standby—boiled rice, which I ate with some of my own make of marmalade, that I had brought from Chuchow. And that was that.

Having satisfied my hunger, I thought a little walk wouldn't do me any harm, so off I went. There was a pagan temple near by, so I headed in that direction. Like all the temples, it had many hideous, grinning idols around the walls, but there in the court was something new—a real, six-storied pagoda or tower. This was the first I had been close to and able to examine. It was white-washed on the outside and trimmed with blue, red, green, and gold paint. But inside, like most things in these temples, it was just rough brick, looking for all the world like a high rough diagonal chimney, with three windows cut through at each storey. As there was little else to see here I passed on towards the river, through quite a grove of ancient camphor trees.

The river valley is fairly deep and wide in front of the town and I was surprised to see, parked out in the centre of the stream—six grist mills. These, though water mills, must be more than submerged when the water rises ten or fifteen feet, but still they grind away, as if they were in the safest place on earth.

Along the waterfront I strolled till I reached the next village, where I cut inland and headed back for the chapel, because there were to be baptisms at three P.M. After exploring the greater part of the city and wandering down the main street, I got back to the church just in time

for the last few courses of the banquet. My arrival caused quite a commotion and they insisted on giving me the seat at the head of the table. I was not hungry, so I acted more as a spectator. They were left to do their duty—which they did right nobly. Chopsticks were no drawback at all. I was truly glad when they made a sign that the dinner had come to an end, for all I could do was to sit there and laugh and say “ha, ha”—“fine, fine”, when they looked in my direction. It's no fun being almost a dummy.

It was soon three o'clock and we went to the chapel for Baptisms. Another difficulty arose—who were who and which were which? Some were to be baptized, one conditionally (she had been a Protestant) and others were to have the ceremonies supplied. More signs, much talking and many characters were written, before all was straightened out and we could go ahead with the ceremony. No sooner had I finished with this group than four more were brought forward. These were to be baptized also, so there was nothing else to do but go through the whole ordeal once more.

When they were all baptized, I gave each a rosary, and oh! but they were pleased. To be baptized and receive a rosary all on one and the same day and that the feast of Christmas—their joy was full to overflowing. Consolation and more it was, for the little sacrifice it called for, to think that nine more adults had been received into the Church and that I, a baby missionary, was given the great privilege of presenting them unspotted to Our Infant King, on this His birthday.

Those who had received baptism returned early the next morning for mass and made their first communion. Oh happy ones were they! Everything was then packed and breakfast eaten. Then after much bowing, we departed by boat for Chuchow, concluding successfully my first mission journey.

### Chicks at School

American missionaries in China are often surprised at the methods of native teachers in their employ, but they have to be careful not to hurt the feelings of the Chinese teachers or to make them “lose face.” One priest writes as follows of his mission school:

“A Chinese school differs in many points from a foreign one, the chief points of difference being the method of study, the scarcity of the subjects, and the absence of order. Imagine American schoolboys raising chicks in classroom! Yet this is what has been going on for some time in school here, and it never entered the mind of the teacher in charge to forbid two boys in question this occupation as an indoor sport. I had often seen chickens in the classroom, but, was under the impression that they belonged to the cook. And, here these chickens have been practically living in the classroom by day and roosting on the benches by night! “Wonder at nothing!”



# Our Crusade



# Bulletin Board

## Students' Burse

Can the students of our High Schools establish a Burse for China Mission? In the April issue of "China" we asked the students to work on this Burse. We have received \$447.28 cash, and promises of \$150.00. This is exceptionally good work, and shows that the students not only can establish a burse, but are going to do so.

The following are the donations to date (April 15th.)

St. Anthony's School, Toronto,	\$100.00
St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto	\$100.00
St. Cecilia's School, Toronto	\$ 50.00
Mount St. Bernard's College and Morrison's School, Antigonish, N.S.	\$ 50.00
St. Joseph's School, Halifax	\$ 31.00
St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, Ont.	\$ 25.00
St. Peter's School, Toronto	\$ 25.00
Separate School, Arnprior, Ont.	\$ 15.00
Convent of Mercy, Brigus, Nfld.	\$ 5.00
St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, Indiana	\$ 5.00
St. Catherine's School, Niagara Falls, Ont.	\$ 5.00
St. Boniface School, New Germany, Ont.	\$ 5.00
Saint Clare's School, Toronto	\$ 5.00
Sacred Heart School, New Bedford, Mass.	\$ 2.00
Sen. III. Class Catholic School, Penetang, Ont.	\$ 2.68
Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax	\$ 20.00
Grade IV. St. Patrick's Boys' School, Halifax	\$ 1.60
Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, N.S.	\$ 5.00
	<hr/>
	\$447.28
Promised:	
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto	\$ 50.00
Loretto High School, Brunswick Ave., Toronto	\$100.00

Look who heads the list: Saint Anthony's School, Toronto. This school sent in the first cheque for \$100.00. Congratulations! St. Anthony's School has a very active Crusade Unit. In sending in this cheque their wish was not only to help the Students' Burse, but

## Crusaders, Attention

The crusaders of St. Mary's High School, Lorain, Ohio have formally adopted Father Morrison's mission of Yunhwo, China. From the April number of their peppy and enthusiastic crusade magazine—The Academy News—we learn that every Wednesday is Mission Day and an enthusiastic drive is now under way to provide for their new mission protege.

Crusaders can you beat this for an original and practical means of boosting the mission work. Next month we hope to have a complete account of their campaign.

Many thanks, St. Marys, for your zealous and thoughtful co-operation.

to encourage all other Schools to do their part. This money was raised by little sacrifices made by the boys and girls.

In our last issue we neglected to mention that all cheques and letters should arrive at the China Mission Seminary not later than the 12th of each month in order to be published

in the next issue. Regardless of this the amount of money received greatly exceeded our expectations and sets a high mark for us to maintain during the coming months.

We would like to be able to give special mention and congratulations to each school mentioned above, and also publish the letters received from the various schools. However, space will not permit this, but we wish to thank each and every one for the generous response to our appeal.

It is our hope to receive for the next publication many letters like the following:

Reverend and Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find a cheque for 100.00 to be applied to the Students' Burse.

We at the Seminary realize the great advantage that comes from the establishment of a Burse. It makes possible the education of many priests who otherwise would be unable to study for the Priesthood.

We earnestly hope that this effort on our part will act as a stimulus to other Seminaries, Colleges, High and Separate Schools, to aid in the completion of the Burse. May it also establish the fact that all schools can be interested in this good work.

Wishing you every success, we are,

Sincerely yours,

Saint Augustine's Seminary.



# Crusade Convention

## CRUSADERS TO RALLY IN TORONTO

May 11 and May 12

### Fifteen Hundred Students To Take Part In Great Demonstration

There is great excitement at Crusade Headquarters these days. Phone calls, letters and telegrams disturb the usual peaceful atmosphere. The reason? Why have you not heard of the great Crusade Rally to be held for two days, Saturday and Sunday, May 11th and 12th. Thousands of loyal and true Crusaders from far and near points in Ontario will journey to Toronto to demonstrate the noble ideals of the C.C.S.M. C; to array themselves proudly behind that banner which proclaims to all that Crusaders fight for "The Kingdom of the World for its King and Lord".

It will be the first local conference to be held in Toronto and judging from the enthusiasm already displayed it promises to be a most successful and inspiring event. Every Senior and Junior Crusade Unit in the City will take part. Invitations have been sent to all the Ontario Units. It is hoped that fifteen hundred students will be present.

### Convention Programme

The Convention will commence with Solemn High Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral, Saturday morning at 9.30. A special Mission Sermon will be preached. The Crusade hymn will be sung by all the Crusaders.

At 2 o'clock a meeting has been arranged for Senior Crusaders, Teachers and out of town delegates. Missionary topics will be discussed. Plans will be laid for the promotion of the Crusade. Visiting delegates will then be taken for a tour of the city.

On Sunday morning Crusaders will receive Holy Communion in their respective parishes. The Crusade hymn is to be sung at this Mass.

In the afternoon at St. Michael's College Campus there will take place the great Crusade demonstration. Around the campus will be booths displaying Exhibits of Home and Foreign Missions. The Crusade Ritual which is very impressive will be enacted. Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Sullivan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary Unit will preach and the first local convention will be fit-

tingly closed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

\* \* \* \*

### Shadows of The Past Seen in Crusade Convention At St. Michael's

Years ago there sailed from France men charged with a great Missionary duty—to educate the youth of a new country. To plant in young hearts a true love for Holy Mother the Church

and her work in saving souls. They were the Basilian Fathers who soon after arrival took up residence at old St. Michael's. What a Missionary atmosphere permeated this first hall of learning!

Years have passed. A new and younger generation on Sunday May 12th will surge into the immense recreation grounds of the College. A new organization the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade will enact

an impressive and inspiring ceremony. Students on the verge of University graduation and students embarking on the seas of learning—all will proudly pledge themselves to the work of Holy Mother the Church—to assist her to save souls.

Shadows of the past. Something new yet something very old—the ready response of Catholic hearts to the call of Christ—the old old Missionary Spirit which possessed the fathers of St. Basil.

\* \* \* \*

Institutions not affiliated with the Canadian Catholic Students Mission Crusade and wishing to assist at the Convention should write at once to Crusade Headquarters, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

\* \* \* \*

### Convention Notes

Saturday and Sunday May 11th and 12th are the red letter days in the local history of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

\* \* \* \*

Of great interest will be the Missionary exhibits. At present we are assured of three Missionary Societies taking part—China Mission Seminary, Extension Society and The Sisters of Service.

\* \* \* \*

Remember all are invited to the Convention. Provision will be made for all out of town delegates.



House of Studies situated at the west of the Campus at St. Michael's College. Benediction will be given from the wide veranda which overlooks the entire Campus.





# STAMP CORNER

By "BEAVER"



Dear Stamp Friends,

Now look what they've gone and done! Given me a name and told me that henceforth I am to be known as "Beaver".

When I asked "how come" they just said "Go in there and act your name! Just get to work." Gee, a fellow has to be tough to run this stamp corner.

Well, it might have been worse. The Beaver just now, in real life and on a stamp, is a rare and high priced gentleman (THAT'S ME) and also a "bear" for work(???????). You don't have to like work however to handle the stamp corner. Anybody who ever collected stamps will believe me when I say that it is one of the most pleasant duties that falls to my lot. I get a real kick out of it and I am still adding to my own collection from time to time. Newfoundland is my specialty.

So, from now on, fellow collectors, if there's anything you want to know about stamps, that is, anything that I can tell you, or if there's anything you have to tell us, any advice or criticisms that will help improve our Stamp Corner just address your remarks to BEAVER and they will be appreciated, knocks, boosts and all.

Yours for a bigger  
and better Stamp  
Corner,

BEAVER.

## Question and Answer

"Do you need stamps of all countries to help out your work for China?" Interested Buddie, Killaloe, Ont.

Answer. We do not expect our youthful collectors to send us stamps. That is not the purpose of the Stamp Corner. On the contrary we want to help you become interested in the educational and most fascinating hobby of stamp collecting and we want to help those who are collectors already to obtain stamps for their collections at a cheaper rate than they could get elsewhere.

"I have not much money to spend on my collection but would like to

make it more general." What would you advise?" Collector, Toronto.

Answer. It depends upon how many varieties and what quality of stamps you have now. To build up a collection, from the beginning, the best thing to do is to buy a good general variety packet. After that get some packets of individual countries, as we advised in last month's CHINA. Send five cents in stamps and we shall forward you our 40 page price list with over 300 stamp illustrations, and also a copy of "The Fiery Throne" a booklet with many stamp stories and valuable stamp information for beginners.

"Do you handle stamps for advanced collectors?" British Colonial Collector.

We do, in Newfoundlands only, in complete mint sets for the most part and also some of the rarer varieties, mint, in singles. We are forwarding complete Nfld. price list. There is also our packet of 30 varieties of Nflds. including stamps from 1887 to date which catalogues \$2.66 and which we offer for 50 cents.

## ALBUMS, HINGES ETC.

We can supply stamp hinges at the rate of 10cts. per packet of 1000. Stamp album, 330 pages, with 5000 illustrations and space for 11,000 stamps \$2.00.

## CORRESPONDENCE

Needs some Newfoundlands

"I have over 1000 stamps" writes John Wall, 1020 Oulette St., Windsor, Ont., but I haven't any Newfoundland stamps and if you know any other readers that have them for trade let me know. My duplicates are dif-



Above is the complete Newfoundland Publicity issue of 1928. It will be noticed that in the whole set there are but two designs repeated, the 9 cent being the same as the 14, and the 12 cent the same as the 28. Both 9 and 12 cent are obsolete and their places have been taken by the stamps of higher denomination which bear the same respective designs.

The one cent stamp shows the new Labrador territory acquired by Newfoundland as a result of the recent decision of the Privy Council.



ferent kinds of French Colonies, a few Togo and a few Cameroon stamps."

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Has Stamps for Exchange

"I am delighted to know that we are able to have a stamp column. I am a collector and have plenty of stamps" says James Hennessey, 33 McFarlane St., St. John's, Nfld. and sometimes I don't know what to do with all of them. I want you to put my name on your exchange list."

\*\*\*\*\*

#### A Good Collection

"I am glad the stamp corner is started and well on its way to make a big hit. I am a great friend of stamps and have over 4000, and many "traders" to trade with the lovers of the stamp corner. I also have a catalog, telling how much the used and unused stamps are and as soon as I get to know the pals of the stamp corner I might be able to give them some information." Phil.

Please send your name and address, Phil, and you may be sure that you will soon have an opportunity for some interesting exchanges.

#### Collector who specializes

"By Gosh! I was only too glad to get my CHINA this morning and the first thing I turned to was, of course, the Stamp Corner. I get a real kick in reading that over. For all you know I might get that British Guiana stamp. Accidents will happen. I would be very pleased if you would put my name on your exchange list. I specialize in Great Britain and British Colonies, also Portugese and French Colonies. Anyone that sends stamps for exchange need only send stamps from these places. I have only been about a year at this game but I get a real kick out of it. I have about a thousand different altogether. Wishing you best of luck

John Butland, 17 Bodwin Ave,  
Toronto 9, Ont.

#### Has Foreign Sets

"I have lovely foreign sets of stamps in mint condition which I would like to exchange for some Nfld stamps" writes Michael Carroll, 73 King's Road, St. John's, Newfoundland. "Mother takes CHINA and I was overjoyed when my eyes rested on the Stamp Corner. I have a nice collection and also a copy of Scott's Catalogue".

#### Duplicates

One good copy of a stamp is ordinarily enough for your collection. But you may find that you have acquired several copies, or "duplicates." If such be the case you can "swap" or exchange duplicates with your friends for stamps you haven't got. Besides being good fun this enables you to acquire new stamps without additional cost.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations received between March 1st and April 15th.

#### MACPHERSON BURSE

Previously acknowledged ..... \$195.00  
J. Drohan ..... 10.00

#### Miscellaneous Amounts:

Jos. Finnerty, \$37.50; J. Drohan, \$30.00; Per Register Extension, \$28.00; J. J. Carolan, \$20.00; St. James School, Toronto, \$20.00; Friend, St. John's Nfld., \$15.00; St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis St., Toronto, \$11.00; Grades V. & VI. St. Joseph's School, Sydney, N.S., \$11.00.

#### The Following gave \$10.00

John J. Fleming; Sacred Heart School, Peterboro; A. F. Hall; Annie S. Foley, Holy Name School Toronto; Little Flower Club, St. Vincent's School, Toronto; J. E. O'Donnell; Jno. P. Lyons; Form 2A, St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis St. Toronto; Rt. Rev. Bishop MacDonald; Friend, Charlottetown.

#### Miscellaneous Amounts:

St. Bridget's School, Parrsboro, N.S., \$8.00; P. W., \$7.00; Mrs. F. Reedy, \$6.00; Mrs. P. Kelly, \$6.00; Friend, Canso, N.S., \$6.00; St. James School, Lancaster, Ont., \$5.25.

#### The Following gave \$5.00

J. M. Speechley; Mrs. Sweeney; Miss C. Mac Donald; Rev. J. McDonagh; Mrs. Wm. Vale; St. Mary's Sunday School, St. Catharine's Ont.; Friend, Toronto; Rev. Wm. J. Smith; Mrs. M. E. Davis; Roger Tobin; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; K. H. Heafey; J. T. Kerr; J. M. Speechley; Alex. Cameron; Friend, Miscouche.

#### Miscellaneous Amounts:

Miss N. Doyle, \$1.00; Rita Blaney, \$1.00; Mrs. Jos. B. Higgins, \$1.00; Miss Eva Kennedy, \$1.50; Amelia McGrath, \$2.00; Miss K. Bird, \$2.00; Miss E. Neville, \$2.00; Miss M. Macdonald, \$2.00; Mrs. J. V. McCarten, \$1.50; A. J. MacDonald, \$1.50; Mrs. S. Arsenault, \$1.25; Mrs. John Broderick, \$3.00; Miss Jean McDonald, \$1.00; Friend, Barrie, \$2.00; Friend, Red Island, Nfld, \$2.50; A. G. MacDonald, \$3.00; Mary Devlin, \$1.00; School, Webster's Corners, P.E.I., \$1.20; Mary M. MacDonnell, \$2.00; Sr. IV. Class, Cath. School, Penetang, \$2.00; Mrs. A. Tivine, \$2.00; Miss E. Malloy, \$2.00; Hugh McGreevy, \$3.00; Sadie MacDonald, \$1.00; Duncan MacDugald, \$1.00; Mrs. M. E. Broderick, \$1.50; Mrs. A. Carver, \$2.00; Mrs. W. H. Hamer, \$1.00; Friend, Homesville, \$1.50; Kay Shannon, \$2.00; Mrs. John C. Ryan, \$1.50; Mrs. C. C. Bucher, \$3.50; Mrs. A. Coules, \$1.00; Friend, Toronto, \$2.00; Thos. E. Currie, \$1.00; St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, \$4.00; M. C. McCormac, \$1.50; E. J. Sweetman, \$1.00; St. Bridget's School, Hamilton, \$2.50; Miss C. Smyth, \$1.75; Vera Gardiner, \$2.00; Nora O'Meara, \$1.00; Mrs. J. H. Fry, \$2.00; Mrs. P. McGean, \$1.00; Reta Blaney, \$1.00; Miss B. Smyth, \$2.00; Friend, Dunville, \$4.00; Miss A. Farrell, \$2.00; Annie McGouran, \$2.00; St. Mary's Church, Indian River, P.E.I., \$2.00; Mrs. J. A. McLellan, \$2.00; Miss M. P. Enright, \$3.00; Per R. McLean, \$1.70; Mrs. A. J. McPhail, \$2.00; Pauline Schnurr, \$1.00; Mrs. Ed. Heferty, \$1.40; J. L. Condon, \$1.50; K. Bird, \$2.00; Mary Sheedy \$1.50; D. J. Campbell, \$2.00; Katherine McDonald, \$1.00; Miss A. Dawzy, \$2.00; Mrs. Martha McDonald, \$2.00; Sr. St. Stanislaus, C.N.D., Montreal, P.Q., \$1.00; Miss S. A. Dupuis, \$2.00; Mary Tuthill, \$1.00; Mrs. C. Rountree, \$1.00; Friend, Iroquois Falls, \$2.00; C. W. Masterson, \$1.00; M. P. Flynn, \$2.00.

## "No One Needs Thee More Than I"

Dearest Jesus, all Thy creatures are more worthy of thy grace  
Than the vile and wretched sinner who now kneels before Thy face,  
Yet one claim I have upon Thee,  
Thou never will deny:  
In the bounds of Thy creation, no one needs Thee more than I.

Other souls have been more faithful,  
and have served Thee better far,  
Many spotless hearts more fitting for  
Thy gracious presence are,  
Many lips devout a greeting far more  
fervent can supply,  
But, dear Master, well Thou knowest:  
no one needs Thee more than I.

Many loving hands have carried richer  
offerings to Thy shrine.  
Many generous hearts have loved Thee  
with a purer love than mine;  
These Thy chosen ones approach Thee,  
as the doves to covert fly,  
I am utterly unworthy, but none needs  
Thee more than I!

Sins unnumbered, unatoned for, have  
made havoc in my soul,  
And against me stands as witness,  
the recording angel's roll;  
All untitled has been my vineyard and  
its soil is hard and dry,  
O my God! my only refuge, no one  
needs Thee more than I!

For without Thee I am helpless, fast  
in sins strong fetters caught,  
Blinded by my evil passions, swayed  
by impulses untaught;  
I could not do good unaided, it were  
worse than vain to try,  
Come Thyself to me, sweet Jesus! no  
one needs Thee more than I!

Thou did'st leave the Father's bosom  
to reclaim and save the lost;  
Thou did'st take upon Thee freely our  
redemption's awful cost;  
Thou, Thyself, hast called me to Thee,  
Thou will hearken to my cry,  
In the bounds of all creation, no one  
needs Thee more than I!

—Selected.

## You are cordially invited

to Visit our Mission Exhibit in St. Michael's College Campus during the Crusade Convention—May 11th and 12th.



# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



## Mystic Treasures

By Betty Chin

**N**OTE: You remember Eric dashed up to where Betty sat reading, and showed her a slip of paper which referred to a secret underground passage. Now let's explore it!

Betty and Eric quickly and excitedly removed the books from Shelf No. 2, but when this was accomplished there was no door to be seen.

"Well, what do you make of this?" said Eric, leaning against the shelf and resting his elbow on it.

"Oh, look! the bottom of the shelf is moving!" cried Betty.

Eric looked and sure enough, it was "I must have touched a hidden spring," Eric replied, and upon a close inspection he found a small, round particle of wood where he had been resting his elbow was movable. The door was now open, so Eric took out his electric torch and climbed into the opening, lowering himself until his feet came into contact with some steps. Once safely down he helped Betty, and together they made their way down the crumbly stone steps. Finally Eric bumped against something hard, which he found to be a wooden door, and groped for a handle, as his torch was only pocket size and did not give much light.

Opening the door, they entered a small room wherein was a desk, littered with piles of papers and books, a chair, a lamp and a suit of armour standing on a pedestal. Eric lit the lamp to enable them to see, as there were no windows through which daylight could creep. They then set to work searching the papers and books, but without success. They searched all around the room, but still no trace of the missing half of the map could be found.

"Oh, let's look in these drawers," cried Betty, but when she tried to open them, she found they were locked. Presently Eric found the keys lying on the floor by the suit of armour, and fitting one into a drawer, succeeded in unlocking it after some toiling. It contained nothing, however, but a few pens, pencils, etc.

"Let's try this one next," said Betty. "Try it is right! If it is any worse than the last it won't open at all!"

This one opened more easily, fortunately, but was empty. They were about to open another one when Eric exclaimed: "Why it's nearly four o'clock. Uncle must be home by now and you may be sure he'll be looking for us before long."

They quickly put out the lamp and retraced their footsteps, and had scarcely left the library when they met Uncle Ted in the hall.

"Well, ye sure do look better than when I last saw ye," he said. "Come with me for a little chat."

When they had reached his den, he produced a small parcel for each. Betty's contained a lovely, white gold wrist watch and new, silver shade prayer beads, while Eric's contained a new scout knife and a white celluloid covered prayer book, with a picture, painted in pale shades, of Jesus and some little children. Eric and Betty both hugged and kissed poor Uncle Ted until there was barely anything left of him.

(To be continued.)

## Correspondence Box

Will some of our Buds please write to Rose-Marie—Mary Coderre, Box 376, Almonte, Ontario—and especially Rose and Betty Chin? All letters answered immediately.

Orma Tongue, 276 Main St., North Bay, Ontario—Pansy—would like some letters, please—and sends a special request for Snooks. Pansy is 12 years old and writes lovely verses.

Agnes McMahon Neville St. Dominion, Cape Breton, also wants some "pen pals".

Suppose some of our Buds write to David Latendre, Actinolite, Ontario, and suggest a penname for him? David may not like my suggestion—and many of our Buds have such dandy ideas!

And I'm sure Rose Bud would like to hear from some of our Buds. Rose Bud is really Ilene Rooney, of Bezan-son, Alberta.

131 Roehampton Ave.,  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim,

I am a new member for the "Little Flower's Rose Garden". I like China very much, and find the stories very interesting, especially "Mystic Treasures" by Betty Chin. I can hardly wait for the next issue; it is getting more interesting every month.

The jokes are very good and the riddles too, but best of all, the letters. I just love to read them, they are so interesting. I think Rose-Marie's poetry is wonderful and her letter interesting. We have been taking China for about two or three years and intend

to keep it up. If mother dropped it I don't know what I'd do.

Cowardly Joe's letter was very funny. I suppose I'd cry too if I got it. I don't blame him a bit. I am eleven and in Fourth class and doing very well. I am very fond of reading, so my nickname in the family is "book-worm". My name is Frances Hart, but for short they call me "Franky", which I don't like. I am very fond of all kinds of sports, especially skating. I guess I had better close now, wishing you great success in the "Little Flower's Rose Garden".

Yours sincerely,  
Frances Hart.

And where is your Garden penname, Frances? Sure you do tempt me to tease you by saying "Franky" too, and that's just what I'll do if you don't hurry up and choose yourself a nicer one! Maybe you could help poor Joe out, too. Suppose you suggest one for him?

Father Jim.

Barrachois Harbour,  
Cape Breton, N.S.

Dear Father Jim,

As I read your interesting page, "The Little Flower's Rose Garden", I perceived there were no Nova Scotian boys or girls writing to your page. I would like to join your club—that is, unless Nova Scotians are barred from it. I like "China" very much and I look forward to every issue. If there is anything I can do for "China" I'll gladly do it.

I would like to be a rose or a shrub very much, but if I can't be either, I'll surely be a thorn!

Wishing your Garden every success, I shall ring off for this time.

Jodie L. MacDonald

Such a charming little letter could be written by no "thorn", even if they were allowed in our Garden! We're all delighted to welcome a Nova Scotian Buddy, and I'm sure there are many Ontario Buds who would welcome an eastern "pen pal"—so select your Garden penname right away and let me hear from you again.


Father Jim.

114 Elm Ave.,  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dear Reverend Father,

I hope you and all my other Buddies in this page will welcome me, that I may not feel out of place. I was going to write before, but at last I am here to tell you about myself.





## Our Mail Bag Messengers

Father allowed me to renew my subscription to China this year again. I have been taking it for three years now, and I think it is lovely to know all about Chinese customs. Please tell Rose that all her stories are lovely and to write many more.

I am twelve years old, and am in the Seventh Grade of St. Joseph's Convent. I am not going to write a story this time, but perhaps by next time I will have one ready.

I must say good-bye to you all now, and hoping to see this in print, I remain, dear Reverend Father

Yours respectfully,  
Norah Doyle.

Well if it isn't another little "Irish-er" in our Garden—even if she does live in Prince Edward Island! Come right along, Norah, and make yourself at home. No need to feel out of place because every Bud in the Garden is nodding a welcome to each little newcomer. Find yourself a penname, and we'll consider you initiated.

Father Jim.

Michael McDonald, where do you find all those good riddles? Whenever I get the "blues", I hunt up your letters and read all the riddles—and they're a sure cure! Send me some more.

Father Jim.

Box 456, Pentang, Ont.

Dear Father Jim.

I am a new member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. We have been taking CHINA for nearly two years. We like it, and I like reading the Little Flower's page best of all. I am fourteen years of age and in second form High School. I haven't been to school since Easter as Mother has been sick. One of the teachers sent me a swell book to read. I like reading Betty Chin's story; it is so interesting. I can scarcely wait for the next instalment.

Please Father Jim, I wish you would put my name in the Correspondence Box as I want to have a lot of "corries". I wish Rose would write to me; also Betty Chin and Willow. Well, I must close now. I will do my best for the Little Flower's page. Wishing you the best of luck to all our Buddies. I am

A new Bud,  
"Mary Jean"  
(Olga Simpson)

What a pretty penname, Mary Jean. Someone should write a poem about it. Now, there is an idea. Why don't all my Buddies write little verses about each other, just from the letters, poems and stories sent in? Now, see what you've done, Mary Jean! I do hope your Mother gets better very soon, little Buddie, and I'm sure all our Buds will say a little prayer for her quick recovery, won't you Buds? You're just a wee bit late for this month's Correspondence Box, Mary Jean, but I'm sure Betty and Rose and Willow and all the other little pen pals you're wishing for, will not let that delay their letters to you.

Father Jim.

### KEY LINE BOX

The three best artists in our last Key Line Contest, are

Irene Legault,  
Apple Hill, Ontario;

Frank Phelan,  
St. Mary's School,  
Mount Forest, Ontario;

Aileen Coleman,  
Apple Hill, Ontario.

Next time, don't forget that you must write your name, age and address on the lower right-hand corner of your drawings, Buddies.

Father Jim.

829 Wyandotte St., W.,  
Windsor, Ont.

Dear Father Jim.

May I please join your Club and be one of the Little Flower's Rose Garden? I receive China each month with joy, and read the letters of the "Buds" eagerly.

Now I suppose you would like to know something of what I look like. Well, I am fourteen years of age and a pupil of Grade Ten in St. Mary's Academy. I have blonde hair and blue eyes. I have been reading the letters and stories sent in by Rose and I think they are great. Tell her that I would be delighted to hear from her.

And now for a penname. Will "Buttercup" be alright, I think it great fun to belong to some sort of Club like this and have names, and I like all the stories, riddles and poems, too. I am sending you a story entitled "A Bee's Revenge". We had to take some

topic for composition and I chose that. I think composition is great, don't you?

Well, I will sign off for now. With love,

Mary Rita Hogan

YOU'RE the first Buttercup in our Garden this Spring, Mary, and it's a joy to have you. I'm sure your penname just describes you, as you have golden hair, and from your letter, I know you're just as happy and gay as any buttercup! Indeed I do like composition, but I must admit that the title, "The Bee's Revenge" sends shivers over me—speaking from experience. But here's the story for our Buds.

### "A Bee's Revenge"

One evening after dark Bobby had a very unusual experience, and the next time he tries to eat honey in the dark he will steer clear of bees.

Everyone was convulsed with laughter on reading the note he presented to them as he ran in, as he was unable to speak. Fortunately he was twelve years old and could write. It read as follows—

"I was stung this evening after dark by a bee on the tip of my tongue, when, as I was in a hurry, I attempted to eat a big chunk of honey. My tongue swelled until my mouth was not a large enough container. I was unable to eat, and I feel like—I don't know what."

A general laugh swept the room and he was somewhat relieved after a couple of doctors busied themselves in extracting the bee's "stinger" from his tongue.

Rita Hogan

There are a great many more Buds who really should have a personal welcome—each and every one of them—but I've so little space, and my new Buddies are descending like April showers! So I want you all to keep right on writing. I read every letter even though I haven't space to answer them all, and I'm very much interested in all of you.

Betty Summers hasn't chosen her penname yet; "Frankie" is a delightful Garden name, Ruth Summers. Irene Legault, hurry up and choose your penname, so you'll be a real little Bud. And Margaret O'Keefe, (who wants to hear from Rose and Willow) hasn't chosen her penname yet, either. Your "Smiles" were a treat, Patsy. Write me again. I must thank Helen Carruthers (Lily) for the stamps, and the fine little story she sent in. I'm going to publish it for our Buds just as soon as I've enough space.

Father Jim.



# Gloom Chasers

Knows Its Halitosis.—

ONION MARKET  
CONTINUES TO  
SHOW STRENGTH  
—Grand Rapids Herald.

Fall Bride: "Dear,  
if I do the cooking for  
a whole year, what do  
I get?"

Fall Bridegroom:  
"My life insurance."

When Humility Blossoms.—Some men are  
born meek and others  
get married.—Albany  
Knickerbocker Press.

Evensong.—OVERHEARD IN A  
RESTAURANT: Soup.

—Life.

Doctor. H'm! Severe headaches,  
bilious attacks, pains in the neck—  
h'm! What is your age, madam?  
Patient (coily): Twenty-four, doc-  
tor.

Doctor: H'm! Loss of memory,  
too!

A politician was giving his usual  
harangue before an audience of farm-  
ers.

Said one, "What is he talking  
about?"

The answer came back, "I don't  
know; he don't say."

"We need brains in this business,  
young man."

"You needn't tell me that, sir.  
Your business shows it."

Bill: "Why are you crying, little  
boy?"

Dab: "I drank some cider, now I  
can't find my way home."

Bill: "Well, you mustn't take it  
so hard."

Defunct

The morning paper announced that  
an undertaker was run over by an  
auto and killed.

"He didn't make much on that fun-

eral, did he?" asked the first com-  
muter.

"No, in fact, he went in the hole,"  
replied the second.

Behind the Times.—Daughter—  
"Dad I want some money for my  
trousseau."

Father—"But, my dear child, I  
didn't even know you were engaged."

Daughter—"Good heavens, Father!  
Don't you ever read the papers?"

—Bystander (London).

Nobles and Commons.—Shoes for  
policemen and men who work.

—Ad in an Illinois paper.

Traffic Control.—Robinson—"I met  
my wife in a very funny way—I ran  
over her in my car and later married  
her."

Brown—"If everybody had to do  
that there wouldn't be so much reck-  
less driving."

—Tits-Bits.

Got a Move On.—"How long have  
you been working for the Swivel  
Company?"

"Ever since old Swivel threatened  
to discharge me."

—Pitt Panther.

Not Bad

"How fast does the 'marrying par-  
son' work?"

"Ten knots an hour is his record."  
—U. of S. Calif. Wampus.

"Wher'd you get the flivver?"

"Oh, it just crawled up on the  
lawn and died."

—Lehigh Burr.

Another Pedestrian?—

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank all who so kindly  
assisted in any way in the death of  
my dear husband also those who  
furnished flivvers.

—Ad in a Florida paper.

Protecting the Lizzies.—County  
Policeman Grizzle requests us to state  
that all persons caught running a  
car under 16 years of age, or a per-  
son running a car drunk will be pro-  
secuted.

—Georgia paper.

Fatal Temptation

Mother—"You are at  
the foot of the spell-  
ing class again, are  
you?"

Boy—"Yes'um."

Mother—"How did it  
happen?"

Boy—"Got too many  
z's in scissors."

—Christian Advocate.

Tips from a Totem

An expedition of Tulane Univer-  
sity into the highlands of Guatemala  
has discovered a tribe of log worship-  
ers who designate a piece of wood  
as the head of a community, and ask  
it questions about the future. We  
have something like that in Washing-  
ton.

—Judge.

Customer. "I want some powder  
to kill cockroaches."

Clerk: "Will you take it with  
you?"

Customer: "No, I'll have the cock-  
roaches call and you can rub it on  
their little tummies!"

"You think more of your typist  
than you do of your wife."

"Well, no wonder. I can dictate  
to her."

The landlady was carving the  
skinny three-pound chicken, while a  
dozen hungry boarders sat around  
the table eyeing it anxiously. In  
quick succession she asked each  
boarder which part of the fowl he  
would prefer. Ten called for a leg.  
Mrs. Skinem dropped her knife and  
asked indignantly:

"What do you think this is, a  
centipede?"

Only one boarder replied. He had  
been served, and said, softly:

"No, ma'am, I thought it was a  
giraffe by the piece of neck I've got."

Artistic Endeavor

Daughter—"Say, go easier with  
that duster, mother—I'm trying to  
blow smoke rings."

—Judge.



## WANTED! Used Stamps

Millions of used stamps are thrown away every year. We could make good use of them to help in our work for China. We now find we have a market not only for used Newfoundland but for Canadian stamps as well, especially those above the ordinary one and two cent varieties.

### BEGIN SAVING FOR US TODAY

Any you have may be sent along just as they are, right on the paper. We shall be grateful for any assistance readers of China can render us in this respect.

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On the evening of April 6th Massey Hall was crowded with people eager to witness the Eighth Annual Contest for the Typewriting Championship of Canada.

Eighty-two contestants were seated on the stage, and at the whistle of the contest judge eighty-two Underwood typewriters began to grind out words at a speed as high as ten to twelve strokes a second.

There were four classes. The first were novices, i.e., typists who commenced the study of typewriting on or after September 1, 1928. The second class or Intermediate was open for those who commenced the study of typewriting not earlier than September 1, 1927.

The Senior class was open to any typist who had not previously won this event. And the fourth and the highest class—the open—which is for the championship for Canada, was open to any Canadian, or in fact to anyone who has been a resident of this country for at least six months prior to the contest.

While the contest itself is in charge of a committee of educationists, all the expense in connection with the contest and the providing of a most interesting program was borne by the United Typewriter Company, sole distributors of Underwood typewriters.

## Where There's a Will

There's a Way to Help Us Convert  
China

"It is a bad will that has not the name of God among its heirs."—Cardinal Manning.

#### Form of Bequest

"I BEQUEATH TO ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF \$.....FOR THE EDUCATION OF MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA."

\$250 will support a student in our Seminary for one year.

\$1,500 will pay for a student's entire course of six years.

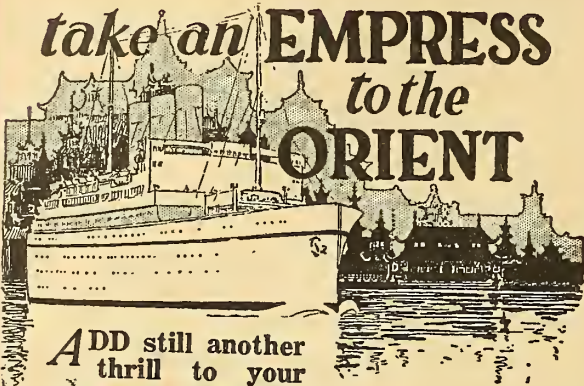
\$5,000 will found a Perpetual Bursary, on which not one, but a chain of students, will be educated for China—the Monument of Monuments to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

Make all donations and bequests  
Payable to

St. Francis Xavier  
China Mission Seminary  
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.



## take an EMPRESS to the ORIENT



**A**DD still another thrill to your trip across the Pacific. Sail to China, Japan or the Philippines on a White Empress and discover for yourself the regal luxury of the newest, fastest and largest ships to the Orient. See your local agent, or any Canadian Pacific Agent.

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WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

MAY

we assist you in making your home  
bright and cheerful  
with our



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**Paints, Laqueret and Satinette  
Enamels**

to *March* through your home

Our decorative department is at your service at all times and all your enquiries will receive prompt attention.

Special attention is given to Schools, Academies, Hospitals, Rectories and Churches.

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Money deposited for term of one to five years. Interest paid by cheque on June 1st, and December 1st, in each year on any sum of \$100 or more.

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Adelaide 2001



# CHINA

June

1929



Leading His Crusading Army to the mission field.



## HENDRY'S SERIES OF SCHOOL RHYMES

No. 10

JUNE

\*\*\*

**H**URRAH—the school year's  
over

The books are laid away  
For swimming-hole and baseball  
And sunlit summer days.  
T'is the month of graduation  
And now the paths must part  
And youth will need Thy counsel  
O loving Sacred Heart.

### TO OUR TEACHERS

**B**EFORE leaving for Summer  
Holidays do not forget to send  
us the list of school equip-  
ment or supplies needed for open-  
ing of the new term in September.

**THE GEO. M. HENDRY LTD.**

Educational Equipment and Supplies

129 Adelaide St. West - Toronto 2

## When Mary Ann

Came to Live Next Door

**A** LITTLE boy met the little girl  
Who lived in the house next door,  
And 'cause she had only just moved in  
They never had met before.

"My but you're small," said Mary Ann,  
"And you're very thin and white.  
Guess you'd like to have rosy cheeks like mine;  
Why, I'm nearly twice your height!"

Now this was really quite impolite,  
Though 'twas very true, you know,  
And Johnny angrily cried, "You're mean!  
I can't force myself to grow!"

"There is no need," said the knowing miss,  
"If you'll just take the proper food,  
Green vegetables and lots of milk  
That's wholesome and pure and good."

Now Johnny has grown as big as she,  
And his cheeks are a rosy hue;  
'Twas City Dairy that did it all—  
And 'twill do just as much for you!

*City Dairy*

KINGSDALE 6151

TORONTO

## Where There's a Will

There's a Way to Help Us Convert  
China

"It is a bad will that has not the name of God  
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XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMIN-  
ARY THE SUM OF \$.....FOR  
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\$250 will support a student in our  
Seminary for one year.

\$1,500 will pay for a student's entire  
course of six years.

\$5,000 will found a Perpetual Burse,  
on which not one, but a chain of stu-  
dents, will be educated for China—the  
Monument of Monuments to leave to  
your own or your dear ones' memory.

Make all donations and bequests  
Payable to

St. Francis Xavier  
China Mission Seminary  
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

## The Passing of Handwriting

Handwriting is on the wane. We shirk it when-  
ever possible and many people balk at reading it.

They expect legibility, and some of us don't  
write our own names so they can be read.

And at this time of transition along comes the  
little Personal Underwood typewriter to do all  
the writing which without such a helper, you  
would distastefully and laboriously do by hand.

The Personal Underwood (which weighs 10 lbs.)  
is needed in every home, and wherever there is  
writing to be done except in the business office,  
where the larger Underwood already has full  
charge.

The Personal Underwood, although it serves  
every writing need almost as efficiently as the  
office model, costs less than half as much. And  
you can buy it on small monthly payments distri-  
buted over a year. A line to the United Type-  
writer Company, 135 Victoria St., Toronto, will  
bring you all particulars.





Vol. X.

No. 5

CHINA,—published in the interests of the Chinese Missions by St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Mission Superior in China, Very Rev. J. M. Fraser.  
Entered as second class matter and admitted to privileged postage rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., July 10th, 1924.

## God Wills It

Sunday, May 12th., witnessed a spectacle that was a source of encouragement and of inspiration to all those who have the interests of the Missions at heart. Our representatives were present at the Conventions held both at Halifax and Toronto by the Canadian Catholic Students Mission Crusade. And both have returned strikingly impressed with the fact that a new era has dawned for the work of the Missions both at home and in the Foreign Field.

### They Laboured Alone.

Missionaries are not people who go about seeking for sympathy. For the most part they do their work unknown to the vast majority even of our Catholic people. The early missionaries in China, the heroic oblates amid the loneliness and desolation of the frozen North, these and all such heroic souls even to the present day have lived and have died heroically and alone. No monuments to their memory! only a few faithful christians to mourn their passing; sorrowing relatives in the homeland to grieve for the promising young "career", sacrificed for loneliness, desolation,—death.

### A Saddening Thought

So they have lived and died but while for themselves they had long since learned to do without human sympathy and consolation there was ever sadness in the realisation that the people at home, so many millions of them who could do so much for souls, knew so little of the crying needs of the missions, were only too often indifferent and unconcerned while the devil reaped his grim harvest of souls redeemed by the Sac-

rifice of Calvary. Unsaid, the prayers that would have given strength irresistible to their poor human efforts; unoffered, the sacrifices and acts of self denial that would have brought grace and conversion to many a poor pagan soul. These, dear readers, were our thoughts. They shall be our thoughts no more.

### A Missionary Army

And why? Because today, from sea to sea, an army of generous young soldiers is enlisting under the banner of the Cross. The battle cry "God Wills It" once more sets youthful hearts aflame and at long last, after the years—the centuries—of silent, lonely heroism of those who have gone before, we who are to "enter into their labours" thank God that never again, in China or India or Africa or in the remotest port of our Home Missions of the West, never again will a missionary feel that he must labour for souls unassisted and alone.

### Hope for the Future

Can't you hear it, the cry of our youthful Crusaders! "The Kingdom of the World for its King and Lord!" Can't you feel the glowing enthusiasm and Christ-like love of souls that stirs their generous young hearts! Rejoice and be glad, heroic, lonely missionaries, you who so long have borne the labour and the heat of the day. For another army is at hand, an army before whose spiritual weapons of prayer and sacrifice the powers of evil will quail, an army from whose ranks other generous souls will in time arise to grasp the Cross from your failing hands and carry on for Christ.



# THE CHINESE PUZZLE

By Rev. J. E. McRae

That there is a "Chinese Puzzle" is my firm conviction after completing a visitation of our Missions in China. China, its people, its civilization, its customs and traditions are more of a puzzle to the western mind than the world has even attempted to imagine. The explanation may lie in the fact that Oriental life in all its aspects, is entirely different from that of the West, and that the latter, taking too much for granted, is led into the error of judging the former by its own standards. The East is a world as different from the West as is night from day. The existence, for example, of two standards of any kind which is so keen an annoyance to the Occidental is keen joy to the Chinese. Two kinds of weights, two kinds of measures, one for selling, another for purchasing, seem to be in no way objectionable. The Chinese cannot understand our mania for statistics. He does not know the population of his city, does not care what it is, and cannot see any advantage in trying to know.

A town may be thirty miles distant in a level district, which would be forty miles in the mountains; the standard here being the trouble in reaching such a town. A man may be forty-one or fifty years old, for he becomes fifty when he ceases being forty.

To the oft repeated question, "How are conditions in China?" one answer only can be truth-

fully given, "no one knows". Rival armies may be cutting themselves to pieces in one province, while the farmers of another may be in total ignorance of the trouble, being too occupied with eking out a living to bother with their neighbors. The bewildering number of characters used in the printed language. The lack of uniformity of language, of facilities for rapid intercommunication and of a uniform currency may go far to explain the phenomenon. The fact remains that no one has succeeded yet in giving to the world a reliable, satisfactory and comprehensive survey of China and its people as a whole. Abundance of fragmentary information, more or less trustworthy, is available. The world will have to wait for many changes before much can be known.

To the missionary, however, China presents untold possibilities. With due allowance made for the careless, indifferent and ignorant, it may be said that the Chinese are religiously disposed, but the master motive is fear. Centuries of Buddhism and Taoism, have left an inheritance of the most grotesque superstitions. They live in a constant dread of devils; they may be expected anywhere, in the floods and storms that rage, in domestic animals, in diseases, in the souls of the dead; they may come at any moment to wreak vengeance on the helpless mortals who happen to be objects of their anger. The land is dotted with temples to every

(Continued on page 93.)





# THE CRUSADE and Its Future

By R. McDonnell of St. Augustine Seminary Unit

What of the future of the Crusade? Will the prediction be fraught with hope and enthusiasm and uttered "trumpet-tongued" or, boding no good, will it come with the hoarse notes of the raven as it rests on the decaying willow? Will the glorious structure tower into the sky or the very foundations crumble away leaving only the memory of wasted efforts and frustrated designs? And I look for the answer to the units of to-day whether in school or in college, where youth is preparing for the future, a future not only for itself but for many others. For among them there, some, who unmistakably are marked out to be leaders and their destiny full of hope over-shadows that of their fellow men. They will become leaders of men! Some already feel it in them; leaders in everything they are eagerly listened to, almost blindly followed; they quickly adapt themselves to leadership just as others as quickly learn to follow. They will become leaders of men! A terrifying thought! Even the greatest leaders are seldom able to recall their followers from paths into which they have once led them. There is no drawing back, no correcting a false position—their first word, their first act leaves an eternal impression on the souls of men. This influence is irreparable and our acts cannot be freed from such unbounded responsibility. We are powerless to change the law; we are masters of our actions but not of their results. We must acknowledge the responsibility and accept and put to good use this burden that cannot be shaken off. Now it rests with all Crusaders to use their influence in spreading the interest and love for the missions. On them is laid the burden of increasing the number of Catholics and the responsibility is very great. We are not to take our gift of faith and hide it away for ourselves, shutting off the rest of mankind like old Scrooge "warning all human sympathy to keep its distance" but we must share it with others that they too may enjoy this divine favour.

Though the Crusade will need its leaders still all the responsibility is not on their shoulders. We all must work to further the cause and the success will be judged according to the efforts of each individual member. The movement must spread and each member is in duty bound to do his share willingly and freely for there are no conscripts nor mercenaries in the Lord's army. Everyone must work as though the success of the Crusade depended on him yet the whole unit must

work also guiding the efforts of the individual. All personal ends are to be forgotten and sacrificed to the great aims of the unit, which will in turn act under the direction of headquarters for there can be no real results without co-operation with the central bureau.

We must make our work extensive as well as intensive. The Crusade must be spread and we look to the existing bodies to promote the propagation of the movement. Not satisfied with the numbers already enrolled we are to be ever on the look out for new members and new units. There can be no future for the Crusade movement unless it grows and it cannot grow without the help of the present members.

The paper of the Crusade as yet small is still the official organ of the movement and we must try to place it in the hands of every member. It is not enough that each unit subscribe for a few copies, there ought to be a copy for everybody. In this paper you will find items of interest to every Crusader and in order to make it grow there should be articles sent in from each unit, telling of activities or discussing some phase of the mission work. Undoubtedly the organ will increase if, all are interested and willing to subscribe and send in matter for publication. We must keep it alive and spread it far and wide for by it the mission work is made known. From the knowledge will come love and interest. It is essential that the Crusade paper grow and no true member will be without his copy to show others who may be enlisted by means of it into our ranks.

What then of the future of the Crusade in our glorious Dominion? Will it be confined to the East alone? The present members will decide this. We are not a flag-waving demonstrative nation but this does not deny our sympathy the greater because quiet and unobtrusive. We can spread our movement all over Canada and find all ready to join us, if we but show them our great aim and the glory of our work. They cannot resist. Possessing as they do the great gift of faith they will gladly exert themselves in helping others who now grope in the darkness of paganism and unbelief. No, Canada will not fail. We know our countrymen and their qualities; they will never neglect their neighbour in his need, but they must be told of his condition,

(Continued on page 93.)



# Our Crusade



# Bulletin Board

## HALIFAX UNITS OF C.C.S.M.C. HOLD FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

For the Fifth year in succession and for the second time at Mount St. Vincent Academy the zealous and enterprising young Crusaders of Halifax held their Annual Convention on the afternoon of Sunday, May 12th.

At the same time in Toronto the all-Ontario Convention of C.C.S.M.C. was being brought to a successful conclusion. Truly a red-letter day for the Crusade in Canada and a happy augury for the future of that great and generous organization.

### Active Crusaders

The mission activities of Halifax Crusaders have long been a source of encouragement and of inspiration to the rest of Canada. The 1929 Convention, at which the editor was privileged to be present, was one of the most successful and enthusiastic ever held in the city.

### Catholic Activities

The Convention was a fitting culmination to a series of mission activities which had been conducted in the city. But a week before, the students of St. Mary's College had presented a splendid mission play "The Beggar From the Roadside" written specially for the occasion by Mr. W. D. A. O'Hearn, a St. Mary's student who will be remembered as the representative from Nova Scotia in the Dominion Oratorical finals in 1928.

And a few days previously the students of St. Patrick's Girls' school had staged a mission play "The Best Gift" which was obliged to run to seven performances to satisfy the demands of enthusiastic audiences. If our representative were seeking inspiration and perhaps a little of the encouragement for which we do confess a weakness once in a while he showed rare judgment in visiting Halifax on this occasion.

## The Convention

You ask me my impression of the Convention. It was overwhelming. In numbers, they tell me, it was eclipsed by the Ontario Convention, which was as we might expect, this being merely for the city. In enthusiasm, in genuine zeal and interest in the missions, in the excellence of the papers read, which revealed a sympathetic understanding of the problems of the Missions and a generous spirit to help in their solution the Halifax Convention could not be surpassed.

### Generous Gifts

It was truly an "eye-opener" to me to learn from the reports of the various units the wonderful mission activities that had been carried on during the year. Altar linens, vestments and Sacred Vessels for the deserving missions of the West; stamps—hundreds of thousands of them—sent to various parts of the Foreign Mission Field; generous donations to every part of the missionary world and, most consoling of all, Masses, Communion, Stations of the Cross, these and many other prayers and acts of self denial offered many thousands of times for the spiritual welfare of helpless souls. All honor to the Students Mission Crusade!

### East is East and West is West

"But soon" the twain will meet. Already Father Johnson, the energetic Director of the Crusade is planning for a National Convention—may it be next year—and we can assure him his efforts will have the whole hearted co-operation of Rev. Dr. Curran to whose zealous and untiring efforts the great success of the Halifax Crusade is due.



# FIVE THOUSAND CRUSADERS RALLY TO THE MISSION CAUSE

## Crusade Ideals Exemplified at Toronto Convention

Well done Crusaders! History has surely been made by the gallant youthful energetic and enthusiastic members of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Never shall we forget those two convention days. How happy our priests in China will be to know of your keen interest in their behalf. What consolation to them to have thousands of students pledged to support them loyally. How vigorously and with what renewed effort will they wage war against Satan and his evil agents. Why? Because as they fight for souls on their far off battle field they realize that the sincere hearts of five thousand Crusaders are storming heaven for their success. May this flame of missionary enthusiasm ever burn brightly in your hearts. It will we know because "God Wills It".

On Saturday morning May 18th the convention opened with the Crusade mass celebrated by His Grace Archbishop McNeil, at which Rev. J. Burke C.S.P. delivered an inspiring sermon

on the missions. The Rev. speaker paid a glowing tribute to the heroic missionaries who have given to the missions the noblest gift that man can give—their own lives. He instanced the priests from our mission band who are rendering yeoman service to the Master in far off China and appealed to the Crusaders to come to their assistance by their prayers and alms.



Rev. B. Boudreau of New Bedford, Mass., ordained in Springfield, May 25th.

## Meeting in St. Michael's Hall

Immediately after mass the delegates assembled in St. Michael's Hall. His Grace Archbishop McNeil in welcoming the delegates assured them of his keen and sympathetic interest in their Crusade movement, and exhorted them to be true followers of their Captain Whose mission-field embraces the whole world.

The papers read and discussed at this meeting were "The spiritual side of the Crusade" by Miss Doris Webster of St. Joseph's College School and "The Mission Field Afar" by Rev. Hugh Sharkey of our seminary. Both speakers dealt with their subjects in such a masterly

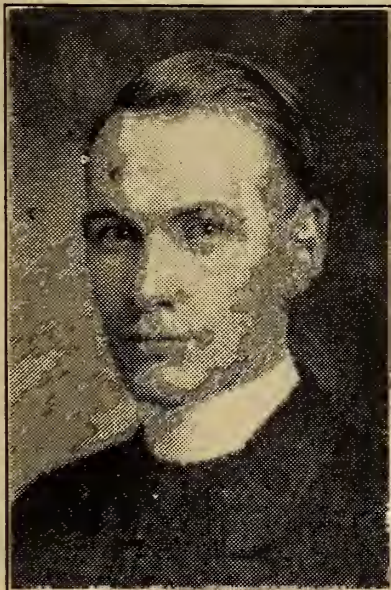
way that the desired effect of winning prayers for the missionaries was assuredly achieved.

## Afternoon Session

The afternoon session was held in the beautiful auditorium of the new Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, with Rt. Rev. Msgr. Blair Pres. of Catholic Church Extension Society as chairman. In his opening remarks Monsignor vividly outlined the needs of the Church in Western Canada and paid eloquent tribute to the Sisters of Service and other mission organizations who are laboring so faithfully among the immigrant population and scattered settlers of that vast portion of our own country.

The papers read at the afternoon session were "The Mission Field at Home" by Miss Simone Poupore of Loretto Abbey and "The Crusade and its Future" by Mr. Ray McDonnell of St. Augustine's Seminary. Miss Poupore's vividly pictured conditions in the home missions and appealed for concerted action on the part of the Crusade

(Continued on page 93.)



Rev. Aaron Gignac of Ridgetown, Ont., ordained in London, Ont., May 25th.



Rev. Hugh Sharkey of St. John, N.B., ordained to the priesthood, Toronto, May 25th.

Three more missionaries for China—Our graduating class of '29.





Upper Picture.

Crusade units assembled in St. Michael's College grounds for the closing exercises of the Convention.





Lower Picture.

Includes Units from—St. Mary's College, Mt. St. Vincent, St. Patrick's High School and Convent of the Sacred Heart.  
Left to Right—Rev. Bro. Murphy, Rev. T. Leblanc, Rev. W. McGrath, Rev. Fr. O'Reilly, Rev. W. McCarthy, Rev. L. Gaudet.





# STAMP CORNER

By "BEAVER"



## Why Stamp Collecting

Did you ever ask a man why he played golf or kept pet rabbits or spent so much of his time watering and caring for a little flower bed on the front lawn? Did you ever ask people to account for their various hobbies? If you did what would they tell you?

Some people play golf because they were told to do so by their doctor, others because it is fashionable—the thing to do. But most people play simply because they like to, because they get a "kick"—a thrill—out of a game of golf that makes other games seem dull and uninteresting.

If you ask me why I collect stamps I might tell you many advantages to be gained from this most interesting and educational hobby. I might tell you of how much geography I have learned, how many nice and interesting friends I have met through the exchange department, kindred spirits with whom I had a great deal in common. Or I might answer that I found stamp collecting a profitable hobby. But there is another reason—the greatest of all—and that is I COLLECT STAMPS BECAUSE I LIKE TO DO IT, because I find the hobby most absorbingly interesting. Why, I can distinctly recall the days when I would have given all I possessed to secure a stamp to fill a blank space in my album, especially some nice mint copy to complete a set. And those were the good old days at school when money, marbles, chocolate bars all were willingly and joyfully sacrificed to swell the pages of our prize collection.

If you want to taste the thrill of this great pastime which now numbers so many hundreds of thousands of devotees even in this country, purchase an album and a cheap packet of stamps to start with. Your own interest will do the rest.

Cordially yours,  
BEAVER.

## Letters from Our Correspondents

Dear Beaver,

Just a line to express my approval of your Stamp Corner in CHINA. There was a time when stamp collecting was looked upon as being a child's pastime but it has grown to what might be termed a universal hobby. I am not an advanced collector and I am not a beginner. If there is such a thing as a happy medium I am in that stage.

Wishing the Stamp Corner every success,

Yours very truly,  
L.E.C.

Yes, there certainly is such a thing as a "happy" medium in stamp collecting. Most of our collector friends are quite "happy" over their favorite hobby. And you would be surprised at the number of collectors there are already who watch eagerly for our Stamp Corner each month.

## Likes Nyassa Triangles

Dear Beaver,

Here I am again about stamps, this time the famous Nyassa Triangles you are selling for 25 cts. I would like to get them.

Gee! you don't know how proud I am of CHINA with the Stamp Corner in it.

Phil.

## ALBUMS, HINGES ETC.

We can supply stamp hinges at the rate of 10cts. per packet of 1000. Stamp album, 330 pages, with 5000 illustrations and space for 11,000 stamps \$2.00.

Many thanks, Phil, for your boost. You have good taste, too, because the famous Nyassa were awarded a special prize at a stamp exhibition for the beauty of their design.

## A Good Start

Enclosed find two dollars for one stamp album which you described in the May edition of CHINA. The corner is very interesting and I read it with great interest. I have 1,100 stamps.

Joseph.

You are well on the way to a good collection. And we hope you will like the new album which is proving very popular with our young collectors. And you will have room for 10,000 more stamps before it is filled.

## A Former Collector

Thought you might be interested in the attached booklet. Was a stamp collector at one time but have given it up. Permit me to congratulate you on the excellent magazine CHINA, which gives me a great deal of pleasure.

H.A.P.

Many thanks for the interesting booklet. And perhaps some day you will revive your interest in stamp collecting, when we shall be happy to help you in any way.

## Papal Stamps Again

Collectors the world over are awaiting with interest the appearance of the stamps of the new Papal Territory. Already the former Papal States stamps have increased greatly in value. So far we have heard only that the new stamps will all bear a portrait of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, done in different colours on the various stamps.

(Continued on page 93.)

## SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Stamps with \$2.60 catalogue value FREE.

With every purchase of our "Triumph" stamp album, with 1000 illustrations and space for 11,000 stamps (price \$2.00 postpaid) we offer a sample packet of stamp hinges and a packet of 30 varieties of Newfoundland stamps with a catalogue value over \$2.60.

Sounds impossible, too good to be true, doesn't it? Well, it would be if we had to buy the stamps at prevailing market prices, but most of them were sent to us by interested friends in Newfoundland and we can give our youthful collectors the benefit of their generosity. Many, of course, we also sell to dealers and we have just found a market for used Canadian stamps which will soon be coming in in quantity. So, if you wish to get this splendid start in Stamp Collecting, King of Hobbies-Hobby of Kings, send for your album today.



# With Our Benefactors

## STUDENTS' BURSE

During the wonderful Convention of the C.C.S.M.C. the students showed a mission spirit that is equal to the spirit of the children of old. It was thought that none but innocent hands could accomplish the work of the conquest of the Holy Land. In 1812 the great experiment was tried, when 30,000 children, so the tale went, under the boy Stephen and 20,000 German boys and girls under the peasant lad Nicholas, started on their journey to end in death by sea or land, or in the more fearful horrors of the slave market.

This is the spirit that the children of old exhibited for the conquest of the Holy Land, but our work is for the conquest of souls. Viewed through the eyes of Calvary we can safely say that our work is greater, because Christ died to save souls.

One of the needs stressed at the Convention was the necessity of having a definite object to accomplish, and a personal contact with the Missions. The Students have started a burse for the education of a priest for all time to convert souls in China. The Burse at present:

Previously acknowledged ....	\$447.28
Received since last issue:	
St. Rita's School, Toronto ...	50.00
Oxford St. School, Halifax ...	25.00
St. Mary's Boys' School, Hamilton .....	25.00
St. Catherine's School, St. Catherine's, Ont. ....	23.25
St. Mary's Sanctuary Club, Winnipeg .....	15.00
Grades II & III, St. Ann's School, Glace Bay, N.S. ...	12.00
St. James' School, Toronto ..	10.25
Forms III & IV, Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke ..	8.00
Senior III Class, St. Paul's School, Toronto .....	3.30
Red Island School, Nfld. ....	1.00
	<b>\$620.08</b>

This is the spirit of our Mission Crusaders of today. We hope by the next issue to be able to report one thousand dollars for the Students' Burse. Each School can do its part by sending in little sacrifice-money offered up for the intention of

success during the Examinations. What will make the Burse a success? Many Schools sending in small donations rather than a few schools carrying the burden of the Burse. **BE SURE TO MARK YOUR DONATIONS FOR THE STUDENTS' BURSE.**

## "CAMPAIGNING FOR CHRIST"

During the summer the Students of St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, and many other earnest workers for our cause are launching the greatest campaign that was ever carried out for a Catholic publication in the Dominion of Canada. Our circulation at the present time is in round numbers, 19,000, and it is the hope of the Campaigners that this number will be doubled.

To carry on this work arrangements have been made to come in contact with 75,000 Catholic people throughout the Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland, and parts of the United States, to ask them to trust us to spend fifty cents for them. The staff of workers will number 200, and each will endeavour to receive at least 100 subscriptions.

For those who already subscribe to "China" arrangements have been made in the cities to have their subscription renewed. As subscribers are already acquainted with our work they can help a great deal in this campaign by talking "China" to their friends, and if possible when a campaigner arrives for your renewal you could have the money for a new subscriber ready for him, or be able to suggest to the campaigner where he could receive a subscription. The success of this campaign depends on our getting in contact with Catholic people, for we feel that if the cause is properly put before them that no one will refuse us fifty cents. We ask too that all our friends pray that the campaign will be a success so we can extend our activities in China.

Tabuscintac, N.B.

I receive "China" every month and I enjoy it very much. Permit me to compliment you on your very artistic and interesting magazine. Kindly accept my donation towards your mission work.

## MISCELLANEOUS AMOUNTS:

St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, N.S. ....	\$100.00
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# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

*Edited by*  
**FATHER JIM**



UNFORTUNATELY I shall have to disappoint the eager readers of "Mystic Treasures" this month, because our Crusade material has only left me one page—and I simply must have a few words with my Buds. But we'll continue the story next month.

Father Jim.

816 Danforth Ave.,  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim,

I am very much interested in your Club, and want to become a "Buddy". We get "China" every month and I enjoy reading it. I think "Mystic Treasures", by Betty Chin, is very interesting. The other stories and jokes are very nice too. I chose "Speedy" for my penname, as I am going to contribute some stories to the paper.

Sincerely,  
Ruby Hamra.

Well, well Speedy! Such a novel penname, to be sure! I do hope you'll help to speed up our gardening. We're always glad to welcome new members. Send me your stories.

Father Jim.

Bezanson, Alberta.

Dear Father Jim,

As my mother gets "China", I thought I would join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I think it is a very pretty name. We also receive another Catholic paper called "The Extension Magazine". I think both it and China are very nice. We get both every month and I can hardly wait until each month passes, so I can read them. I guess you see by what I have said already that I am a bookworm, I sure like to read. I like fairy tales, too. Well, I think I will close my letter now wishing the Club every success. I am

Your new member,  
Ilene Rooney  
"Rose Bud"

What! Another Rose—even though she is Rose Bud! I'm sadly afraid you're trying to get poor old Father Jim all mixed up in his Buds. But I'm going to fool you—for I never forget a single Bud in our garden! Write me again Rose Bud—I'll be expecting to hear from you.

Father Jim.

Chesterville, Ont.

Dear Father Jim,

I am an ardent reader of China, and I look forward to your wonderful page every month. I received my certificate which made me a Bud in the "Little Flower's Rose Garden". Thanks also for the tobacco cards you sent me. I am going to begin to save now for a pack. If I ever want to send you a present of tobacco, I'll know what kind to send. We are trying our Easter Exams. on the 25th of this month and I hope the Buddies will say a little prayer for me that I will make good. Well, I must close, hoping the Chinese Mission will prosper during the rest of this year.

Yours respectfully,  
Irene Allen.



Here's "Rural China."

The best of luck to you, Irene, and I'm sure our Buddies will be only too glad to say a wee prayer for a Buddy in need of it—and Father Jim won't forget you either. When the exams are over and you've time to think about it, you must choose yourself a penname Irene—now don't forget. Pick a nice, pretty one.

Father Jim.

Thank you, Grace Middleton, for your lovely, long letter, and the stamps and tinfoil which you enclosed. They will help a great deal in or Stamp Corner. I'm sure our Canadian Buds will be pleased to welcome a U.S. Bud—so let us have your penname Grace.

Father Jim.

What a nice little verse, Pansy! Now I'm very enthusiastic over the poem you promised in your next letter. Do send it soon.

Father Jim.

Petal, Petal, what a number of ideas and suggestions to throw at me all of a sudden! Will you let me think

about them for a while, little Bud, until I get the muddle that is in my brain all cleared up? I'm afraid I won't have room for that long letter of yours this time, but I'm delighted with your story, so here it is for the rest of the Buds:

Sonny Boy, you don't know what a pleasure it was to receive your long, interesting letter, and I'm sure Rose will be pleased to know you admire her letters and stories. Write me again, Sonny Boy—another nice, newsy letter.

Father Jim.

I think "Leaf" is a charming penname, Martha Snook, and I hope you'll let us hear from you very soon again.

Father Jim.

Well, if our old friend, Joe Wang, hasn't written me the nicest letter, threatening us with a story which will be a hair-raiser! Fine, Joe! Joe will swap stamps with any Buds who wish to get in touch with him—Joe V. Murphy, 1 Waller Ave., Toronto.

Father Jim.

Will the little poetess, Miss O'Keefe, please find herself a real poetic penname? I'm expecting a very pretty one, so don't keep me in suspense!

Father Jim.

And here's a would-be Bud who wants to know how much it costs to join our Garden. Not a cent, Lorraine—just a nice disposition and a nickname!

Father Jim.

Anna Conway, 242 Spruce St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., is one of the few people who love writing letters, and promises to answer promptly any or all Buds who write her! Where's your penname, Anna? You know, you're not really initiated without one.

Father Jim.

Henrietta Lynch, (Hennie), has been praying for the quick recovery of Mary Jean's mother. I'm sure Mary Jean will appreciate it, Hennie. Just as soon as I have space I would like to publish your charming little story, Hennie, but don't make it too long, will you? We'll have to cut down on our stories now, because we have so many new Buds who want to burst into print!

Father Jim.



### The Chinese Puzzle

(Continued from page 84)

conceivable demon and incense and propitiatory, offerings of food are everywhere in evidence. Picture to yourselves the joyful awakening it is to these poor people when they learn of an all loving Saviour who died to save them. Imagine the reaction, when mercy, love, forgiveness and eternal happiness are promised as a reward for poverty, and suffering. What a relief to these victims of satanic tryanny are the simple truths of the Gospel. Is it any wonder that the Church turns a helping hand to China? Right here is found a rich soil ready for the seeding, and more than 400,000,000 souls.

But what are a few priests among so many? Pope Pius XI tells us that "the Church has no other reason for existence, than by ENLARGING the kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make ALL participate in His salutary redemption." In Chuchow are 8 priests along with Father Fraser. Since they took over this mission in 1925 their efforts have been directed mostly to retrieving the losses caused by the world war, when France, Belgium, Italy and Germany recalled so many missionary priests and left the flocks without their shepherds. Now many lapsed Christians have been reclaimed, new churches built, old ones repaired and schools filled with the nurselings of the flock. What they need then, are more priests and financial assistance. Can we Catholic people remain indifferent? Can we continue to bask contentedly in the luxuries of a religion fully equipped here at home and refuse to cast a sympathetic glance at these millions whom we can help, by our prayers, by our generosity and by vocations to this divine cause?

### The Crusade and Its Future

(Continued from page 85)

for they are retiring and do not pry into other peoples' affairs unless they know their intervention will be welcome.

Every diocese, every city, every parish must have its units functioning perfectly. "*A mari usque ad mare*" is on our Canadian Arms and "From sea to

sea" will be our motto too. And we can bring it about, if we will. So not a parish without its unit of loyal Crusaders fighting valiantly for Christ, praying daily for the conversion of the world. Thousands of Crusaders doing their share in the movement, continual intercession, interest, devotion.

Ours is a glorious mission and a terrible account we will have to render for its neglect. Missionaries we all are and as such will be called upon to give a reckoning. We have pledged ourselves to the movement. There is no drawing back but we must advance and take all before us in this conquest of souls for the King of Kings. The Crusaders of old fought for the Holy Places; we fight for souls more precious in the sight of God than the land He trod, when on earth.

Our Lord one day gathering the twelve said to them: "When the Son of Man shall come again, think you He will find faith upon the earth?" Whether or no He will find much faith on earth depends on the existing units of the Crusade Movement. When Christ comes again He will find more faith because of the members who will trace their furrow across the face of the earth and leave an imprint of their passing. They will be brave and win the right to be called apostles realizing the good they must do now, for a time will come, when it will be too late. All their actions however hidden and humble tend to make them by the grace of God the brilliant toiler or mediocre labourer, and their works already begin to re-echo to the limits of earth and of Heaven. On them depends the salvation of the world, on them the kingdom of Christ. They must struggle for victory for the Lord Jesus Christ is to reign.

### Five Thousand Crusaders Rally

(Continued from page 87)

to ameliorate conditions and Mr. McDonnell offered practical ideas whereby the home parishes and schools might be organized effectively for mission work. During the discussion on the submitted by members of the papers many valuable ideas were Crusade units from St. Augustine's Seminary, The Sisters of

Service and St. Joseph's High School.

Subjects were thoroughly discussed and new ideas added by speakers from Loretto College School Unit; St. Michael's College Unit; St. Joseph's High School Unit and The Sisters of Service.

A very important feature of the Convention programme was a demonstration of a model meeting by St. Anthonys Junior Unit. It showed that these Juniors had grasped the Crusade idea; that they already had a keen interest in and a comprehensive idea of the Mission Fields. Not only interesting, but instructive and inspiring was their meeting.

### Sunday Demonstration

With thousands of spectators lining the route of march, the Crusaders in battle array, Unit after Unit and led by a Crusader Knight in Costume made their way to St. Michaels College. They assembled before a dais upon which were the Archbishop, Monsignor O'Sullivan, Monsignor Hand, Fathers Cline and Muckle. Lustily from courageous hearts there came the thrilling hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers"; then with upraised arms solemnly did these five thousand Crusaders pledge themselves to the service of Holy Mother Church in any Missionary endeavour. The Crusade hymn was fervently sung and great attention was given to the inspirational addresses by Monsignor O'Sullivan and Father Cline. This history making event closed with solemn Benediction.

### Mission Exhibits

In booths erected by the Sisters of Service, Extension Society and China Mission Seminary were a series of exhibits, portraying conditions in their respective mission fields and the chapels, schools, hospitals and hostels provided by these societies for the preservation and propagation of the faith. Great interest was manifested in our mission literature and our display of Chinese curios illustrative of life in China and as the visitors read our invitation—"come and visit us at China Missionary, Stop 15A, Kingston Rd." we received many assurances of support for our work.





# Gloom Chasers

It's a feminine age.  
Lizzies everywhere,  
three Ruths in Con-  
gress, and the cars run  
by Ethyl.

—Portland Express.

He's so lazy, child  
that he even eats loaf  
sugar.

Doctor—"Has there  
ever been any insanity  
in your family?"

Wife—"Well, my hus-  
band thinks he's boss."

## 'Pears Correct

"What always comes in pairs?"  
"Scissors?"  
"No; pear seeds."

## Poem by Walter Rittler

Can February March—  
No, but April May;  
But when you're out of June  
Don't July about it.

—Burlington (Ia). Anchor.

## Nature Study

"When do leaves begin to turn?"  
"The night before examinations."

"How did that naughty boy of yours  
get hurt?"

"That good little boy of yours bat-  
tered him with a brick."

Grieco (arrested for speeding)—  
"You can't arrest me, I'm a student."  
Officer—"Ignorance is no excuse."

Magistrate—"The police say that  
you and your wife had some words."  
Prisoner—"I had some, sir, but I  
didn't get a chance to use them."

Tramp at Back Door: "Lady, I  
don't know where my next meal is  
coming from."

Lady at Door: "Well, this no in-  
formation bureau."

"No woman tells me what to do;  
I'm boss in my home."

"Yeah; I'm a bachelor too."  
—Georgia Cracker.

"Brown eyes," says one of our  
teachers of psychology, "indicates a  
strong character." "Black eyes, of  
course, are indictations of a weak  
defense."

## The Editor's Troubles

Getting out this paper is no picnic.  
If we print jokes, people say we are  
silly;

If we don't, they say we are too seri-  
ous.

If we clip things from other magaz-  
ines

We are too lazy to write them our-  
selves;

If we don't we are stuck on our own  
stuff

If we stick close to the job all day  
We ought to spend some time hustling  
up news;

If we do get out and try to hustle,  
We ought to be on the job in the  
office.

If we don't print contributions  
We don't appreciate true genius;

And if we do print them  
The paper is filled with junk.  
Now like as not some guy will say  
We swiped this from some other mag-  
azine.

Well we did.

On to Its Job.—Have goldfish, too.  
Make nice pet. Good swimmer.

—Ad in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

"Hello, Brown: Are you using  
your lawn-mower this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I am."

"Splendid! Then you won't be  
wanting your tennis racket—I've bro-  
ken mine!"

## Admiring the View.—

Country Cousin  
(after prolonged in-  
spection of building op-  
erations)—I don't see  
the sense of putting  
statues on the top of  
your buildings."

City Cousin—"Sta-  
tues? Those aren't  
statues. They're brick-  
layers."

—Hardware Age.

Two coloured gentlemen who had  
reduced the population of a farmer's  
henroost, were making a getaway.  
"Laws, Mose," gasped Sam, "why do  
you s-pose them flies follows us so  
close?" "Keep gallopin'," said Mose,  
"them ain't flies—their's buckshot."

First Student: "If an automobile  
slips on a wet pavement, whose child-  
ren are they?"

Second Nitwit: "Why, the auto-  
mobile skids."

"How come Bill is such a good  
aviator?"

"You see, they can't make him any  
dizzier than he is now."

Want to be an Angel?—Large and  
prominent cemetery has opening for  
high grade man of executive ability.  
Permanent and very attractive po-  
sition.

—Ad in the Chicago Tribune.

It was a dark night and the motor-  
ist was lost. Presently he saw a  
sign on a post. With great difficulty  
he climbed the post, struck a match,  
and read, "Wet Paint."

"Whatever I say goes!"

"Then talk to yourself a while."

"Hey, lend me a quarter, will ya?"

"Say, if it cost five cents for a trip  
around the world I couldn't get out of  
sight."

—Dension Famingo.



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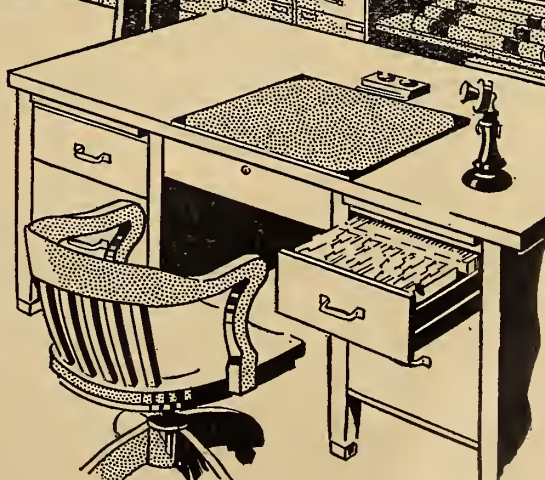
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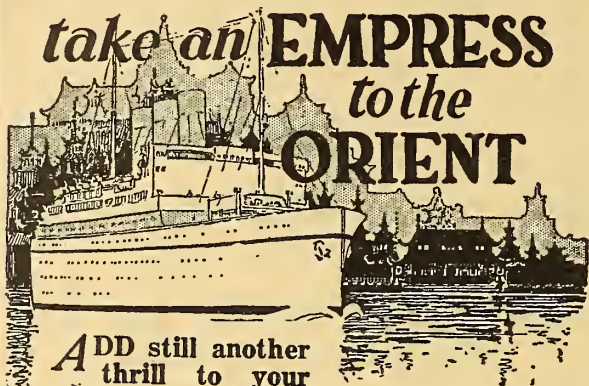
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# CHINA

July-August

1929



Blossom Time in China.



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### **Catholic Teachers Help.**

We wish to express our gratitude to many Catholic teachers throughout the country who have asked their pupils to save stamps for us. A few more volunteer collectors would mean that a great many more stamps would come our way. And otherwise they will just be destroyed. This is a way in which all can help.

### **How to Send Stamps.**

Many friends have asked us the best way to send stamps. From our point of view the ideal way is to send them free of all paper. Just soak them for about five minutes in lukewarm water and then leave them face down on an ordinary piece of newspaper till dry. In this way you will save us a great deal of labor and yourselves a great deal of postage on the parcel. How many of our young friends will help us in this way during the summer vacation? We shall be deeply grateful for your assistance.

Stamp Dept.

CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.





VOL. X.

... CHINA ...

Nos. 7 and 8

Published in the interests of the Chinese Missions by St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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## Deo Gratias!

Another year has passed, another milestone bringing our students nearer the object of their life's ambition. Our readers will join with us in a fervent prayer of gratitude to God for the many graces and blessings that He has bestowed upon His work for China, in which it is our privilege to have a share.

### Next Year's Band

Among many other happy events, our return to the Seminary next year will witness the departure of five priests and two sisters, the largest band that has ever left us for the shores of distant China. The year has been a happy one. Its close finds us filled with joyful enthusiasm at the thought of the great things our heroic young missionaries are so soon to accomplish for Christ and souls. Our gift to China, seven generous young souls to follow in the footsteps of the Master, will be recorded in the annals of eternity by thousands of now pagan souls whom they are destined to bring to eternal salvation.

### Two Great Topics

There is a thrill in the air, the thrill of impending departure, of future conquests for Christ. We could talk of little else as the close of the year drew near. Even the great subject of "exams" was for once overshadowed by something of greater import and the customary "post mortems" were relegated to the background. "Seven for China this year; isn't it wonderful, glorious! Let us hope there will be many more students next year." These were the two great topics of conversation.

### The Great Need

More students next year! How many? You, dear youthful readers, may be able to help us solve this vital question. You ask what is our greatest need. Without hesitation we answer: "Missionaries, missionaries, and still more missionaries." It is not our need alone. It is the appeal that goes forth from every part of the Church's far-flung mission frontiers in a pagan land. We are begging hard and praying hard. For what espe-

cially? For young souls who love Christ, who will not stop to count the cost but, taking Christ at his word, will enlist for China to carry to poor pagans there the saving message of Redemption.

### Does This Mean You?

Let me talk to you, dear young students. Let me, with poor, weak, human words, try to tell you something of what Christ Himself would tell you if He spoke of the future that lies before you, of His burning love for your souls and for immortal souls in China; of His anguish because in spite of Gethsemane and Calvary and the agony of His Passion there are still so few, so pitifully few, to break unto souls so dear to Him the saving Bread of Life. You are young; you are generous. Even now you do not dream of the great things of which you are capable if you but give our Dear Lord a chance, if you will not let the allurements of worldly pleasure close your heart to the gentle pleadings of His grace, but rather let Him make of you other Xaviers, other Apostles on fire with love of souls.

### Obstacles

Perhaps even now within your hearts there is a struggle going on, the struggle between God's grace and the promptings of flesh and blood. You feel that He is calling you to leave all things and follow Him. Yet you wish there were some way whereby you could satisfy your conscience and yet not demand of your dear ones the sacrifice of parting with you forever. How many vocations are lost through this false love of children for parents and parents for children! In our country to-day it is the one thing, more than anything else, that is keeping students from our seminary and pagan souls from Heaven. Parents there are who do not hesitate to stand between God and the souls of children committed to their care. They urge, they plead; only too often they prevail; and all the while, because of their so-called love for their children, immortal souls whom those children were to have saved for eternity are going daily into Hell. Oh the pity of



it, the eternal, irreparable ghastly tragedy of it, that so many of our young men and women endowed by God with ability and generosity and capable of most heroic virtue in fields afar, are stifling their generosity and wasting their lives because they yield to the wishes of father and mother and obey the dictates of flesh and blood.

### God Wants You

Dear young men, you who stand at the close of this school year on the threshold of life, it is to you that we address an earnest appeal. We have great need of you here, great need. We need you to help us bring to others the faith that Foreign Missionaries brought to us, the faith that God has freely given and that we are obliged to share. What is it that holds you back? Is it the love of father and mother? "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." If you give yourself generously to God will your loved ones at home suffer by it? God loves them even more than you do, and yet He asks the sacrifice. Does not your own deep faith tell you that if you wish to assure your salvation and theirs, that the thing to do is to cast aside the promptings of mere human wisdom, mere worldly shrewdness and endeavour to repay love with love!

### False Love

"But," you say, "how it will hurt my poor mother who has done so much for me! Take care that your love for her will not deprive her one day of the greatest joy, the greatest consolation and pledge of eternal salvation that may yet be hers as the shadows lengthen and the eventide of life draws near. Look into your heart. Be honest with yourself, you upon whom God has bestowed the precious gift of faith. Answer in your heart the one question I shall put to you and see if it is real love of parents rather than disguised love of self that is keeping you back from the mission fields of China.

### The Greatest Gift

You would like to be with your mother in her reclining years, to be present above all when her last hour draws near and with your own hands bring the Holy

Viaticum that will prepare her for her last long journey. Oh, the folly of human wisdom. Can't you see, does not your own faith tell you, that when that mother of yours stands upon the threshold of eternity, when her poor soul is so soon to appear in the dazzling presence of her Maker, that no joy, no consolation can compare with the thought that she had willingly and joyfully made the sacrifice that sent her son as a missionary priest to China! Which would be a greater consolation to her in that last dread moment of life? Does not your faith cry out the answer? Would it be the fact that you were by her bedside, ready to close her eyes in death, or the sweetest, most consoling realisation borne of years of lonely sacrifice, that for love of Him, whom she is so soon to meet in judgment, she had given even you, that souls for whom He died might live forever! And it is of this most sublime consolation that you would deprive her.

Away with such weakness, away with such folly and false love, unworthy of one for whom Christ has shed His blood. Let not that mother whom you love be deprived at the last of the brightest gem of her eternal heavenly crown, the gem of perfect sacrifice, of human love, joyfully and willingly immolated upon the altar of love divine.

### We Need You Here

Dear students, need we say more. If God is calling you and you do not come, it will not be because you do not know. It will be because you will delay and perhaps finally refuse to

say the great "I will," that will put an end to your difficulties and fears and secure for yourself a happiness of which you had not dreamed. We need you here. Above all, God needs, deigns to need you to co-operate with Him in the great work of man's Redemption. Come to us, come this year and join our little band who have found in their vocation to China a happiness you will never find in all the false pleasures of this world. Now, while you are young and have something to offer, give to God the greatest gift, your own heart without reserve, lest, when it is too late, when "the night cometh when no man can work," you regret forever that when He made the great request of you you refused and turned sadly away.

### CUI BONO?

When age has crept upon you and you sit,  
Lonely, beside your fire, at evening-time,  
Mayhap you will recall some olden rime  
Of chivalry, that by God's grace had lit

Your youthful heart with eager wish to brave  
All things for Christ, urging you forth to press  
To high emprise, heroic holiness,  
And lose your life, a stainless soul to save.

Then will you marvel, wistfully, at these  
Great longings of your youth to follow Christ,  
And wonder sadly that you sacrificed  
Impulse so grand for gain or restless ease.

Ah, let it not be so, but now while gleams  
The heart's fine fire, buckle God's armour on  
And be His knight—else sit when youth is gone,  
Mourning the wasted beauty of your dreams.

—Benen.

### WHO WILL HELP?

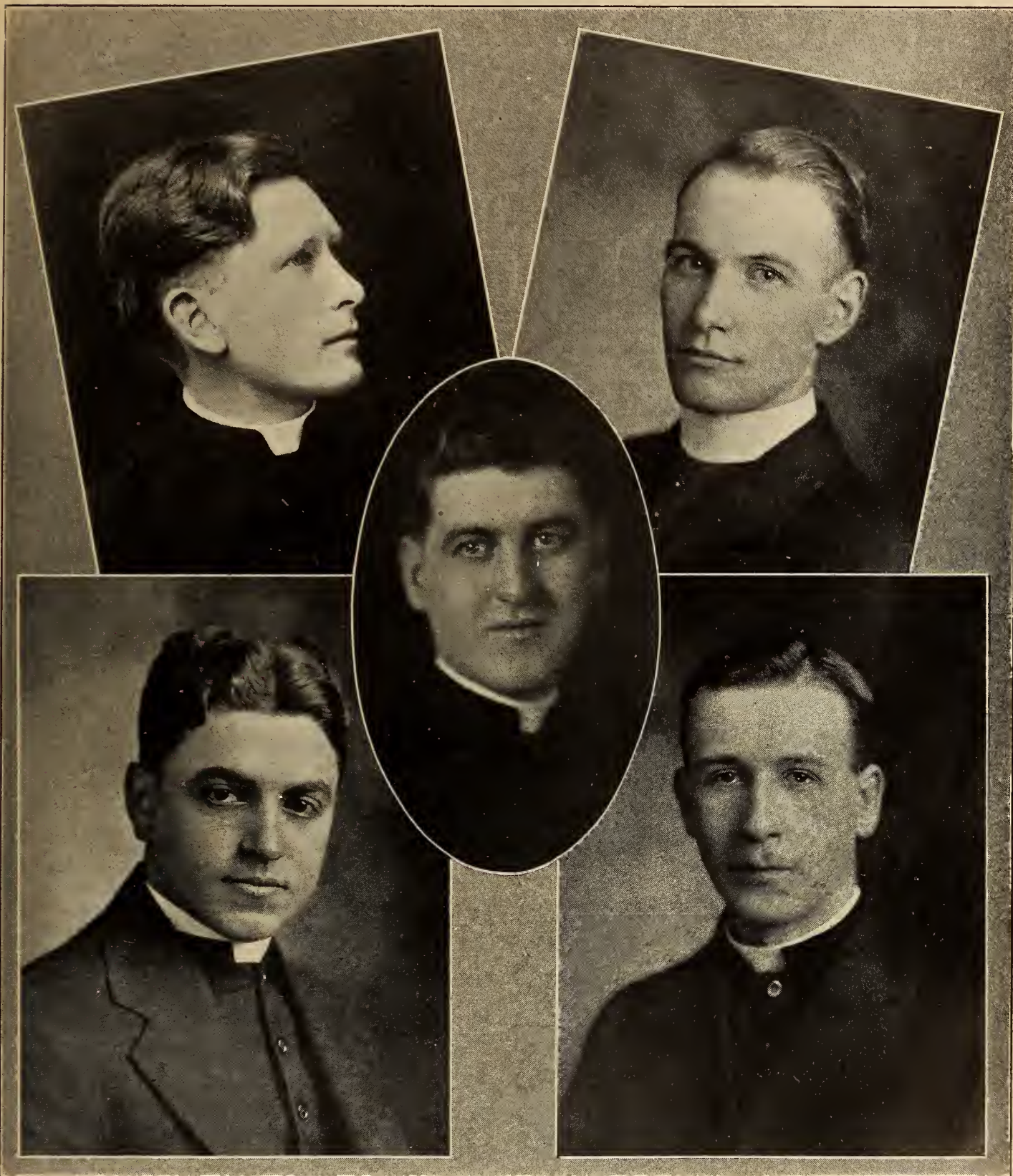
#### \$3,000.00 NEEDED TO PAY THE FARE OF OUR MISSIONARIES TO CHINA

We do not believe in wearying our readers with appeals. In fact, we rarely have recourse to them. But here is an occasion where help is needed, and needed urgently, if we are to make it possible for our young missionaries to realise their life ambition, to labour for souls in China. The fare alone to China for this year's band will be over \$3,000.00. And right now, to be candid, our bank account would not pay one fare. But we have confidence in your generosity and charity, and we ask you, for love of souls in China, to send as much as you can afford to help our young priests and sisters on their way.

Please Make Your Contribution Payable to St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.



## OUR 1929 GIFT TO CHINA



## REINFORCEMENTS FOR CHUCHOW.

Our five missionaries who leave for China this Fall. Top left, Rev. A. Gignac, Ridgetown, Ont.; Top right, Rev. D. Stringer, Ottawa; Centre, Rev. M. Dunne, Chelsea, Mass.; Lower left, Rev. H. Sharkey, St. John, N.B.; Lower right, Rev. B. Boudreau, New Bedford, Mass.; Fathers Gignac, Sharkey and Boudreau were ordained this year. Next month we hope to have pictures of the two Sisters (The Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception) who will also leave for China this year.



# Education in Chuchow - -

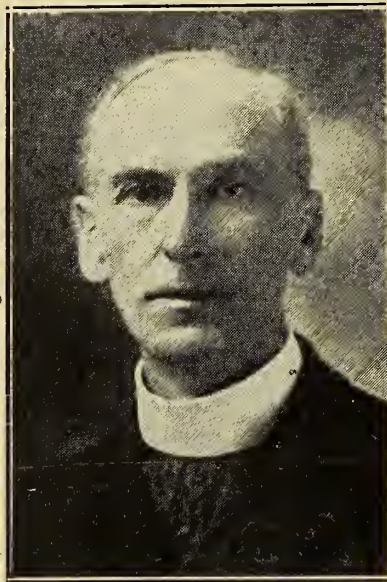
By Very Rev. J. M. Fraser

IN reference to your recent enquiry about the cost of maintaining a boy in our school I may say that the sum required is \$25.00 Canadian currency. This does not furnish his clothes nor bedding—these are supplied by the boy's family. You will understand that we cannot under the present circumstances adopt children as we have no orphan age. But we can by receiving the pagan boys into our school more readily get in touch with their parents and after a course of instruction bring them into the true fold. The above mentioned \$25.00 will supply board and lodging for a boy.

Regarding the donation of our Toronto benefactor towards the maintenance of a Chinese girl I must tell how that sum was expended. Not long ago a baby girl was born to a Christian family already overburdened with children and in dire poverty. They notified me that they could not have the child baptised as they could not possibly keep it but would have to give it away. Under the circumstances and having on hand this donation I promised to contribute to the family a dollar (Canadian) a month for some months on condition that afterwards they would keep the child. They agreed to this and brought the baby to be baptised. I christened her Mary as requested.—that accounts for the donation. If the benefactor wishes to continue to support the child for a number of years I shall be only too happy to give the benefaction to the family concerned. When she begins to grow up and eat rice and need clothing the cost will then be the same as for the boys at our school. As for the picture of the little girl which they asked for, we'll have to wait until she is a little bigger.

I am sorry to say that vocations to the priesthood are not numerous. I was only able to send two new ones to the seminary this year. A number of boys applied but through ill health, want of consent of parents etc, could not be sent.

We would be very obliged if you could get any of your young friends interested in the educa-



VERY REV. J. M. FRASER, M.A.P.

tion of pagan children—there is a great field of endeavor open in that respect, or the schooling of poor children whether they be pagan or Christian. \$25.00 Canadian money is what is required for each. It is a sure thing that the more boys we have in our school the more vocations we will have for the priesthood. I never heard of a pupil of the public schools here wishing to be a priest. As most boys come from a distance or are very poor city boys we have to board them—that accounts for the rate being so high.

In my last letter I sent you

Father William's letter describing his pleasant trip to Sung Yang but lest you imagine that the fates are always as kind to him I enclose his next letter describing a recent journey to one of his missions.

Dear Father John:

I left yesterday by raft; the weather was delightful and the varying scenery enchanting.

After having shot many rapids for about 25 li our bamboo raft came to grief on a sharp protruding boulder in a dangerous rapid. I saw the prow of the raft crumple up like a match-box before me. Fortunately the stern swerved against the river bank and allowed us a moment's time to seize my breviary, but my best friend perished in the leaping rapids, my fine reading glasses. The raft didn't upset but the things were pitched off into the water. My Mass box was carried a considerable distance down stream and was salvaged by another raftsmen. Luckily the things in my box didn't get wet. That box must be watertight. Six of the strong bamboo poles comprising the raft were smashed. We managed to get on the broken raft again with our things, and made another 15 li (five miles) to GIUZKA without further mishap. The chief thing I regret in this episode is the loss of my fine reading glasses. I don't know what to do about getting others. Reading and writing are now very troublesome to me."

Poor Father William will, I fear, have to make the long journey to Shanghai to get refitted. Tell all those coming to China who wear glasses to bring a second pair with them.

Yours very affectionately  
in Jesus and Mary  
J. M. Fraser



# Chuchow From Day to Day - -

By Father Amyot

## Learning Chinese.

One of the big tasks that confronts our new men in China is the study of the Chinese language. It is hard, but comes gradually, and it is a great source of satisfaction when the new missionary begins to find himself understanding the conversation going on around him. So says Father Amyot in his latest letter to Dr. McRae and adds: "Chinese is coming along fairly well and we are not blank now when a conversation is going on; can pick up a word or two here and there, put two and two together and guess the rest. It makes things more interesting. We can say quite a few little sentences and so speak a little with others who are willing to slow down to a couple of miles per hour and listen or answer. The boys here get our drift alright."

## When Summer Comes.

"The weather," Father Amyot continues, "is simply perfect, like the days we spent in Ningpo. Everything is quite green and it gives a different and more inviting aspect to the countryside. There are many flowers also out on the hills. Practically no mosquitoes yet. There is now about twice the

amount of water in the river and it helps out the boat traffic. Father Beal came down from Sungyang in one day.

## Pleasant Reunions.

Father Venini is back from his mission tour in Tsing Tien district. He has a few good pictures and has given us more topics for conversation. It is a pleasant reunion when each one returns. Father Morrison should be back to-day or to-morrow from Yunhwo. I have been out nearly every week-end to the three closest chapels up stream, Chulung, Pi-wu-ka and Gno-chee, the chapel you missed seeing. It is a wow, I'll bet, in mid-winter, a loft, side nearly open, a small corner cut off with single matting for the priest's room. It is fine for this weather though. Will be there for next Sunday."

Let us hope that we shall soon be able to begin to make plans for a better "chapel" than the one Father Amyot describes at Gno-chee. Perhaps some kind benefactor will make this possible. A chapel can be built for \$500.00; a regular church, like the one in Sungyang which you see in this issue of China, for \$2,000.00.

# Vocation Campaign in Canada

We wish to express our deep appreciation of the kindness extended by our friends to our priests on their recent campaign tours in the interest of vocations. For once, they were afforded, all of them, opportunities of meeting personally so many of our good benefactors whom we have known for so long only by correspondence. And correspondence is but a sorry substitute for personal contact with those who have been friends tried and true. Our only regret is that we have been unable to cover the whole of Canada. That pleasure will be reserved for future campaigners.

## Necessary Work.

We have long felt the necessity of just such a campaign. But it is so hard for those engaged in the work of the Seminary, especially while we were so few, to disentangle themselves from their various occupations. Finally, as this year was drawing to a close, we decided that something just had to be done about it. And something was. The months of April, May and June saw three of our priests engaged in the task of lecturing at the various

colleges and seminaries and the encouragement afforded by the enthusiastic and kindly receptions we received on all sides leads us to believe that our work in this regard will bear fruit in the future and that many young men will come to help us in the great work of preparing for missionary life in China.

## Institutions Visited.

During the course of the campaign the following institutions were visited: St. Augustine's Seminary and St. Michael's College, Toronto; Grand Seminary, Seminary of Philosophy and Loyola College, Montreal; Assumption College, Sandwich; St. Jerome's College, Kitchener; Holy Heart Seminary and St. Mary's College, Halifax; St. Francis Xavier's, Antigonish; St. Thomas College, Chatham; St. Dunstan's, Charlottetown. We also had the pleasure of visiting the various academies and schools, in Nova Scotia especially, where we have long had such loyal friends of the cause.

We ask our readers to join with us in prayer that God may give the great grace of a missionary vocation to many of those young men to whom we spoke about China.

## THE NEED IS URGENT

\$3,000.00 is urgently needed to pay the fare of our seven missionaries (five priests and two sisters) to China. Will you help them on their way? Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.



# A Missionary Journey

Describing a trip from Chuchow to Sungyang

By Rev. J. L. Beal

MARCH 21st was a red letter day for me, because I set out on my first missionary journey. The weather cleared and so at 9.30 we left for Pi-Wu-Ka, the half-way place. At last I felt that my seminary plans and dreams were being realized, for I was going out among these people, bringing consolation to them and trying to tell them in a simple way that God loves each one with a special love. They are happy when the "Sing Vu" comes to visit them and the best they have is offered to the priest.

On the way we saw a number of mourners around a grave. They were all kneeling and each one had a peculiar tone of wailing. They often keep this up for hours. At 2.30 I arrived at the chapel and found everything as Father Amyot had left it the preceding Sunday—this being his mission.

When my room was prepared for the night, I visited my sacristan's home. After much walking through alleys and side streets we arrived at a public square where a Chinese show was in progress. The house was open and offered a free seat for the performance. I could not appreciate the acting or the wise cracks but I did enjoy the side-show which occurred accidentally. Two women were engaged in a fight which drew the attention of the crowd. Neither stayed down for the count of ten.

I visited several Christian families and each gave me tea and cigarettes. At eight o'clock in the evening several Christians came to the chapel to recite their night prayers.

Next morning the chair men and carrier came and at six o'clock we were starting on a twenty-seven mile hike. The scenery along the way was fine. The river, the mountains, the huge racks and grain fields on either side of the road and the singing

of the birds, all made it a very pleasant trip.

On one occasion as we came near the river bank, I saw a paper boat partly submerged. I enquired the reason why it was there. This is the reason—according to a superstitious custom, when a person is sick and no medical help can be obtained, a paper boat is made in which is placed cooked food. This is carried to the river and the Devil is invited to embark for other regions. It is an offering to his Satanic majesty to leave the house of the infirm.

After walking the greater part of thirteen miles, I was ready for "chi van." Our party called at a restaurant and ordered their rice and mi. Each of us were given chopsticks, but I had to use the old fashioned method in order to save time. The store keepers of the district came over to see the foreign gentleman eat, ask how old I was, if I were rich and where I was born. My dinner cost about ten cents. The carriers furnished the music while taking their soup—they use the suction method.

About three-thirty in the afternoon a large mountain appeared on our path, with the sun steadily pushing the mercury up. I thought—how handy an escalator would be now. After one hour we reached the top. The other side was easier going and cooler. Another ten li found us nearing the city of Sungyang. At six o'clock we arrived at the residence, a little tired but happy to see the Christians who came out to meet us. Saturday was spent in gathering palms and decorating the church for Palm Sunday.

The church is really a work of art. The donor of this church can be justly proud of this magnificent edifice. The divine praises which here daily ascend to the throne of God should be a consoling thought



TEA TIME AT LUNGCHUAN  
Left, Dr. McRae; Centre, Fr. Serra; Right, Fr. Kam.



to the one who made this possible. Much credit is due to Father William Fraser who engineered the construction.

Holy Thursday the Christians prayed in a sing-song way all day until ten o'clock at night. This was the first time the Christians had the privilege of adoring our Blessed Lord on this great feast. After the ceremonies of Good Friday a follower of Buddha came and kowtowed to me, making the three bows and shaking his hands. The sacristan enquired about his religion and the Buddhist remarked—"This is a fine place." Pray that he may receive the light of faith to adore the true God. The people were greatly impressed by the ceremonies of Holy Week. They were pleased to hear the bells and organ again on Holy Saturday.

Sunday morning they brought two large packages of firecrackers to celebrate the feast. The Chinese must have plenty of noise on a feast day. After mass on Easter Sunday, one package was dis-

posed of—the subject speaks for itself. After benediction in the afternoon the other was discharged. I visited several families who gave flowers for the decorating of the altar. Here pigs and chickens seem to have equal rights in the house.

Monday morning we hired a boatman for the return journey. The water was high and the cur-

rent fast. At six o'clock I was back at Chuchow, thus completing my first missionary journey.

Doctor, you may find some of this account interesting enough to put in China. I regret that it is not put in as good a form as it might be. With an exam. before me on May 26th, I have not much time to lose.

Father Venini returned Wednesday evening from a five weeks trip and Father Morrison will be back in two or three days. Everyone is well.

I received your letter from Port Said and am pleased to know that you got along so well. Results will come bye and bye. Congratulations to the Ordinandi—will be looking forward to the next band this fall.

The weather is beginning to get very warm and we will soon be donning the Chinese gown. Am looking for a letter from Father Billy. Best regards to all the priests and boys, from all.

J. L. BEAL.

#### TO HELP OUR MISSIONARIES.

Enclosed please find  
\$..... to help our  
1929 mission band on their  
way.

Name .....

Address .....

Kindly make cheques and  
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Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

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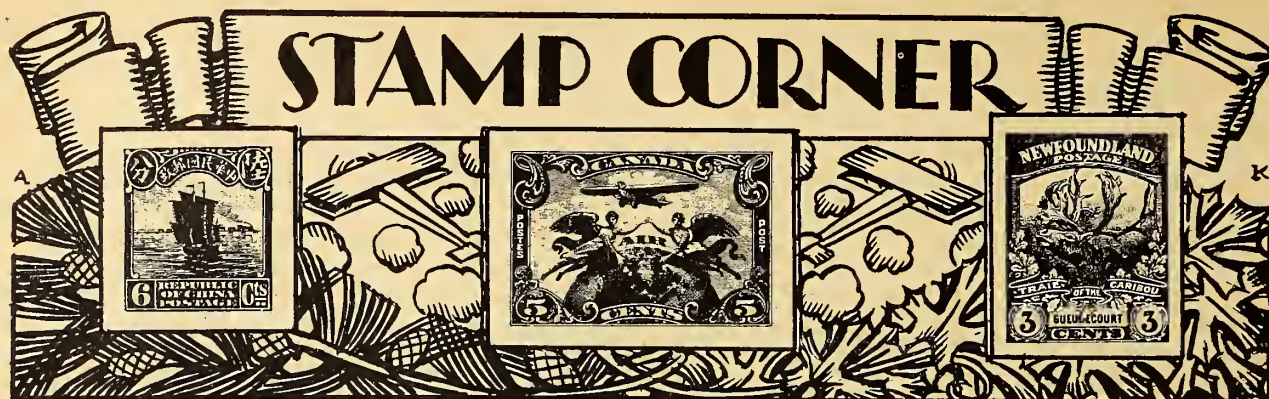
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## CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Beaver,

I certainly find the Stamp Corner very interesting. Just lately I have begun to collect stamps. Naturally I have only a wee collection as yet but hope to have a large collection sometime. I think stamp collecting is a fascinating hobby. Some of mine are India, Newfoundland, England, Austria, Ireland, Denmark, Italy, France, The Netherlands, Canada, and the United States.

Evelyn De Ferrari.

You have the real name for a stamp collector, Evelyn. Count Ferrary's famous collection was sold some years ago for three million dollars. He was the world's greatest stamp collector.

Dear Beaver,

I'm a "Bud" and I read your interesting Stamp Corner every month. "Rose."

Rose needs no introduction even to our stamp collectors, who know her well through The Little Flower's Rose Garden. We are really pleased that you find our corner interesting.

## STAMP COLLECTING.

"To encourage stamp collecting is to render a real educational and social service. I say this for two reasons:

"First, I believe that children who collect stamps have the best records for success in after life of any group. Stamp collecting is not only the most practical method of learning geography and other subjects, but it furnishes the fundamentals for a business training.

"Secondly, I believe that adults not only have in stamp collecting a legitimate form of investment, but also that it gives them an interest in foreign countries which they would not otherwise acquire."

—ROGER W. BABSON.

## EXCHANGE LIST.

The following members of our stamp club would like to correspond and to exchange stamps with fellow members:

Philip Smith, 36 Fairview Blvd., Toronto; Georges Dufresne, P.O. Box 218, Acton-Vale, P.Q.; W. J. Pieczulewski, 2632 Holmes Ave., Hamtramck, Mich., U.S.A.; John Wall, 1020 Ouellette St., Windsor, Ont.; James Hennessey, 33 McFarlane St., St. John's, Nfld.; John Butland, 17 Bodwin Ave., Toronto; Michael Carroll, 73 King's Road, St. John's, Nfld.; Rev. Joseph Reith, S.J., Gramercy Park Bldg., 257 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

and discovered a stamp he did not have in his collection. It was a poor copy, cut octagonally, but he decided that it would fill a space until he secured a better specimen. After some time, needing a little money, he decided to sell a stamp from his collection and picked on this one as he did not wish to part with his "better class" stamps. A local collector, very reluctantly, paid him a dollar and a half for it. Sometime afterwards the collector sold his whole collection, including this one cent stamp for about \$600.00. The late Count Ferrary bought the one stamp alone for approximately \$650.00 and in April, 1922, when the Count's famous collection was being auctioned, this single stamp was purchased by Arthur Hind, American millionaire, for \$38,025.00.

## A Rare Find.

How would you like to have been the stamp collector who stood in line at the Postoffice in Washington, D.C., one day in 1918 just in time to hear the man in front of him say to the stamp clerk.

"Say, these stamps are no good. they are all upside down. Give me another sheet."

The man in question had just bought a sheet of one hundred of the 24c airplane stamps. We can well imagine that the next man's heart missed several beats for he knew full well the value of the "upside down" stamps. When the irate purchaser had departed with his sheet of "good" stamps the collector timidly ventured to say that he would take the other sheet. He did. It cost him face value, twenty-four dollars, and he sold the sheet next day for fifteen thousand dollars. To discover such an error is the supreme moment in any collector's life. But it rarely happens.

## Stamp Stories

### The World's Highest Priced Stamp—

In the year 1856 the supply of stamps in the British Guiana Post Office ran short. New supplies were due almost any time from England but in the meantime, to meet the emergency, the postmaster hurriedly selected a design for a stamp, the picture of a ship from an ad. in the local paper.

Nobody knows how many of the one cent variety of this stamp were printed. Perhaps they never should have been printed at all because in those days there was very little use for a one cent stamp. The regular stamps arrived shortly afterwards from England and the makeshifts were destroyed.

About sixty years later a boy in British Guiana was rummaging around among old letter and papers

## FREE! TO MEMBERS OF STAMP CORNER

We are able to make up a limited number of packets, containing about twenty-five varieties of stamps, Canadian, Newfoundland and Foreign. As long as they last, these packets will be sent—not more than one to each collector—to any of our readers who enclose a two-cent stamp for return postage. First come first served. And don't crowd, please. As long as they are available, these packets will be given away to stamp lovers who are subscribers to "CHINA." Address:

BEAVER, STAMP CORNER, CHINA,

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.





His Excellency Most Rev. Andrea Cassulo, D.D., Delegate Apostolic to Canada and Newfoundland, who honored our Seminary with a visit on June 12th.

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received up to June 15th:

St. Mary's Convent, Peterboro, \$25.00; Faculty of St. F. X. University, Antigonish, \$65.00; St. Patrick's Girls' School, Halifax, \$25.00; Seminary of Philosophy, Montreal, \$20.00; St. Mary's College, Halifax, \$25.00; In Honor of Little Flower, Fermeuse, Nfld., \$30.00; Rev. F. LeSieur, \$30.00; St. Cecilia's School, Toronto, \$50.00; East Windsor Separate School, \$37.00; St. Joseph's Church, Halifax, per Dr. Curran, \$20.00; Crusaders, St. David's School, Toronto, \$13.00; Pupils of Grade 9, St. Ann's School, Glace Bay, \$15.00; C.C.S.M.C., St. Joseph's High School, Toronto, \$38.00; Pupils of St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax, \$18.00.

#### \$10.00 Each.

Loyola College, Montreal; Pupils Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax; Community, Mt. St. Vincent; Austin F. Hall; Loretto Day School, Toronto; Friend, Ottawa; J. J. Carolan; Mrs. M. J. Streeter; St. Agnes Unit; St. Vincents Commerce, Hamilton; Miss Viola Harris; Mite-Box, Pupils of Notre Dame Academy, Charlottetown; Pupils of Mt. St. Joseph, North Sydney.

#### Miscellaneous.

Anonymous, \$8.00.

#### \$5.00 Each.

John M. O'Neil; St. Mary's Sunday School; C.C.S.M.C., Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Mrs. M. A. Scarrone; Miss Annie McEachern; James Whe-

lan; M E. Glace Bay, N.S.; Mrs. Florence M. Stewart; A. H. Gillis; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Master William Francis McCarthy; J. M. Speechly; Rev. J. Ryan, per Rev. P. J. Kirby; Rose A. Devine; Notre Dame Academy, Charlottetown; Grade 1, Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan; Friend, Argentina, Nfld.; Mt. St. Joseph, North Sydney; Mrs. Bridget Pope; C.C.S.M.C. St. Clement's School.

#### Miscellaneous.

P. J. Rogers, \$1.75; Mrs. M. P. Smart, \$1.75; Rev. D. Buote, \$1.50; A. J. McDonald, \$1.50; Mrs. A. Moore, \$3.00; Mrs. J. J. Fagan, \$3.00; Friend, Petty Harbour, \$3.00; Business class, Convent of Mary Immaculate, \$3.00; Regis Kelly; Mary B. McKenna, \$2.00; Mrs. John Holly, \$2.00; Kay Sharron, \$2; Mrs. J. McLoughlin, \$2.00; Grades I and II, St. Bridget's School, Stellarton, \$2.00; Friend, Barrie, \$2.00; John Geary; L. Desbarats; Miss Kathleen Bird, \$2.50; Miss Gertrude Larkin, \$2.00; A. J. MacDonald, \$1.50; Miss Mary Farrell, \$3.00; Mrs. M. Whelan, \$1.50; Primary Dept., St. Peter's School, Port Hood, \$3.58; Mrs. S. J. Legree, \$2.00.

#### \$1.00 Each.

M. McDonald; M. J. Bonness; Mrs. J. Hoar; Mrs. John Gough; Elizabeth Masterson; J. McDonald; Miss Mary Beale; Mrs. P. J. Madden; Laurine Landry; Mrs. Joseph Hand; St. Francis School, Tilbury; Mrs. Thos. Rowland; Anselm Duffy; Mary A. McKinnon; Sisters of Providence, Tweed, Ont.; Mrs. A. V. Tuthill; Miss Annie L. Carroll; Mrs. Thos. Thompson; Wm. Farrell; Mrs. V. B. Kerr.

Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

### A Regrettable Omission.

We deeply regret that in the June CHINA the name of Rev. Dr. Curran was inadvertently omitted from the title of the picture of the Crusade Convention held in the grounds of Mt. St.

Vincent, Halifax. In the picture, Dr. Curran is seated in the centre of the front row.

### The Student's Burse.

Previously acknowledged .....	\$620.08
Theresa Vivian .....	1.00
St. Cecilia's School, Toronto .....	50.00
St. Agnes' School, Guelph .....	10.00
St. Vincent's Com., Hamilton .....	10.00
St. Joseph's High School, Toronto .....	38.00
	<hr/> \$729.08

### BOOK REVIEW.

#### A Modern Martyr.

\$1.00 postpaid, The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N.Y. CHINA heartily welcomes a new edition of the beautiful and touching story of Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tongking in 1861.

We cannot dismiss this most beautiful of all mission books with a mere cursory review. Our one regret in its regard is that there is not a copy in every Catholic home and we sincerely recommend "A Modern Martyr" to our readers as the most beautiful mission story we have ever known.

People are sometimes prone to regard missionaries as devoid of ordinary human feelings and human affection. But never was there a more devoted son, a more tender brother, than this warm-hearted and affectionate child—for he was little more than a child—who willingly sacrificed the strongest of human loves for love of God and souls.

We may be a little "hard boiled," perhaps, but we are not ashamed to confess that the letters of Theophane to his "little sister," especially those from his cage, on the eve of martyrdom, still bring tears to our eyes.

If you will be advised by us you will write immediately to Maryknoll for a copy of "A Modern Martyr." If you wish to render a real service to the missions and arouse many vocations for China do all in your power to interest your friends in this true story of a real hero.



IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.  
An Outdoor Concert Shortly Before the Close of the Term.



# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



**EDITOR'S NOTE:**—I'm afraid a number of my Buds were disappointed last month, when I had to omit "Mystic Treasures"—but here it is again, and more thrilling than ever! I think Betty is bringing her tale to a rapid close, so be prepared for some real excitement soon, Buds.

## MYSTIC TREASURES.

By Betty Chin.

Several days later Betty and Eric again made their way to the library. Once within, they locked the door and Eric crossed the room to the bookshelf and the sliding panel. After removing the books he found the imp pressure in the wood, pressed it, and together they watched the panel slide noiselessly and slowly back, disclosing the gap through which they were about to descend. Eric led the way, flashing his torch, and Betty followed, wondering if they would find the map that day. At the end of the tunnel Eric opened the door and finding the lamp, lit it. Together they searched the room, but were about to give up when something attracted Betty's attention. "Why, look!" she cried.

Eric turned his gaze in the direction she pointed, and there, in the corner of the room where a piece of wallpaper hung half torn from the discolored wall, hung a small and curious key. Eric stood on the one and only chair there was and took it down.

"This must open that one drawer," he said inspecting the key. "Oh, do try it!" cried Betty excitedly. Eric fitted the key into the drawer, and after some struggling found that it resisted and unlocked the drawer. Pulling open the drawer, he found it contained a book, a bundle of papers and a small tin box. They looked through the book and papers but could not find the map or even a clue. "This box is locked," said Eric after examining the tin box. "Perhaps," said Betty thoughtfully, "that key will open it; it is small enough." "So it may," returned Eric.

He tried it and found that it fitted exactly, and no sooner had he twisted it a slight bit than the lid sprang back, hitting Betty on the nose, for she had been looking closely at the key while Eric fitted it. There was a pen and pencil and a small pot for ink and a roll of papers which were sealed with green wax. "I wonder if we should open them," said Betty. "Perhaps we had better ask Uncle first," said Eric.

"Oh, you may open them!" said a voice full of laughter, which made the children jump and turn around at the same time. And no wonder, for

there, standing in the open doorway, stood Uncle Ted with his face wreathed in smiles. "Oh, Uncle Ted!" cried both children in one voice, and ran towards him.

"How did you get in the library?" asked Eric, after their surprise was over. "Through the door, to be sure, me wee one," said Uncle Ted. "But we locked it!" said Betty. "That I know," said their uncle with a laugh. "Oh, Uncle, do tell us what you mean!" cried Betty.

"Well then, here ye are. One day as I was looking through those books I came across the same piece of map, but I put it back to make sure it was safe. Well, I looked through every

I now have so many, many Buds in my Garden that I'm afraid "Mystic Treasures" must be our last continued serial story, because, you see, there are many very interesting little stories coming in to me every day, and I want to give each and every Bud an opportunity to write for our Garden. That is the real spirit of the Garden, isn't it? So henceforth, my Buds, send me all the poetry you can write, oodles of jokes and riddles, and any short stories you may care to write—but don't make an of them very long, so we won't have to crowd some poor little blossoms into the corner! Won't that be better?

Father Jim.

## OUR "CORRIE" BOX.

Olga Simpson (Mary Jean), Box 456, Penetang, Ont., wants to make pen-pals of Betty Chin, Rose and Willow, and oh, ever so many more!

Has anyone written "Cowardly Joe" (Joe Poirier, Dom. No. 4, C. B., N.S.) and suggested a better Garden name? Cowardly Joe could only be the name of a weed, and we all know Joe is no weed—so let's get together and help him out!

Here's a new Garden pal—Patsy—who is really Helen Etherington, 788 Pape Ave., Toronto, Ont. Patsy has just sprouted in our Garden, so let's help her grow!

Don't forget to write Anna Conway (who hasn't chosen her Garden name yet), 242 Spruce St., Saulte Ste. Marie, Ont.

book in the library but never a glimpse of the other piece of the map did I see until the other day I spied you two scamps come in here and find that secret panel o' yours."

"But how could you see us when the door was locked?" demanded Eric.

"Well, I was passing your door the other night and I heerd ye say as ye were goin' to search the library, so I had behind the readin' chair then and to-day. But in between I came here meself and found the key on the wall under the paper, and to make things easier for ye I just pulled the paper down a wee bit, and so ye found it, and then the papers."

"Oh, we forgot about then!" cried Eric, and he ran to the desk where he had left them. Betty and Eric broke the seal, while Uncle Ted looked on.

(To be continued.)

## LOOK WHO'S HERE!

131 Dovercourt Road,  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim and Buds:

Yes, I'm back again! I just couldn't keep away from our "Garden" after reading the interesting pages this month (May). Weren't there a lot of letters? And all so very interesting. And best of all, three more Buds want me to write to them. I'm so glad they asked me to, because I just love pen-pals. I have six now. But Margaret O'Keefe, attention! You want me to write to you (which I'd love to do), but your address wasn't in the paper. Perhaps Father Jim will send me it, will you, Father Jim? Because I'd hate to lose another pen-pal.

Willow's, Petal's and Buttercup's little stories were all fine, were they not? "Mystic Treasures" is coming along fine, too. And Rose-Marie, however did you think up such a fine poem? You must have a poetic nature! And now, I must congratulate our Key Line Contest winners. Congrats., Buds!

Father Jim, this month I'm contributing a drawing and a story. The drawing is a caption for the top of one of our pages. I hope you think it good enough to print. My story is rather long, but it's original. I wonder if there are any other Buds around my age? I am fifteen, and I feel so much older than some of the Buddies. But Father Jim once said "age is no bar", so I'll continue to enjoy our Garden.

Father Jim, let's have another contest soon. We've had a story contest, now let's have a poem contest. The one who submits the best poem wins. And let the Buds choose titles for the contest poems, and the one that you like the best, Father Jim, we'll all write a poem about, and you judge them. To start with, my own suggestion is "The Roses". How's



## Our Mail Bag Messengers

that? Come on, Buds, beg Father Jim and he'll let us have another contest. They are such lots of fun.

How are you bookworm Buds getting along? Are you still reading lots of books? I am—bookworm's my second name. Now, Buds, let's make a list of our hobbies. Mine are reading, swimming and the theatre. Rather assorted, aren't they? Has any one got the same hobbies as mine? Let's hear all your different pastimes. I'll say good-bye now till next time.

Just another Bud,  
Rose.

What a fine little artist you are, Rose. Indeed I do like your mast-head for one of our pages, and I may surprise you by using it quite soon. Now just watch! So you want another contest? Well, well, you're very persuadin'—as Uncle Ted would say. How about it, Buds? How many want a contest—and what are your suggestions? Come on now, all of you! And, Margaret O'Keefe, will you please save me from the Black Book by writing Francis Kurtinis (Rose) right away?

Father Jim.

Petal, I've a great, big apology to make. I sent down your story to the printers last month, and didn't notice that they hadn't put it in until the magazine came off the press—and now I haven't the story at all! I hope you'll forgive me. Petal—it was more rush than carelessness—and do be generous and send me some more stories.

Father Jim.

Irene Veniot, I think "Dick" is a most original penname, and I'm glad to welcome you to our Garden. So you like hockey and outdoor sports! That's quite in keeping with your Garden name, Dick—but they're very good for you, so play hard! Now how about trying your hand at poetry? I want all my Buds to join in this contest that Rose has started for us—so sharpen your pencils, everybody!

Father Jim.

St. Lawrence,  
Campbellford, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like very much to become a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden, and receive a pin. I am very interested in China. The boys' and girls' letters are very nice. I am

ten years old and in the Junior Third class, and I am trying for Senior Third. I will send you a story. My penname is Bob. My right name is Barbara Kerr. My father keeps a hotel, and the paper I am writing on is the paper for the hotel. Now I must close.

Your new member,  
Bob.

What—another boy-name! Dick and Bob, you should write to one another. I really believe you'd be grand pen-pals. Bob's story, "How I Spent Victoria Day," was very interesting, and I do wish I had space for it. But I'm afraid I must disappoint Bob this time. Sorry, Bob—better luck next time!

Father Jim.



Father Jim thinks the back view is best.

Some little Bud in Windsor, who forgot to sign her name, told me that Joanna Theresa Forrester, Box 247, Inverness Town, Nova Scotia, would like to join our Rose Garden, and wants to know if she may. God has taken away Joanna's mother and Daddy, so I think we should make her doubly welcome to our Garden, eh Buds? Suppose some of you just sit down and write to her a nice little letter, telling her all about the Garden, and how glad we are to have her. Here's another pen-pal for you, Rose.

Father Jim.

Box 456, Penetang, Ont.

Dear Father Jim and Buddies:

Thanks a lot for asking the Buds to say a prayer for mother's quick recovery. She is well again. I am enclosing a story for this month's magazine. It is entitled "False Alarms". I hope to see my name on the "corrie" list this month. When is Betty's story going to be finished? Two of our teachers are going on a tour to Europe after school closes; I wouldn't mind going with them. Best wishes to you and Buddies.

Just a Bud,  
Mary Jean.

We're all glad that your mother is better, Mary Jean, and we're also glad to get your story. "False Alarms" is exceptionally fine, and I'm saving it for next month. Hope you get your pen-pals this time.

There are a lot more of you who should be in our Garden this month, and it's only lack of space that prevents every letter being in print. This month I want to give you some new games for your next picnic, so what do you think of these?

Can Race.

Watch your step in this race. If you want to have excitement try a tin can race, played in the following manner: Have two or more players and let each have two good-sized tin cans. Each player balances himself on one can while he places the other at as great a distance as he can reach without toppling over. Then he steps over to this can, balances himself, picks up the other can and places that in front of himself, as he did the first one. The players continue in this way until the goal is reached. Meanwhile, they provide much fun and no little excitement for the audience.

LIVE A LITTLE

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth;  
Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth;  
Smile a little, while a little idleness away;  
Care a little, share a little of your holiday.  
Play a little, pray a little, be a little glad;  
Rest a little, jest a little if a heart is sad;  
Spend a little, send a little to another's door;  
Give a little, live a little, love a little more.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

A. K. E. L. O. R.

## Dear Me!

Farmer—"I never see such a season. My corn isn't an inch high!"

Neighbor—"An inch? Why the sparrows have to kneel down to eat mine."—Montreal Star.

## That Kind.

Hector—"You know, I've always been a society man."

Stella—"It must be a secret society."—Fun.

## Maturity.

"Little boy, don't you know what becomes of boys who use such bad language when they play marbles?"

"Yes'm, they grow up and play golf. Your shot, Jimmy."—Tenney Magazine.

The Meek One (who has ordered tea)—"What d'you call this—tea or coffee?"

Proprietor—"What does it taste like?"

The Meek One—"Paraffin."

Proprietor—"Then it must be tea—the coffee tastes like gasoline."—The Tatler.

## Oh!

Wife (after quarrel)—"and where's your chivalry, anyway?"

Husband—"Oh, I turned it in on a new Essex."—Selected.

## Travel News.

"Did you see much poverty in Europe?"

"Yes, indeed. A good deal. In fact, I brought some back with me."—Montreal Star.

## All Right, Have It Your Way!

Artist—"How do you like this picture?"

Visitor—"H'm—it might be worse."

"Sir, I hope you will withdraw that statement."

"Very well; it couldn't be worse."—Answers.

Jones—"I want a lawn mower."

Drug Store Clerk—"Sorry, sir, all sold out."

Jones—"Gee, this is a fine drug store."

## I.O.U.

"Your wife loses quite a lot of money at bridge, doesn't she?"

"Yes, I do."—College Humour.

## Got to Work.

"Yoh ain't in love, is yoh, Andy?"

"Yes, Ah is in love all right—but she can't get no job."—Dixie News.

## Just Time.

"I say, darling, I have tickets for the theatre."

"Splendid. I'll start dressing."

"Yes do, dear. They're for tomorrow."—Il Travaso.

## Tell Me Not—

"Has Algy any interest in life?"

"Well, he exercises the dog."—Toledo Blade.

## His Handicap.

Proud Golfer—"They're all afraid to play me. What do you suppose my handicap is?"

Girl—"Oh, I don't know. It may be your face, or perhaps it's just your general appearance. Don't be discouraged."—Belleville, Ontario.

A hick town is one where you don't have to stand in line for an hour to see a bum movie.—New York American.

## Right in Step.

"I heard to-day that your son was an undertaker. I thought you said he was a physician?"

"Not at all, sir. I said he followed the medical profession."

## Good Test.

"Can you distinguish classical music?" asked Mrs. Newrich. "I think so," replied her husband, "When a piece threatens every minute to be a tune and always disapoints you, it's classical."

## Instinct.

"Is he a good rabbit dog?" inquired the hunter, after inspecting the animal.

"I'll say he is!" the dealer replied with pride. "You should have seen the way he went after my wife's new seal-skin coat!"—American Legion Monthly.

"Don't you adore lowering clouds?"

"How should I know? I never lowered no clouds."—Green Goat.

## Fake!

"... inhibitions ... My dear, I'll never trust another psychoanalyst as long as I live. ... I've just shot my husband and I don't feel a bit better ..."—Judge.

## Seasonable Criticism.

Landlady—"Good morning, Mr. Stubbs. Did you sleep well?"

New Lodger—"So-so. I'm afraid I'm not used to these three-season beds."

Landlady—"Three season?"

Lodger—"Yes. You know. No spring!"—Montreal Star.

Fabulous Persons.—Snob—"I never associate with my inferiors, do you?"

Girl—"I don't know. I never met any of your inferiors."—Pathfinder.

When an editor can't break into The Literary Digest any other way, he can always conspire with the printer to commit etaoinshrdlu.—The Arizona Producer.

"Animals," says a naturalist, "don't know how lucky they are." Does a family of rabbits, for instance, realize that they are running about in a beautiful sealskin coat?—London Opinion.

## Impossible!

"Waiter, bring me an ice without wafers."

"Excuse me, sir, we have no wafers."—Lustige Blatter, Berlin.

## Some Other Idiot.

Wife (to returning husband at seaside resort): "Oh, darling, I'm so glad you've come. We heard that some idiot had fallen over the cliff and I felt sure it was you!"—The Yale Record.

## Support.

Overheard in the heart of the city—"See that skyscraper? I helped watch all the excavating."—Detroit News.

## Honest.

He—"Don't go. You are leaving me entirely without reason."

She—"I always leave things as I find them."—Wampus.

## Lovely.

Carstairs—"And when the boat went down I was swimming for about two hours before I was picked up."

Vodka—"Oh, how lovely! I adore swimming."—Panther.

## Meow!

Grace—"I didn't accept Bob the first time he proposed."

Graceless—"No, dearie, you weren't there."—Harvard Lampoon.



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## The Sunbeam Man

A little lad with eyes of blue,  
Soft auburn curls, kissed by the dew,  
Smiled as he watched the golden ray  
Which chased the shadows all away.  
His rosy cheeks and happy glance  
Mayhap have reached the ray's advance,  
It stopped, and shed its wondrous light  
Right on this healthy little mite.

And lo! it spoke. 'Tis wondrous true  
What strange things golden rays can do.  
It turned into a little man  
Who jumped and danced and ran and ran.  
"Dear little child," this sunbeam said,  
"I came to crown your pretty head,  
To kill all germs which you must meet,  
And bring you light and welcome heat."

Then up he stretched his golden arm,  
And waved away all germs that harm,  
But in his hand he had a fan,  
On which these golden letters ran:  
"City Dairy milk is pure and good,  
Delicious, wholesome, wondrous food;  
Keeps you healthy all your days,  
Helps you enjoy the sunbeam rays."

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# AFTER VACATION?



## WILL YOU FOLLOW CHRIST THE KING? OTHERS WILL DO SO— WHY NOT YOU?

If God is calling you to the Mission Fields of China, you will never find happiness elsewhere. If you are wondering, thinking, above all, praying to decide your vocation, rest assured that the devil is working with untiring energy to keep you away from the Missions. If he can prevent it, you will never save those thousands of souls in China who may be depending upon you alone for their salvation.

Our own students went through a period of anxiety such as may be yours now. But they won. They gave themselves, generously, and God did the rest. Difficulties, obstacles, discouragement—all these things vanished once the decision was made. And they will vanish in your case, too. And if you wish to judge for yourself how happy they are, and how happy you will be,

COME AND SEE———THIS SEPTEMBER.

*Write now to*

**Rev. John E. McRae, Rector**

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.



# CHINA

September

1929



A Schoolboy in Chuchow.



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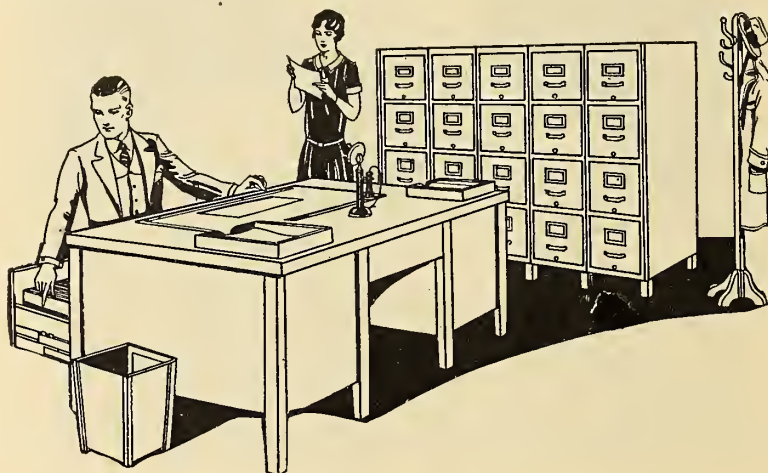
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VOL. X.

... CHINA ...

No. 9

Published in the interests of the Chinese Missions by St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallon, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

Subscription: 50 cents per year.

Advertising: 12 cents per agate line.

Circulation: 25,000.

Entered as second class matter and admitted to privileged postage rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., July 10th, 1924.

### Subscription Campaign

We wish to express our gratitude to the students of St. Augustine's and their many generous young helpers whose co-operation made this summer's drive for new subscriptions such a decided success. Already over ten thousand new readers have been added to our lists. That means that our monthly circulation is now over the 25,000 mark.

### Welcome

Welcome to the new students who have joined our ranks this year and also, of course, to our old veterans who return refreshed after a well earned holiday. Any tennis players, hockey players or musicians among the newcomers? That's the question that will soon be solved by anxious enquirers. The seminary orchestra needs reinforcements and we need to stiffen up our athletic opposition to the friendly invasion from St. Augustine's across the way.

### Tenth Birthday

Ten years old next month! The first issue of China was published by Father Fraser in October, 1919. How it has come along since those days! And not only China. There were two students then at the college at Almonte. Now, with this year's departure there will be fourteen priests and three sisters in China, as well as a fully staffed and well filled seminary at home. Not so bad for ten years!

### Ever Forward

Three more Passionists are leaving to take the place of the young missionaries who were killed in China this summer. The forward march of the soldiers of Christ is ever irresistible. Apparent defeat is only victory disguised and the blood of these three young

martyrs will bear fruit in an abundant harvest of Christians. There can be no failure for the true missionary.

### Students Crusade

The opening of school will witness the renewal of activities throughout the various branches of the Canadian Students' Mission Crusade. Let us hope that the long expected National Convention will materialize in Canada this year.

### Many Thanks!

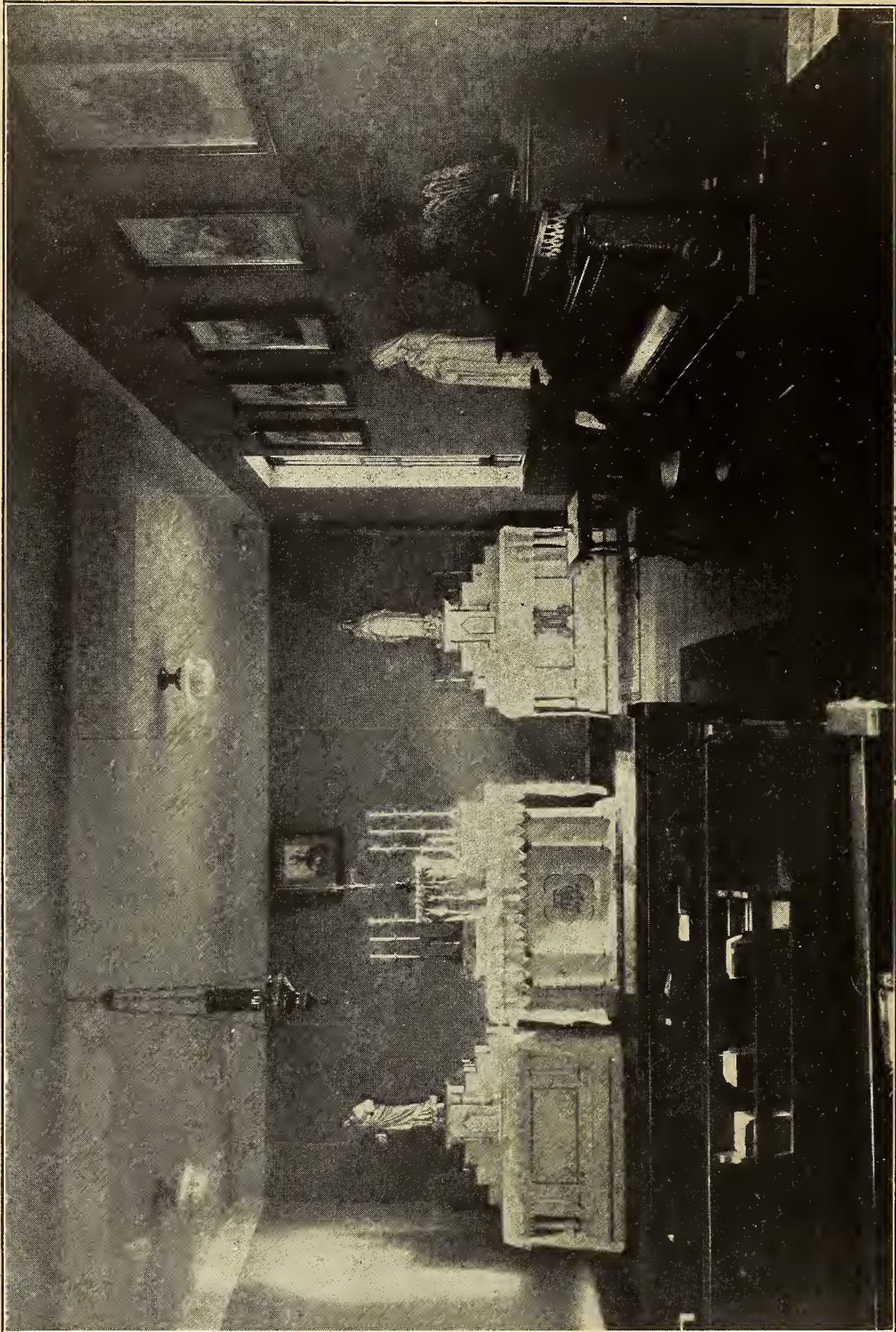
Our special gratitude is due to Father Pennylegion, of Blessed Sacrament Parish, Toronto. In view of the fact that his new church is now under construction our student campaigners approached rather timidly for permission to carry on a subscription campaign in the parish. But they were most cordially received and encouraged to such an extent that now almost every family in Blessed Sacrament parish subscribes to China. The generosity of Father Pennylegion and his good parishioners will bring many blessings upon his parish. And may his fine new church be completed and paid for in record time!

### Preparatory Students

Besides the students in our seminary there are now many others whom we are putting through college at our own expense. Otherwise they would never be able to realize their life's ambition to become missionaries in China. And we could educate many more young men had we sufficient funds. We know so many who would make excellent priests and would accomplish great things for souls but who are debarred from the Priesthood by the insurmountable barrier of poverty. Surely a worthy cause for those who wish to make good use of worldly wealth.

(PLEASE SEE BACK PAGE)





The Seminary Chapel.



## AD MULTOS ANNOS !

China extends sincere congratulations to His Grace Most Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Armoria and Co-adjutor Archbishop of Kingston. We have special cause for rejoicing in the great dignity recently conferred upon His Grace, who has



HIS GRACE MOST REV. M. J. O'BRIEN, D.D.

ever been a staunch friend of our work, and, as a member of our Board of Control for the past five years, has played an active part in guiding the destinies of our Seminary and our Mission in Chuchow.

Our Society is as yet but in its

infancy. And in a work of such import there are problems, many and great, which call for wisdom and mature experience in those who undertake their solution. That is why we are blessed in having as our Board of Control three illustrious members of the hierarchy of Ontario, Archbishop McNeil, Archbishop O'Brien and Bishop Fallon.

Our readers will join with us in the prayer that His Grace may be spared for many years and that God may give him continued health and strength to discharge the strenuous duties of his exalted office.

### AFTER THE WAR IN CHINA.

Peking (China).—His Excellency, Archbishop Celso Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China, announces that while the conversions for the year ending June, 1928, totalled 41,418, the net increase in the number of the faithful is only 12,540. Catholic families dispersed by warriors and bandits, driven by desperation to fly from their homes to Manchuria, to escape the fighters, the droughts, the epidemics, Catholic fathers, mothers, children wandering or dead in China's sad chaos, account for a loss during the year of 28,878.

It is hoped that many of these children of the Church will be

found in the distant reaches of Manchuria by the missionaries in these parts, who have been urged to search them out among the 5,000,000 who have migrated to the thinly settled plains on China's northern border.

But there are encouraging features in the report, which covers a period of five years. Some of the striking figures are as follows:—

	1923	1928	Increase
Catholics	2,263,487	2,444,539	181,052
Foreign priests	1,500	1,902	402
Chinese priests	1,118	1,347	229
Total priests	2,618	3,294	631

### CHINESE PRIEST CONVERTED 8,000.

Father Tch'ang, Who Died Recently, Was Ordained Only Fifteen Years.

Peking. — During the fifteen years of his priestly ministry, a recently deceased Chinese priest of the Vicariate Apostolic of Peking, the Rev. John Baptist Tch'ang, won to the Faith the remarkable number of 8,000 adult converts.

Father Tch'ang came of a family of "old Christians," who had the Faith for a number of generations. After his ordina-

(Continued on page 123)



The three Sisters who will leave for China in October from the Convent of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont. A year will be spent with the Sisters of Charity at Wenchow, after which they will take charge of our convent and girls' school at Chuchow. Another band will leave next year. Left to right: Sister M. Anthony (McHugh); Sister M. Catherine (Doyle); Sister M. St. Oswald (McDonald).





# China Enough at Home? - -

## What Then Does the Holy Father Mean?

We are painfully aware of the fact that there are many Catholics who adopt a very uncatholic attitude towards the question of vocations to the Foreign Missions. And this is not a theory of ours, either. Most of our priests and students have come face to face with it at some stage of their career. In some cases the discouragement engendered by strenuous opposition on the part of friends at home has been such as seriously to interfere with their vocations.

Right now we know several young men who would like to take up the work of the Foreign Missions. They are being subjected to the strongest pressure that friends at home can bring to bear, friends who feel that these young men should not waste their lives in China, and that a much more promising "career" awaits them in the homeland. Young men who feel themselves called to the work of the missions have difficulties enough to encounter, God knows. The devil will see to that. And very often it is the influence of relatives and friends that proves the "last straw." A vocation is frustrated, a victory for Satan won.

### A Saddening Thought.

To the fervent missionary or missionary-to-be this is a sadden-

ing thought. He has succeeded in overcoming many obstacles. He has come to find in his vocation a happiness which he would not exchange for all the world can offer. But he realizes all the while that there are still in the world many generous young souls striving to follow the call of the Master, souls who will go down in the struggle because so-called friends at home will not shrink from the terrible responsibility of stifling the awakening love which God's grace had implanted in their hearts.

### The Voice of the Holy Father.

Our Holy Father is ever mindful of the needs of the souls entrusted to his care. And in the wonderful encyclical "Rerum Ecclesiae" he has given us a most inspiring message regarding our duties towards those who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death. We deem it well that all our readers should become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of our beloved Holy Father on this most important of matters. If they do, they will do all in their power to encourage vocations to the Foreign Missions.

"There is no need to insist," we read in the opening words of the encyclical, "how foreign it is to the virtue of charity, which embraces God and all men, for those who belong to the Fold of Christ not to have a care for the

rest who are unhappily straying without the Fold. Surely the duty of charity that binds us to God demands not only that we strive to increase with all our power the number of those who know and adore Him in spirit and truth (John 4:24), but also that we bring under the rule of the most amiable Saviour as many as possible, in order that from day to day, 'the profit in His blood' (Ps. 29:10) may be fruitful, and that we may likewise render ourselves more acceptable to Him to Whom nothing can be more acceptable than that men be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth (1 Tim. 2:4). Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another can we vouchsafe to our neighbours a greater or a more signal charity than that of having them withdrawn from the darkness of superstition and instructed in the true faith of Christ?

"Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity as the mind surpasses the body; heaven, earth; eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover he manifests his



gratitude towards the goodness of God by sharing with the poor pagans this same gift, the most precious of all."

#### Mission Vocations.

The encyclical then treats of the subject of mission vocations, and urges co-operation on the part of the faithful that the number of missionaries be increased. And the words of the Holy Father in this regard should set at rest the minds of those who feel that the Church at home will suffer because missionaries leave for the Foreign Field.

"No one is ignorant," it continues, "of the grave damage done to the propagation of the Faith by the last war, when some missionaries, recalled to their own countries, fell in the terrible conflict, while others, being removed from the field of their activities, had to leave their missionary

work undone; damages and losses that have had, and still have, to be made good, not only to bring back the missions to the state in which they were before the war, but also to insure further progress." And who is there who cannot see the hand of Providence in the fostering of such missionary zeal in America at a time when just such needs would be created by the gaps in the ranks of the missionaries as a result of the war. When Father Fraser first went to China, in 1902, and for many years after, **he was the only English-speaking Catholic missionary from the whole of North America.** The only one. Since then many mission societies have sprung into being, and in America many Orders and Congregations, both of men and women, have extended their work to China. Now every year witnesses the departure from the shores of America

and Canada of many zealous young missionaries. The Church in these countries is no longer in its infancy, but can help bear its part of the missionary burden so long and so nobly borne by France, Belgium, Holland and other countries of Europe. But to return to the encyclical:

"Moreover, whether we regard the vast territories which are still unopened to Christian civilization, or the immense number of those who are still deprived of the fruits of the Redemption, or the necessities and difficulties which beset and impede the missionaries, through lack of numbers, it is necessary that the Bishops and the faithful co-operate in order that the number of Christ's ambassadors may increase and be multiplied.

"If there be, in any of your dioceses, any young men or ecclesi-

(Continued on page 123.)



BOYS OF OUR SCHOOL IN CHUCHOW.

Half the number are already baptized. The others are new converts preparing for baptism.



# "CAVE of the - - WINDS" in China

## A Beauty Spot in Our Own District of Chuchow

By FATHER AMYOT

We had all risen early that morning in order to say Mass before the fleet of boats got under way. Breakfast had not yet been served when Fr. Fraser told the boatmen to halt and put us ashore so that we might see the famous "Cave of the Winds," as it is called. Yes! One of the beauty spots of China which is immune from the severe blasts of winter, and is free from the burning heats of summer. It is said also that many Chinese officials, in the past, have come long distances, yea even from far north, from the old capital, that great city of Peking, to visit this gem of nature. Still true it is that "Neath humility many beauties oft' lie hid," and this is no exception; for unless one knew of its existence, one would go merrily on up the Chuchow River with out even noticing the entrance.

It has what is called "The Stone Gates," that stand close together like two huge sentries, in a hundred feet or so from the river's edge. These Gates are nothing more nor less than two sheer walls of rock, several hundred feet in height, quite natural and rugged, in fact the ends of two real hills. They have little growing upon their bare and precipitous faces, except some mosses and a few small shrubs that have been brave enough or perhaps foolish enough to try and catch a foothold upon the sides of those

weather beaten guardians. This is the entrance through which one must pass in order to see the beauties that lie within.

Almost with fear of breaking the peacefulness there, one walks into this canyon along a winding Chinese cobbled pathway, accompanied only by the crooked little falls-fed stream of crystal water, that seeks an outlet to the sea. Through this outer gateway and an inner ancient archway, made by man, one passes; then across a small rustic stone bridge into that wonder-land — a pot-hole valley, about two hundred yards in diameter, with sparsely wooded mountains standing around on every side. Age-old camphor and pine trees fringe this fairy dell, and half cover the old Buddhist monastery and tiny tiled temple, with its quaint upturned roof and whitewashed walls, as it nestles in this secluded and peaceful valley, whose rice-fields and garden plots are half in shade and half in light, because of the surrounding mountains, and there — the final touch to this enchanting scene — there! leaping down from the very height, over the dark-faced rock, the silver wisp of sparkling water crashes its way into the mirror-surfaced pool below, lending, like pleasing bells, an accompaniment to the sweet songs of the birds that dwell in this lovely valley.

A magnificent sight indeed! A

beauty spot in our own district, at which we stared because we simply could not help it. For pen could not picture nor camera take the grandeur of the scene.

### USE BEES FOR KITES.

Father Morrison is responsible for the following account of the amusements of some of our Chuchow schoolboys during their playtime. Boys will be boys, in China as well as at home. The warm weather brought the bees to life, and swarms of them are flying around in the garden at the back of the Church. The school boys go over at recess, catch them when they alight on a flower, tie their legs with a string and then let them go. They hold the string and run with it just as they do when flying a kite.

### No Sting.

These bees are different from those at home in that they do not sting. The boys let them run all over their hands. I never saw this performance before, and we were greatly amused. One little shaver caught a handkerchief full of them and was busy tying them together when the bell rang for class. He gathered them all up and brought them into the classroom, and what do you think happened? They got loose and started to buzz around the room, and one of them landed on the

## Where There's a Will

There's a Way to Help Us  
Convert China

"It is a bad will that has not the name of God among its heirs."—Cardinal Manning.

### Form of Bequest

"I BEQUEATH TO ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF \$..... FOR THE EDUCATION OF MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA."

\$250 will support a student in our Seminary for one year.

\$1,500 will pay for a student's entire course of six years.

\$5,000 will found a Perpetual Bursar, on which not one, but a chain of students, will be educated for China—the Monument of Monuments to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

Make all donations and bequests Payable to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY,

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.



master's bald head, as he was diligently reading a book. Then there was confusion. He began to shout and pound the desk, while the little culprit was shivering with fear. For a penance he had to recite two extra pages of his reader.

#### Free from Mischief.

The Chinese boy is seldom in mischief. Perhaps he is doing something he should not be doing at that particular time, but what he does is usually ingenious and cannot but attract your attention. They make wonderful kites and fly them at great distances. They look like airplanes in the sky.

### CRUSADERS, ATTENTION!

#### A Call to Arms for Our Student Friends.

With the re-opening of school Crusade activities will soon be going strong. And you will soon be confronted with the problem, "What are we going to do this year?" May we indicate a way that will enable you to do something very real to help the work of the Missions and leave a lasting testimony to the zeal of the young Crusaders of Canada. We refer to our Students' Burse, which was started last year by our student friends and has now reached the sum of \$750.00.

#### What is a Burse?

A Burse is an invested sum of \$5,000.00, the interest on which is enough to pay for a student's course for one year at the Seminary. By this means one Burse makes it possible to have one student educated each year in perpetuity. What a tribute to the zeal of our young Crusaders could we say that already they had made this possible and that every year some student was being educated for China because of their generosity and love of souls.

#### A Christmas Present.

It is early yet to be speaking of Christmas, but what a wonderful present it would be could we complete the Students' Burse by then! This can be done if all the Crusade Units in the various schools become interested and

each contribute something from the money saved by little sacrifices and acts of self-denial.

Those schools that have already contributed made their money by a little collection of five cents a week for five weeks. If there are 400 children in the school, this

means \$100.00. Others had little raffles and candy sales. Choose your own methods, but at your first meeting remember the Students' Burse. If we pull together we can have it completed by Christmas, a most fitting present to the Infant Saviour.

### YES! WE CAN USE THEM.

In fact we are glad to get them—the used Canadian stamps about which our readers were enquiring. We need all values, from 3 cents up, but not the 1 and 2-cent varieties.

Newfoundland stamps of all denominations are very acceptable.

The revenue from the sale of used stamps enables up to support six boys at College. As the "business" increases, we can do even more.



Front view of Father Serra's new church at Lungchuan. This church, which cost \$2,000.00, is an anonymous friend's gift to the parish of Lungchuan.





### BUSINESS IS HOT.

Are we busy? You should see the fur and chips flying as old Beaver works overtime during the summer months. Busy—and how! And it is all because he decided to give away free stamps—35 different varieties—to all our young collector friends.

"When I heard you were giving away free stamps, I almost dropped," wrote one young enthusiast. "Sock," said Beaver. "Right under the chin. Can you beat that for a dirty crack!" And as he spoke he sealed another forty variety packet and started it off on its long journey to Halifax.

"And we want you all to know," says Beaver, "that this is no 'come-on' game. You don't have to peddle any postcards or sell any soap. Just send a two-cent stamp to pay return postage, and here's what you get, 10 different Canadian, 15 Newfoundland and 10 Foreign. Beat this offer if you can. While the stamps last they are yours for the asking. So come on, gang, send in your order to-day."

Yours for a bigger and better "Corner."

BEAVER.

### KNOW YOUR STAMPS.

Collectors who invest in a general variety of, say, 1,000 stamps, often find difficulty in knowing where to place the various stamps. We shall suppose that you have an album, with illustrations at the top of each page, but as there are so many more stamps issued than could be illustrated in so small a space, you are often at a loss to know to what country they belong. Here are a few hints. If you see



No. 2051. Price, 10 Cents.  
5 Varieties—Congo.

For full particulars of our Honor-Bilt packets, enclose a two-cent stamp for our 40-page price list with over 300 illustrations.

"Bayern" written on a stamp it means that it belongs to Bavaria; Poetza Polska means Poland; Acores, Azores; Belgique, Belgium; Helvetia, Switzerland; Ned. Indie, Dutch Indies; Eesti, Esthonia; Nederland, Holland.

### LIGHT ON STAMPS.

The first issue of 180,000,000 of the new U.S.A. 2-cent stamp, depicting an incandescent electric lamp, has already been sold out, and a second issue of 110,000,000 has been authorized by the P.O. Department.

If the gentle rain of new commemorative stamps continues in the land that gave us the much discussed "Molly Pitcher" adhesive, it will soon be in a class with the South American countries or stamp-prolific Liberia.

### NOVEL MAIL TRANSPORT.

During the siege of Paris in 1870 many were the means employed to keep the beleaguered city in touch by mail with the outside world. One of the most novel was the despatch of letters by carrier pigeon, as many as forty thousand letters being carried at once by a single bird. How was it possible? Handwritten letters were reduced by photography to infinitesimal size, and the tiny missives were enclosed in a single quill. They were then enlarged again upon arrival at their destination. One pigeon, Gambetta by name, made four successful flights out of Paris by postal balloon and returned safely four times with letters and valuable government despatches.

### STAMPS THAT WERE NEVER ISSUED.

In the Bureau of Engraving at Washington there rest the officially approved sketches and the dies of two stamps that were almost ready for issue at the outbreak of the world war. The one was to be a red two-cent stamp, and the design shows two figures clasping hands across the world, one holding the United States flag, the other the British flag. The blue five-cent stamp shows a dove flying before a winged figure representing the spirit of peace. On each of the designs was the legend, "Peace 1814-1914." The designs were approved on July 27, 1914. War was declared a few days later between Austria and Serbia. By the fall the Belgian city of Ghent, where the British-American Peace Centenary Committee intended holding their celebration, was occupied by the Germans, and the U.S. Postmaster had rescinded his approval of the stamp designs.



SOME STAMPS FROM THE PACKET OF 50 VARIETIES NEWFOUNDLAND.  
Catalogue value over \$8.00; our price, \$2.00. Packet No. 2000B.



No. 2068. Price, 10 Cents.  
150 Varieties—Germany.



## CHINA ENOUGH AT HOME.

(Continued from page 119)

astical students, or priests, who seem called to this most excellent apostolate, far from putting any difficulties in their way, encourage them in their ambitions and inclinations, by your favor and authority. And although you are permitted to give their vocations a fair trial to see if they are of God, still if you are convinced that their most salutary resolution springs from, and is fostered by Divine inspiration, neither scarcity of clergy nor any need of the Diocese ought to discourage you or keep you from giving your consent, since your faithful have at hand, so to speak, the helps to salvation and are less further removed from salvation than are the heathens, particularly those who are still savages and barbarians.

"If the occasion, therefore arises, suffer patiently the loss of one of your clergy for the love of Christ and of souls, if indeed it can be called a loss, since if you deprive yourself of a co-labourer and a sharer of your toils, the Divine founder of the Church will surely supply the deficiency by showering more abundant blessings on the Diocese and by awakening new vocations to the sacred ministry."

What a lesson in these solemn words of the Holy Father for those people whose so-called interest prompts them to deter those near and dear to them from taking up the work of the Missions. In conformity with the wishes of the Holy Father and from the depths of their own missionary zeal and love of souls, the Bishops of Canada and Newfoundland have given our work every encouragement since its inception and made many sacrifices in their own dioceses to enable young men to enter our seminary and prepare for China. It is one of the most consoling features of our work and one of the greatest indications that it is of God to feel that it enjoys the approval and blessing of the Hierarchy. But while those who have the true appreciation of the real necessity of vocations to the missions are prepared to make such sacrifices in their own dioceses, it is discouraging to feel that there

are still so many of the faithful whose attitude towards the missions and towards missionary vocations is so unlike that of the Holy Father.

## CHINESE PRIEST CONVERTED 8,000.

(Continued from page 117)

tion, in December, 1913, he was assigned to the mission of Sin-an, which had just been founded by the Rev. Philip Chao, the future Chinese bishop and Vicar Apostolic of Swan-hwa-fu.

Father Tch'ang manifested an intense interest in the concerns of his newly-converted Christians. His apostolic love for his flock did not exclude the pagans of the neighbourhood, who were drawn by the kindness of this Chinese apostle. On market days, Father Tch'ang's residence was the favourite rendezvous for both Christians and pagans.

## KIND WORDS FROM BISHOP IN CHINA.

"Hangchow, June 6, 1929.

"My Dear Father Fraser:

"I have returned from Ningpo, where I performed a small ordination on the Vigil of the Feast of the Holy Trinity. On the Feast Day itself I dined at the Cathedral, where I had the pleasure of meeting your confreres who had come for their retreat. I am happy to know that you are already some ten missionaries in your dear district of Chuchow, and it is probable that new recruits will come each year to your aid. It will be easy for you (with the grace of God) to convert little by little your ten Sub-prefectures, and even to enlarge your field of apostolate.

"In union of prayers in the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Whose Feast we celebrate tomorrow!

"Your most devoted and very obliged confrere,

"P. FAVEAU, C.M.,  
"Vic. Ap."

## CONTRIBUTIONS

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received before Aug. 20th:

## Miscellaneous

Right Rev. Alex. McDonald, Toronto, \$60.  
Rev. Chas. F. Nagle, Simcoe, \$25; St. Joseph's Parish, Halifax, N.S., \$20; De la Salle Moore Park,

Toronto, \$24.10; St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, \$85; St. Ann's Academy, Victoria, B.C., \$250; St. Joseph's School, Halifax, \$20.60; St. Ann's School, Brantford, \$10.23; St. Anne's School, Glace Bay, \$15; Holy Family School, Toronto, \$11.45; Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, \$21; C. D. Halifax, \$20; St. Mary's Academy, Newcastle, \$10.50; St. James' and St. Joseph's Schools, Belle River, Ont., \$15; Mercy Convent, St. John's, Nfld., \$25.60; Children of Mary, Mt. St. Joseph, North Sydney, \$21.50; St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, \$15; J. M. Dooley, Guelph, Ont., \$25; Mrs. H. Connor, 42 Bank St., Sherbrooke, \$50; A friend, Barrie, Ont., \$12.68; St. Clement's School, Preston, \$23; A friend, Toronto, \$15; Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, \$21.25; Corpus Christi School, Toronto, \$25; St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, \$10.50; Friend, Montreal, \$18; Mrs. John O'Donoghue, \$20; A friend, Toronto, \$50; Little Ones of College St. School, Halifax, \$100; Anonymous, Barrie, \$12.68.

## 10 Dollars Each

Little Flower Club, St. Vincent de Paul, Toronto; Sisters of Charity, Hamilton Hospital, North Sydney; Miss M. Connors; J. J. Carolan; Sisters of St. Joseph, Cobourg; Holy Redeemer Convent, Sydney; Lauchlin McKinnon; Anonymous; J. J. Carolan; J. Drohan; Mrs. R. H. Brooks; Celine Therien; Angel Guardian School, Orillia.

## Miscellaneous (Over \$5)

St. Peter's School, Fort William, \$6.76; School Children, Calumet Island, \$6; Immaculate Conception School, Peterborough, Ont., \$5.50; Mrs. P. Kelley, Kippawa, \$8; Children at Ozaram Camp, \$8.

## \$5 Each

St. Joseph's Academy, Nelson, B.C.; Mrs. B. Baxter; Bro. J. W. Whelan; Thomas Brennan; G. M. Speechley, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, Ont.; St. Ann's School, Toronto; St. Mary's Sunday School, St. Catharines; A friend, Toronto; A friend, Nfld.; Mrs. P. W. Bates; A friend, Toronto; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Sunday School, St. Stephen; St. Gregory's School, Oshawa; W. Killingsworth; Rev. W. B. McKenzie; Thomas Buckley; Grey Nuns, Timmins; Mrs. M. Welsh; Rev. L. Woods; Christina Gonyeau; J. M. Speechley; Geraldine Kennedy; Mrs. H. Zervas; Mrs. J. J. Keane; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Ed Watson; Mrs. C. Baumer; Rev. Dr. Greene, Witless Bay, Nfld.

## Miscellaneous

Indian Children, Garden River, \$3; M. P. Coderre, \$2; Littleones of St. Mary's Convent, Toronto, \$3; Mrs. J. Leahy; Lavey Norrie, \$2; Sr. M. St. Thecla, \$1.30; Urban Gales, \$2; St. Lawrence's School, Hamilton, \$2; Indian children, St. Regis, \$1.74; Mary J. Walsh, \$1.20; Sisters of Regina Grey Nuns Hospital, \$1.15; St. Patrick's School, Kinkora, \$2.71; Gertrude McEwen, \$2; J. J. Doherty, \$2; Mrs. Axel, \$3; Kathleen Bird, \$2; A. J. McDonald, \$1.50; Mrs. Austin McLellan, \$2; St. Mary's School, Lindsay, \$2.52; Adam Pataski, Renfrew, \$2; St. Albert's School, Sudbury, \$3.25; Mrs. O'Leary, \$2; Miss Sheila Beecher; St. Columban's School, Cornwall, \$1.06; Martin C. McLanson, \$4; Mrs. W. Tutill, \$2; Mrs. A. S. O'Donnell, \$2.50; St. Andrew's School, Killaloe, \$1.15; Miss Mary Devine, \$2; Ronan McDonald, \$2; Agnes Dawzy, \$3; Sister M. Amabitis, \$1.76; St. Ann's School, Glace Bay, \$2.50; Mrs. Kelley, \$2; Mr. P. Smith, \$1.50; M. A. P., Toronto, \$2; Miss L. E. Auckland, \$1.80; Rev. Ralph Egan, \$4; Mrs. P. V. Monbourquette, \$2; Class 9, St. Mary's School, Toronto, \$2; Mrs. Alice Bucher, \$2.25; Millcove School, Millcove, \$2; Friend, St. Rose, N.S., \$2; A. J. O'Connor, \$2; Sisters of St. Joseph, Lindsay, Ont., \$3.50; Sacred Heart Convent, Bathurst, \$3; Mrs. F. J. Dunnigan, \$2.50; Rose Recoskie, \$1.50; Mrs. P. Collins, \$3; Mrs. James English, \$2; Miss C. Walkins, \$1.50; Mrs. J. Martin, \$2; Miss M. Fleming, \$1.50; Mrs. P. Walsh, \$2; Mrs. A. McGrath, \$2; Mrs. J. Adams, \$2; Miss Katie Morris, \$2; Mrs. J. Myron, \$2; Mrs. Lundrigan, \$2; Miss M. Cowan, \$1.50; Mrs. Davis, \$2; Miss M. O'Regan, \$3.50; Mary T. Farrell, \$3; Miss Mary O'Brien, \$1.50; The Misses Garvey, \$2; Margaret Carmody, \$3; Mrs. J. Watts, \$2; A. J. McDonald, \$1.50; Jas. Hemaner, \$2; Mabel Hennessey, \$4; Little Bras D'Or School, \$1.46; St. Clare's School, Toronto, Room 2, \$4; Mrs. Peter Sinnott, \$1.50; Mrs. Coffey, \$2; Mrs. Thomas Fagan, \$2; St. Brigid's School, Hamilton, \$4; J. P. Gillis, \$3.

## \$1 Each

Thomas Cooney; Rita Blainey; Mrs. Gough; Margaret Kelley; D. J. Ryan; Thos. McEnemey; James J. Connors; Sister Mary Amabitis; A friend, Farrellton; Mrs. J. Barrett; Mrs. Amour; Mrs. M. Maloney; Mrs. Thos. Fagan; John Connolly; M. E. P.; Rita Blainey; Mary Boyle; Beatrice Caveley; Mrs. Acherson; S. J. McGillis; Chas. McCollier; T. G. Morrison; Margaret Bradbury; A. Bero; Mrs. Chas. Lombard; Mrs. Otto Rusch; Mrs. Jas. Maher; Mr. J. Kenny; Mrs. M. King; Mrs. P. Jackman; Mrs. Wilson; Mrs. Poirier; A friend, St. Clements; Agnes Murphy; Miss Lucretia Hinsperger; Margaret Gallagher; Agnes Donley; Mrs. Jos. Furlong; Michael O'Brien; Jas. O'Brien; Michael O'Brien; Mrs. John Hearn; Miss Gertrude Chafe; Jas. Chafe;

Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY, Scarborough Bluffs, Ont.



# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



## EDITOR'S NOTE.

Well, here we are again. And what beautiful and interesting letters do keep coming in! Looks as if two pages will soon be too small for even a short note from each of the enthusiastic buds who wish to say something about our garden. This month we have stories and jokes, and most interesting ones too, but we have so many letters that we must only do our best to "share up" on our space.

Now, buds, get busy. We want you all to send us your pictures. Yes, every bud in our garden. And we are going to publish them too and when you get a letter from your pen-pals next time you will be able to know what they look like. I am sure it would make the correspondence much more interesting.

Now, don't go asking father and mother to bring you down to the photographer's. A good snapshot will do, one that is clear. And it may be taken with even an ordinary Brownie camera. And if you have the dog or the horse or the car or the tennis racket in it, all the better. So now, hurry up and send us your pictures. And look out for yourself in the next issue of CHINA.

79 Lillian St., Toronto.

Dear Father Jim:

I subscribe for CHINA and enjoy reading it every month, especially the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I would love to become a Buddy and have Theresa for a pen-name. Will you please put my name in the corrie box as I would like to have a whole lot of pen-pals.

Yours sincerely,

THERESA (MARY BROOME).

Welcome, Mary! And thanks very much for the jokes you sent along. And we hope you will feel right at home in our Garden because all the buds love to welcome a new member.

FATHER JIM.

Actinolite, Ontario.

Dear Father Jim:

This is my second letter to your interesting club. The penname that you gave me was a nice one and it was very kind of you to put my name in the correspondence box. I would like to hear from Francis Hart. I am about his age and in the same class. I will answer all letters sent to me.

(DAVID LATENDRE.)

242 Spruce St.,

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am writing you just a few lines to let you know what I've picked for my

penname. It is Pansy. I hope you all like it. If you like, Father, I can get you some new members. I would not stop getting CHINA for the world. I save them and send them to my cousins and they read them. Well, I hope some of the buds will soon write me. I wish you all good luck.

(ANNA CONWAY.)

We already have a Pansy in our garden, Anna, so we know you will not mind being some other kind of flower. Why not an orchid? It is so thoughtful of you to send the CHINA to your cousins. By all means get all the new members you can. The more the merrier!

FATHER JIM.

Bond's Path, Placentia, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

I am very much interested in your club and want to become a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I am sending you some Newfoundland stamps and I will begin to save you some more. I think I will close now, wishing the club every success.

Yours sincerely,

RITA BARRON.

Well, here's a new member from far-away Newfoundland. M a n y thanks, Rita, for the stamps which we have passed on to "Beaver". It always tickles him to get stamps from Newfoundland. And be sure and choose a nice penname when you write again. And let it be soon.

FATHER JIM.

Dominion No. 4, Nova Scotia.

Dear Father Jim:

I am writing to tell you that mother subscribed to the CHINA. Fifty cents a year is not very much and any person that can't spend fifty cents on something that is needed and spends it on amusements should not be called a Catholic. I am sending you some jokes and riddles.

(MICHAEL McDONALD.)

You have the right idea, Michael, but we mustn't be too hard on people who often spend money thoughtlessly. They are often good at heart but may not have heard of the great needs of the missions. The jokes and riddles were fine.

FATHER JIM.

Haileybury, Ontario.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like very much to become a member of the Rose Garden and receive a pin. I have been getting the CHINA for many months and find it very interesting. I am thirteen and in First Form High School. My penname is Brighteye. I would like to

make pen-pals with the rest of the buds.

Your new member,  
BRIGHTEYE (DOROTHY MAC-GILLIVRAY).

I think that's an attractive name you've chosen, Dorothy. And we are only too glad to send your pin along. While you wear it ask the Little Flower to send down many graces on our missionaries in far-away China.

FATHER JIM.

Deloro, Ontario.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to be a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I am ten years old and passed to the Sr. Third. I would like the other buds to write to me. My penname is Buddy and my right name is Lorraine Gaffney.

Your new member,  
BUDDY (LORRAINE GAFFNEY).

We hope the buds will write you, Lorraine, and to make sure we shall put your name in the Corrie Box. And be sure to send us a nice picture of yourself.

FATHER JIM.

Box 45, Sheddon, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like very much to become a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden and receive a pin. The boy's and girls' letters are very nice. I am fourteen years old, almost as old as Rose. My penname is Remi. My real name is Lorraine Ottarson.

Your new member,  
REMI (LORRAINE OTTARSON).

This is a great month for new members, Remi. And we know that among your chums at school there are others who would like to join the Garden. Bring them along. They will be all welcome.

FATHER JIM.

Box 247, Inverness, Nova Scotia.

Dear Father Jim:

I thank you ever so much for allowing me to be fenced in the Garden with so many nice roses. The Garden I think is just lovely. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to belong to it, and again it is so nice to be friends. I would like to see you, Father Jim, and the buddies, but I suppose I can't just now.

And now for a penname. Will "Forget-me-not" be alright? Perhaps some of the buds would never think of the bud that is growing in a dark corner of the East.

I would like very much if some more of the buds would write to me. I wonder if any of them can speak



Gaelic. It is time for this bud to sleep for a couple of days, and when she wakes up she will have a little more to say. Goodbye Father Jim and buddies.

From only a sprouting bud,  
(JOANNA THERESA  
FARRESTER.)

We already have a Forget-me-not, Joanna. But I know you will select an equally-pretty name. And what a delightful letter. I am sure you will have a great number of pen-pals since you refer so beautifully to our Garden and your friend buds. Write soon again.

FATHER JIM.

Victoria Mines, Nova Scotia.

Dear Father Jim:

I wish to become a member of your club and have other buds write to me. I am eleven years old and am in Grade 7 at school. I wish "Cowardly Joe" would write to me. We live only 15 miles apart. I would also be glad to hear from other boys and girls. My penname is Billy, my right name being George Baker.

A member to be,  
BILLY.

Windsor, Ontario.

Dear Father Jim and Buds:

It is a long time since I wrote to the club. But because I haven't written isn't to say that I haven't read all about it for I have and the only fault I have to find is that it doesn't come often enough (I mean CHINA).

Rose thinks up some fine ideas, doesn't she? But I am no good at poetry. I wish I were. Well, school will soon be starting and in one way I'm glad and in another I'm not. What do you think about that, Father Jim?

Well, Father, I don't agree with you that the back view is best. Why won't you let us buds know what you look like? I am awfully anxious to know.

I will close now,  
BUTTERCUP.

You'll have to come to see me, Buttercup. I should certainly like to be able to see all the buds, and I hope at least to have their pictures soon. Yes, going back to school has its good and its bad features, I suppose, but we wouldn't want it to be all vacation, would we?

FATHER JIM.

276 Main St. W.,  
North Bay, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I have returned, as a prodigal daughter. Seeing Rose's suggestion has finally awakened me. I think "The Perfect Girl" (or boy) or "The Little Flower" would be good topics for poetry. I have a pen-pal in Forget-me-not (Norah Doyle), but I want many more. I must leave room for some of the other buddies.

PANSY.

We hope you will have many more pen-pals, Pansy. Like yourself I like the idea of a poem on The Little Flower, if we ever had a poetry contest, but poetry is a little hard for most of the buds and we know they would all like to be included in any

### OUR CORRIE BOX.

Agnes McMahon, Dominion, N.S., promises to answer all letters, and is anxious to hear from some of the buds as soon as possible.

Lucy Bakar, Victoria Mines, N.S., also wants letters from ever so many buds. Please select a new name, Lucy, as we already have a beautiful Buttercup in a nice corner of the garden.

Norah Doyle (Forget-Me-Not) is a very faithful pen-pal, according to reports. Be sure and write her sometime.

There are so many letters this month that many lively stories had to be set aside, but we shall keep them for a later issue.

There have been other requests for pen-pals, which you will see in the letters in this number. We trust that many buds will get to know each other and make for a very happy little flower family in our Rose Garden.

Margaret C. O'Keefe (Lily), 94 Duckworth St., St. John's, Nfld., also requests a letter from some other buds.

contest we may start. Watch for next month's issue.

FATHER JIM.

370 McIntyre St. W.,  
North Bay, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I had been reading the page about "The Little Flower's Rose Garden" with great interest every time "China" is published. I have decided I would like to join, and I would like "Sunbeam" as my penname. I would like to make pen-pals of some of the buds. I would like Rose and ever so many more to write me. I think Rose's idea about the contest is a very good one, and I like the title very much. My real name is Patricia Rheume.

Sincerely yours,  
SUNBEAM.

Just what was needed for our garden. A sunbeam is always most welcome to every flower, and we know you will help greatly to keep the pansies and lilies and buttercups in the best of cheer. I am keeping your nice story, and if space permits, will certainly publish it.

FATHER JIM.

### A BRAVE DEED.

By Sunbeam.

A poor woman and her daughter lived in a lonely district, near a river spanned by a railway bridge which was roughly built of wood. For days there had been heavy rains, and the river was swollen by the flood.

One night, above the roar of the wind, the two women heard a terrific crash outside, and realized that the bridge had been swept away by the raging waters. They remembered that an express train was due to pass

within a half an hour, and they were terrified by the possibility of a dreadful accident. They decided that the only way to avert a disaster was to place a light of some kind upon the track to attract the attention of the engineer. They had no lantern; they had candles, but their feeble light would be blown out by the wind. They had no wood in the house; the wood outside would be drenched with rain. There seemed to be nothing at hand that would serve for a fire but the furniture of their home.

Without a moment's hesitation, the woman seized an axe and broke to pieces a wooden bed. She and her daughter carried the pieces to the track. Placing the wood in a heap at some distance from the fallen bridge, she applied a lighted match, and was overjoyed to see the splinters kindle into a flame.

In a moment more the train rounded a curve; the engineer, seeing the fire between the rails, guessed that something was wrong, and stopped the train. Peering into darkness ahead, he saw the chasm that lay before his train. He heartily thanked the heroic women, who, by such presence of mind, saved the lives of many passengers.

Almonte, Ontario.

Dear Fr. Jim and Buddies:

What an ungrateful Bud I am! Here, three months have passed since my precious letter and poem have been printed, and not once have I taken up my pen to write you a word of thanks. But I now thank you, dear Father Jim, from the bottom of my heart. (I wonder if I have one, I am such a heartless creature!) So please hark to my feeble excuses, and try and forgive me. My studies have been so hard at school, and finals were near at hand, so I just had to settle down and study real hard. And Buddies, such a handful of replies I received for my plea for corries! Five unknown pals write to me now, and they are all so very interesting it just gives me a little thrill all over when I receive their letters. The work in our little garden has been exceedingly well done, and I think soon, Father Jim, we'll have to enlarge the "China" to take up all the space we intend to fill. Don't you think so, Buds? And surely, I have some great news to tell you! I passed! First! With 88%! Whew! What a lot of exclamation marks, but it's really worth it, don't you think? I shall now be in Second Form, High School, and shall have to study real hard next year. But why think of studies, in this glorious vacation?

Well, I say adieu for this time, Buds, hoping I'll have some "contribs" ready for next time.

I remain,

Your own loving

ROSE-MARIE.

Congratulations, Rose-Marie, on your great results in the exams. By now you are back at school again, and we wish you all kinds of success. Glad you have so many pen pals. Your story is fine, but space does not allow us to feature it this month.

FATHER JIM.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

A. KEELOE

## JUST THERE.

She—"When a man who bores me asks where I live I always say, 'In the suburbs'."

He—"Aha! That shuts him up, I suppose, but where do you live?"

She—"In the suburbs!"

## MAJOR COMPLAINT.

"The General was taken rather sick at the banquet last night."

"What from?"

"Oh, things in general, I suppose."  
—*Columbia Jester.*

## CALL A HALT.

Guide (on a London sightseeing bus)—"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now passin' one o' the oldest public 'ouses in the country."

Passenger—"Wot for?"

Ruth—"I noticed your husband was frothing at the mouth this morning. He must have a terrible temper."

Winie: "It's not that. I fed him Lux this morning by mistake, instead of corn flakes."

Jack—"You should have seen the fright I got on my wedding day."

Bill—"Hush, that's no way to talk about your wife."

## DON'T EXIST.

Youthful Questioner—"What are diplomatic relations, father?"

Father—"There are no such people, my boy."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

## PERFECT FAILURE.

"All the mechanical toys you make seem to be successful."

"Yes," said the inventor, "I have had only one failure."

"Ah! What was that?"

"A toy tramp. It was too realistic: it wouldn't work."—*Montreal Star.*

## NO PLAY.

"For ten years, ten long and lean years," cried the writer, "I have been writing this drama; changing a word here, a line there, working on it till my fingers were cramped and aching, my brain and body weary from the toil."

"Too bad, too bad," the producer murmured. "All work and—no play."  
—*The Stage.*

## NO CHEESE.

A motorist who owns one of those small cars which everybody makes jokes about was recounting an experience to a friend.

"I had a bit of bad luck coming up from Brighton the other day," he said.

"I ran into a trap."

"Is that so?" said his so-called friend, gravely. "Was there any cheese in it?"—*Petrol Age.*

## REQUIESCAT.

A farmer was trying to fill out a claim sheet for damages inflicted by the railway. His cow had been killed, and he so entered it on the blank. All went well until he came to the question: Disposition of the carcass?

He puzzled for a time, then filled in—"Kind and gentle."—*Santa Fe Magazine.*

## JUST THAT.

A General died in India, and a newspaper referred to him in an obituary notice as "a bottle-scarred warrior."

This statement called forth the wrath of the late General's relatives, one of whom called on the editor and insisted on a correction appearing in the paper the next day, as the deceased had always been a strict teetotaler.

The paper next day made its attempt to placate the relatives, and referred to the General as "a battle-scarred warrior!"—*Military Annual.*

## THOUGHTFUL WOMAN.

The young doctor sat down wearily in his easy-chair and turned to his wife affectionately.

"Has my darling been lonely?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "At least, not very lonely. I've found something to do with my time."

"Oh," he said, "what is that?"

"I'm organizing a class. A lot of women are members, and we're teaching each other to cook."

"What do you do with the things you cook?" asked the doctor.

"We send them to the neighbors."

"Dear little woman!" he returned, kissing her. "Always thinking of your husband's practice."

## Lord Help the Wildcat.

Two hunters in the North Carolina woods had chased a wildcat to a clearing, and were terrified to see the beast jump into the window of a cabin from which the sound of a woman's voice had just been heard. On the porch, rocking comfortably and apparently unperturbed, sat Friend Husband.

"For heaven's sake, is your wife in there?" screamed one of the hunters.

"Yeah."

"Good Lord, man, get busy! A wildcat just jumped in the window!"

"Yeah? Well, let him git out the best way he can. I got no use for the pesky critters and danged if I'm goin' to help him."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Wife—"Dear, if you'll get a car I can save a lot on clothes during our vacation this summer."

Hub—"How do you mean?"

Wife—"Well, you see, if we go to one hotel as formerly, I'll need seven dresses; whereas, if we have a car I can get one dress and we'll go to seven hotels."—*Boston Transcript.*

It won't be at all difficult to establish universal peace once we have eliminated human nature and the Balkans.—*Shreveport Journal.*

Of course insects have brains. How else could they figure out just where you are going to have your picnic?  
—*Greeley Tribune-Republican.*

It may be that fruits feel pain, as that Frenchman says, but the grapefruit is the only one that can hit back.  
—*Newark Ledger.*

Cannibal Prince (rushing in)—"Am I late for dinner?"

Cannibal King—"Yep, every body's eaten."—*Dry Goods Economist.*

She insisted hotly that, economy or no economy, a new frock she must have, and he, with equal warmth, declined to produce the cash.

"I'll never speak to you again!" she snorted angrily.

"How like a woman!" he sighed. "When everything else fails, you try bribery!"—*World's Pictorial News.*

"A man is never older than he feels," declared the ancient beau, bravely. "Now I feel as fresh as a two-year-old."

"Horse or egg?" asked the sweet young thing brightly.—*Tid Bits (London).*

"How long before she'll make her appearance?"

"She's upstairs making it now."  
—*Royal Gaboon.*



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## A Lesson on Health

THE lesson on health was progressing with speed.  
The children all seemed to know just what they'd need

To build up their bodies so firm and so fine—  
And young Billy Jones was the head of the line!

Now Bill, who was husky as ever could be,  
Said, "If you want health, fellows, just look at me.  
I never was sick, and my muscles are hard,  
But health is a prize which I jealously guard."

"And I'm healthy, too," said wee Marion Mall,  
"I never have needed a doctor at all."  
"Well, tell us your secret," the teacher replied,  
At which both the youngsters in unison cried:

"I drink lots of milk, that's the very best way  
To keep children healthy each hour of the day."  
And Marion added, "The milk must be pure,  
And wholesome, of course. Pasteurized milk is sure.

Now all of you children should know which is best,  
The cleanest, most healthful, which stands every test."  
"City Dairy!" they cried, "Bottled sunshine is right!"  
And teacher was proud that her class was so bright.

*City Dairy*

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# We Feel That Our Readers

## Should Know

Our readers have often remarked to us that the pages of CHINA are singularly free of appeals. It is true. It is not our policy to weary you with perpetual requests for assistance but to simply tell you the story of what is going on in China, confident that a simple recital of the facts is sufficient to ensure your sympathetic interest. But there are times, and the present is one, when we feel ourselves seriously handicapped by lack of funds. We do need your assistance right now and we think it right that you should know

### WHAT WE ARE DOING

*Did you ever realize that there are in our country to-day, many young men who would like to study for the Priesthood, who could become good priests and do great work for God's glory and the salvation of souls, but who cannot afford a college or seminary education. It seems sad when we think of the millions that are being squandered annually which we could put to such noble purpose. We have succeeded in helping many along. Only lack of funds prevents us from helping more. At the present time there are about twenty students in colleges and in our Seminary whom we are educating for the Priesthood wholly at our own expense. They have given themselves. They cannot give more. We are glad to be able to help them, but at the present time our funds are not sufficient to carry them through this year. That is something we feel that you should know.*

### MISSIONARIES TO DEPART

And this Fall we are preparing to send to China five priests and three sisters, the largest band to depart since our work was begun. Their fare alone will be over \$3,000.00. At the present moment we are not in a position to finance the journey but we feel that our kind friends will be instruments of Providence to help us send our enthusiastic young band on the way to the land of their choice. The coming year will be a heavy one for us, financially. We are urgently in need of assistance if our programme is to be carried out.

### WILL YOU HELP?

A donation now would help us start the year well. If it entails a little sacrifice on your part it will be the more richly rewarded by Him Who has said that even a cup of cold water given in His Name shall not lose its reward.

Please cut this out and mail with donation—to-day.

Enclosed please find \$....., my donation to help in the education of your students and the sending of your 1929 band to China.

Name ..... Address .....

Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to:  
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.



# CHINA

October

1929





## WANTED! USED NEWFOUNDLAND STAMPS!



### Friends of China in Newfoundland!

Can you rescue from the fire or the waste basket some of the millions of used Newfoundland stamps that are being thrown away every year? Perhaps you know some friends in business offices who would be only too glad to let you have their used stamps for the asking. We can put them to good use, to help in our work of educating priests for China.

### What We Do With Them.

Many people wonder to what use we can put old stamps. After they have been picked, sorted and arranged in bundles of 100 we sell them to stamp dealers at a price of from 15 cents per hundred up. This may seem small, but when we handle large quantities it is well worth while. You may be surprised to learn that if stamps keep coming in at the rate they have been coming the revenue from them will enable us to support six students in college each year. We can use all you can send us.

### How To Send Stamps.

When stamps are sent free of paper it saves us a great deal of work and you a great deal of postage. But if you have not time to soak them off the paper, send them paper and all. We shall be deeply grateful for your assistance.

Stamp Dept.

CHINA.

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

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# EDITORIAL PAGE CHINA

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... CHINA ...

No. 10

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## CHINA AT TEN

1929

CHINA is ten years old this month. When the first issue appeared, in October, 1919, about 200 copies were printed, but to-day our circulation is 25,000 copies per month. The college in Almonte had already been in operation for some months before our little paper made its first appearance, exactly fourteen months after Father Fraser had returned to Canada to begin the work. Although it is slightly over ten years since the institution was opened in Almonte, we take this occasion—CHINA'S tenth birthday—to tell our readers something of the story of what has been accomplished.

If you are in Vancouver on November 2nd of this year we should like you to visit the same pier. This time another "Empress" will slip quietly from her moorings and nose her way out into the great expanse of the Pacific. And among the passengers there will be missionaries again, eight of them on their way to China, five priests from St. Francis Xavier Seminary, and three sisters from the Convent of the Grey Sisters, Pembroke. Eleven years will have passed since the veteran missionary and the eager expectant young Chinese boy returned to Canada. Yet there is a connection between the arrival of the one group and the departure of the other. For if Father Fraser had not landed in Vancouver in 1918, the eight missionaries would not be leaving our shores in 1929.

## AFTER ELEVEN YEARS

1918

If you had been in Vancouver in August, 1918, and chanced to stray down to the waterfront, you would have noticed, among other things, a large transpacific liner slipping quietly to her berth after her long fourteen-day journey from Shanghai. Nothing unusual, this. Quite a common scene in a busy Pacific port where "Empresses" come and go and attract but little attention.

Among the motley crowd descending the gangway there were two figures that would have caught the eye of even the most casual onlooker. One was a missionary; tall, gaunt, ascetical; the other a young Chinese boy. They were travelling together and the missionary was explaining things to the bewildered young celestial, whose eyes were gazing for the first time upon the scenes of a strange western world. They descended the gangplank and were soon lost among the crowd.

## A Long Story

Oh, it's a long story, too long to tell in detail here. Fascinating! Yes, almost like a fairy tale; a story which could tell you how things miraculous have occurred side by side with things most commonplace; a story of a visionary, of a "fool for Christ's sake" who accomplished what few would dare undertake, who attempted the impossible and won, overcoming all obstacles by the sheer irresistible power of simple faith and trust in God.

## Trust in Providence

How much can we recount here! There is so much to tell. We speak of things miraculous. The whole thing is a miracle. Even to-day, after all that has been accomplished, and with all the burdens, financial and otherwise, that we have to bear, it would seem that God cares for us as he cared for Elias in the desert of old or



the Israelites, whom he refreshed with manna from Heaven. For we live from day to day without any guarantee that the works we are undertaking will be carried successfully to a close. We book passages for our missionaries without money to pay for them. We send students to college, we accept students in our Seminary, not knowing whence will come the money to pay for their education. One thing we do know. Oh there is no doubt about that. It will come. The Providence that cares for the birds of the air and the wild denizens of the forests will surely provide for those who are doing a work dearer than all works to Him who died for men, the work of reclaiming precious immortal souls from the power of the evil one and restoring them to Him to Whom they belong by virtue of the Precious Blood that flowed for their salvation.

### Retrospect

Complacently now, and with an ever deepening sense of gratitude to God, we think of the pioneer days of the establishment of the Seminary. The college at Almonte, cold, empty, forbidding; devoid of even the most ordinary necessities for so long after its commencement; the winters there; wicked, merciless; when the shaky old stoves were unequal to their task of warding off the rigors of a stern, relentless climate; the good, kindly people of the town, whose generous Catholic hearts went out to the young men engaged in the great work of preparing for missionary life in China, and whose Christlike charity, spurred on by the example and the precept of their good pastor, Canon Cavanagh, stands out as one of the brightest chapters in our early history.

### Pioneer Days

We recall in particular an incident which serves to illustrate the character of Father Fraser. It was after the transfer of our senior students to Toronto and while Almonte College was still open. A large house was purchased near the shore of Lake Ontario, about four miles from our present seminary. When the occupants vacated the house and before the arrival of the students, Father Fraser decided to remain there alone as it was well off the road and he deemed it advisable that someone be on the premises. Here was another beginning! There was neither bed nor chair in the house and not even a thing to eat. Yet he elected to pass the night in this lonesome old residence, far off the beaten road. Continued foraging revealed an old dry crust of bread in one of the abandoned cupboards and this, with some water from the well nearby, provided his meagre supper before preparing to sleep on the floor all night. And when the students came, at the end of the summer vacation, some of them had to sleep in the barn until kind friends provided beds for the institution.

### Our Present Seminary

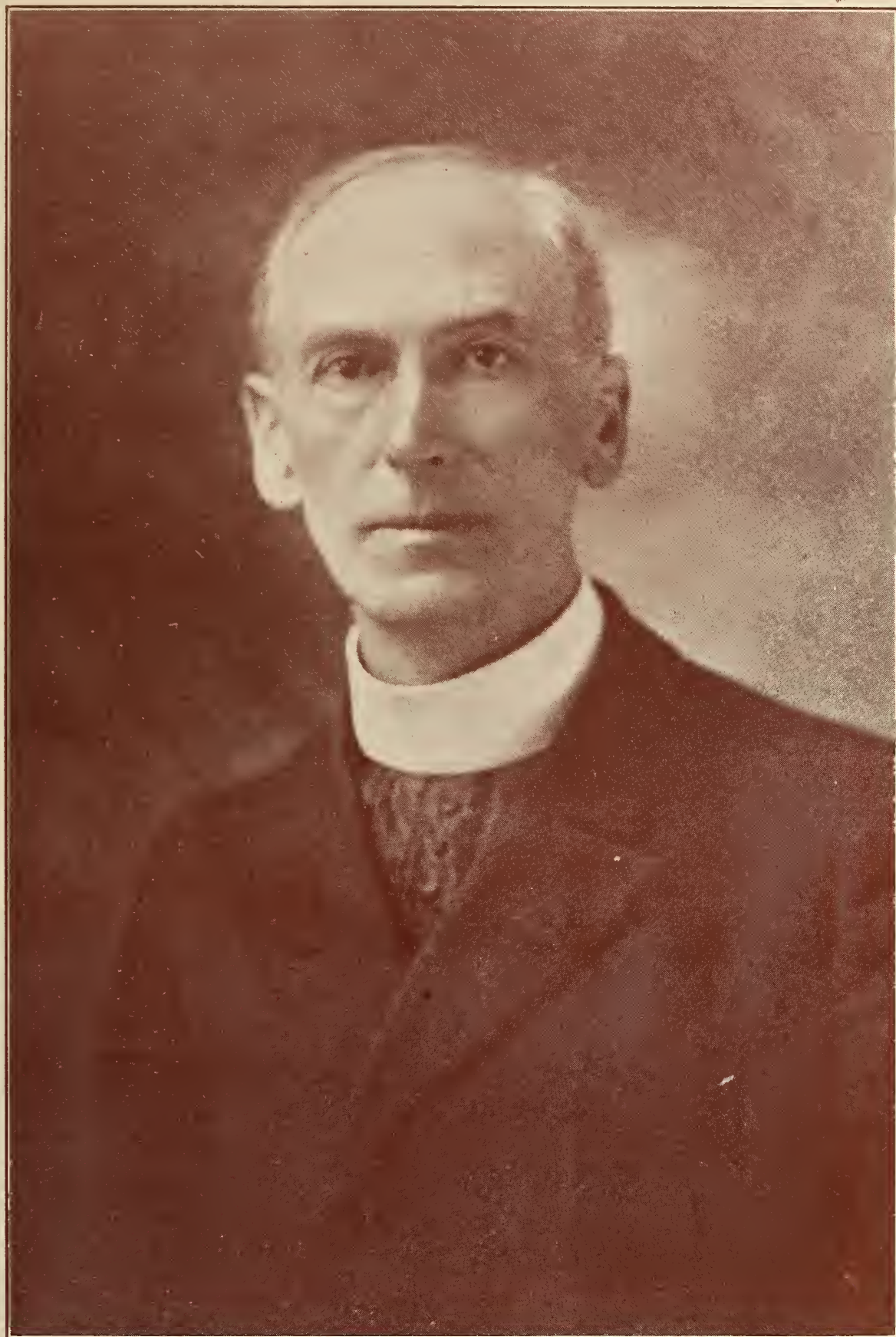
The building of our present Seminary was the next great event in our history. The Scarboro residence soon became too small and was too isolated. But it had cost us \$35,000, of which \$10,000 had been paid. A \$25,000 mortgage took care of the balance. And now, with less than ten thousand dollars of a building fund, and while we still found it impossible to dispose of this Scarboro property, we began the erection of a seminary which was to cost \$90,000. All attempts to sell that place had failed dismally. Nobody seemed to want it. Real estate in that particular section was more than a drug on the market. And then—

*One fine day a note came from a certain Sister (who prefers to remain unknown) telling us that on the Feast of St. Gerard Majella, which was then about three weeks distant, we were to receive the greatest temporal favor in the history of our work. She had previously told us many things that were surprising to say the least. But now, well it could mean only one thing. The only "temporal favor" that was worth while now was the disposal of that property. The story that leads up to this event would take too long to tell. Suffice it to say, that on the Feast day itself, in the Dominion Bank Building, Toronto, the necessary documents were signed and the property was sold. And the \$90,000 seminary has long since been built and paid for.*

### Fiat

And so, dear readers, the work goes on. The burdens grow heavier with the years, but the same Providence watches over us. The support of our men in China, the building of churches, residences and schools, the support of our students here and those in colleges outside, these are some of the little tasks that confront us. But if we do our part God will do the rest. We know that He wants but one thing of us, that we—priests, students and all—be fervent, sincere missionaries or missionaries-to-be. For the rest, His grace will move your hearts, dear readers, and you will be, as you have been in the past, the instruments of a kind Providence, helping us by your charity and your prayers. And what a joy to feel that with every reader and friend we have in common the glorious work of the conversion of souls in China. We are not necessary, any of us. God's work would go on without us, but since He has bestowed upon us the unspeakable privilege of co-operating with Him in the most sublime work in life, let us bend cheerfully to our task, until our work is done, and He calls us to Himself, and it will be our eternal happiness to rejoice with Him amid the thousands of one-time pagan souls whom our poor efforts, aided by His all-powerful grace, have led to the foot of His Heavenly Throne.

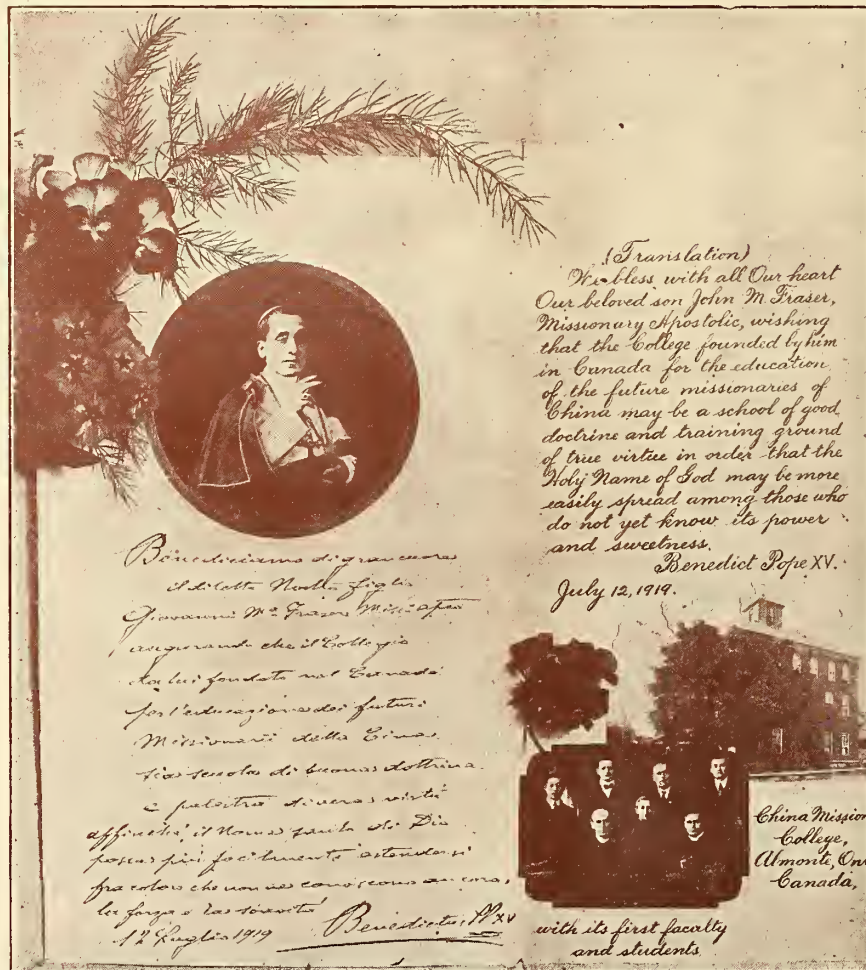




VERY REV. J. M. FRASER, M. AP.,  
Founder of China Mission College, Almonte, Ont., and St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. Father Fraser has had  
the joy of witnessing his work succeed even beyond his fondest hopes.



# Almonte 1919-1923



Pope Benedict XV and the blessing bestowed upon Father Fraser and his work. Inset, the college with its first faculty and students.



View of Almonte, showing the college, to the left (surmounted by cross). Between the two X marks lies our property by the river side.



Almonte has passed into history. The transfer of our Seminary to Scarboro rang down the curtain on the old college that had sheltered so many of our aspirant young missionaries, many of whom are now in China.

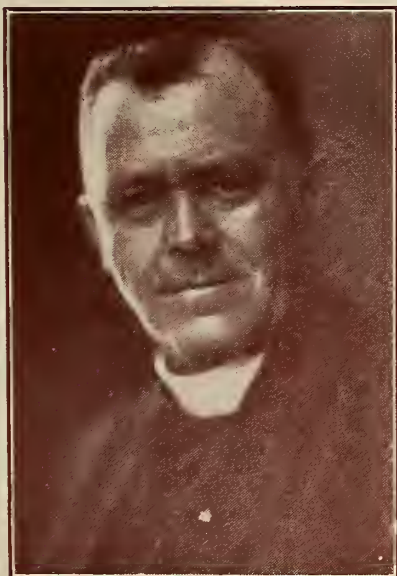
On the occasion of CHINA'S tenth birthday we cannot but recall with gratitude our most happy associations in the early days with our good friend, Very Rev. Canon Cavanagh, pastor of Almonte, who was instrumental in having the work started in his parish and who was ever ready to lend a helping hand during the trials and difficulties of our pioneer days.

Of our other locations much may be said, but we shall ever remember that at a time when many places in Canada looked askance at the beginning of a work which they saw fit to deem premature, it was at Almonte that we were received with open arms and given every possible encouragement. And to Almonte must the glory ever belong of being the place of origin of a work that is destined, under Divine Providence, to write a glorious page in the glorious history of Catholicity in Canada.



THE PICTURE ON THE FIRST MITE-BOX.

Babies picked up at Father Fraser's door in China. The mite-box was a great little worker for the cause during the early days at Almonte.

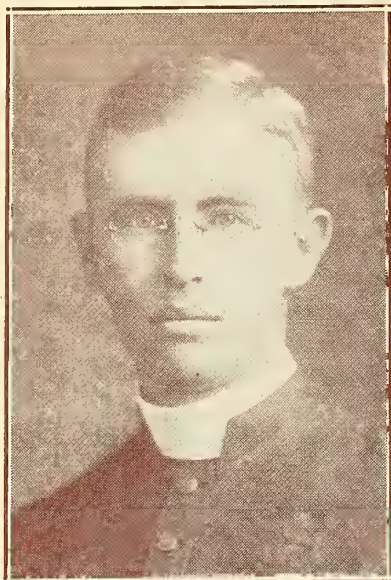


VERY REV. CANON CAVANAGH, V.F.

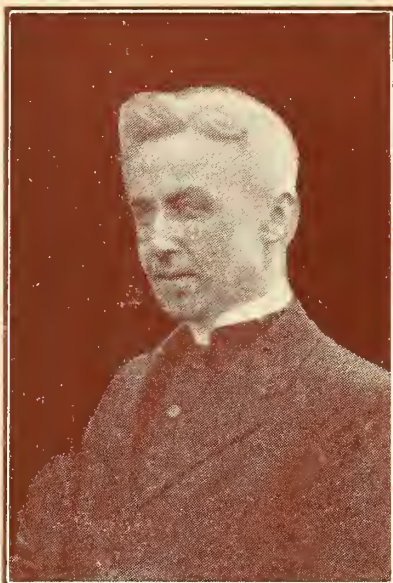


The college at Almonte, which was opened in 1919, and closed when the students were transferred to Scarboro, September, 1923.





REV. WM. C. McGRATH  
Vice-Rector and Editor of CHINA.



REV. M. J. McGRATH  
Former Business Manager, CHINA, who has  
been recalled to Toronto for parochial work.



REV. R. SERRA  
Parish Priest of Lungchuan, China.



REV. J. V. MORRISON  
Chuchow, China.



REV. WM. FRASER  
Pastor of Sungyang, China.



VERY REV. J. E. McR



REV. PAUL KAM  
Assistant to Father Serra.

#### AFTER TEN YEARS

CHINA celebrates its 10th birthday this month, the first issue having appeared in October, 1919, with a circulation of 200. The circulation is now 25,000.

This double page shows you almost our entire personnel of priests, both at home and in China, and elsewhere in this issue our students for this year are shown.

Even the first ten years shows a great deal accomplished.



REV. PAUL WONG  
Chuchow.





REV. J. E. VENINI  
Stationed at Chuchow.



REV. M. D. DUNNE  
For China this year.



REV. WM. K. AMYOT  
At Chuchow.



O.C.L., Rector of the Seminary.



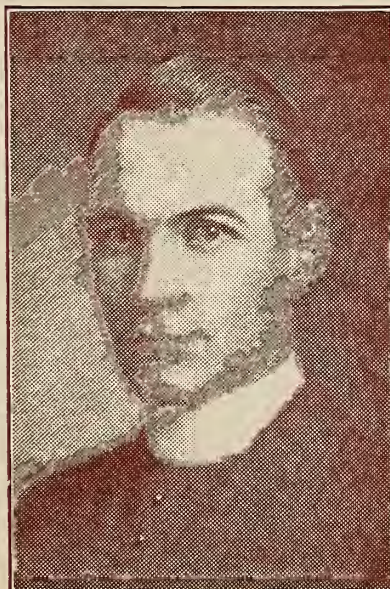
REV. L. BEAL  
At Chuchow.



REV. D. E. STRINGER  
For China this year.



REV. B. BOUDREAU  
For China this year.



REV. A. GIGNAC  
For China this year.



REV. H. SHARKEY  
For China this year.



# Scarboro and Scarboro Bluffs



Our first house at Scarboro, September, 1921, to October, 1923.

It was at the request of His Grace Archbishop McNeil that the transfer was made from Almonte to Scarboro. Already plans had been made for the erection of a Seminary on the property by the river at Almonte (shown in this issue) when His Grace very kindly suggested Toronto Diocese as the locality for our new Seminary.

A property was purchased from Colonel Bickford, of Toronto, consisting of twenty acres of beautifully wooded land and a very fine 18-room residence. It was here that Father Fraser spent the famous first night mentioned elsewhere in this issue.

From the point of view of beauty this Scarboro property was all that could be desired.

Shady walks, delightful avenues of pine and cedar trees, and a profusion of flowers of every description greeted us upon our arrival. But the house was bare and empty until kind friends from Toronto began to take care of our needs. A great deal of the furniture, including a magnificent billiard table, which is still the pride of our recreation room in the new seminary, was donated by our kind friend, Mr. T. J. Ford, of Toronto, who then owned a cottage in the vicinity.

However, while the grounds were beautiful, the location was not the best. Soon the house became too small to accommodate our students, and there was question of the erection of a new Seminary. Some were in favor of building on the spot, but finally, and once more at His Grace's suggestion, we decided that the ideal location for our work was in close proximity to the Diocesan Seminary, St. Augustine's, where our students could attend the classes and thus relieve us of the burden of providing a complete



The chapel in our first "Seminary" at Scarboro.



and competent faculty of our own. The result would be that more of our men would be free to go to China instead of taking post-graduate courses as a preparation for teaching in the Seminary.

Accordingly we decided to dispose of the property (see editorial, *italics*), and in July, 1923, we began the erection of our new Seminary. Subsequent events have shown the wisdom of His Grace's suggestion. For six years now our students have been attending St. Augustine's, availing of their excellent courses in philosophy and theology, while our own priests have been able to leave for China. The relations between the two institutions have always been most cordial, and our men who are or who will be one day in China will not be strangers to the great body of priests in English-speaking Canada who have made their course at St. Augustine's.

This, then, dear readers, is the story to date of our accomplishments during the past ten years. As yet the work is but in its infancy. If we think of Holland, a country the same size and with the same Catholic population as

Canada, with its twenty-seven Foreign Mission Seminaries and nearly 1,500 priests on the mission field, we realize that as yet our country has only made a beginning. But now that the beginning has been made, the work will go on. This year eight of our missionaries will set out for the great harvest fields of China. They are but the vanguard of a great missionary army that will set forth from our shores, in in-

creasing numbers year by year, an army whose soldiers will never lay down their arms till souls, millions of pagan souls in China, will have been reclaimed from the tyranny of Satan and restored to Him Who died for their salvation. It is a war that will never end till time shall be no more. And let us thank God that in this great conquest of immortal souls He has given us our little part to play.



Father Fraser turns the first sod for our new seminary building, July, 1923.



The largest tree in Ontario, we were told, was on the grounds of our former property by the lake shore. Here we see Father Fraser standing beside it.





St. Augustine's Seminary, where our students attend classes in philosophy and theology.



Five of our students who are completing their course at St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, preparatory to the study of philosophy. Back: left to right—Jas. McCann, Quyon, P.Q.; Ronald Reeves, London, Ont.; Jas. Leonard, Toronto; Edwin MacDonald, St. Andrew's West, Ont.; John Maurice, Ingersoll, Ont.



Our senior students for 1929 are fifteen in number. The priests in white are Father Leduc, O. P., and Father Surprenant, O. P., from St. John Baptist monastery, who are spending a year at our seminary to acquire a further knowledge of English before leaving next year for their mission in Japan.



## The Bishops on the Board of Control



The Board of Control of the Institute is composed of the same members as compose the Civil Corporation of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, recognized by the Law, and are elected according to the statutes laid down in the Charter.

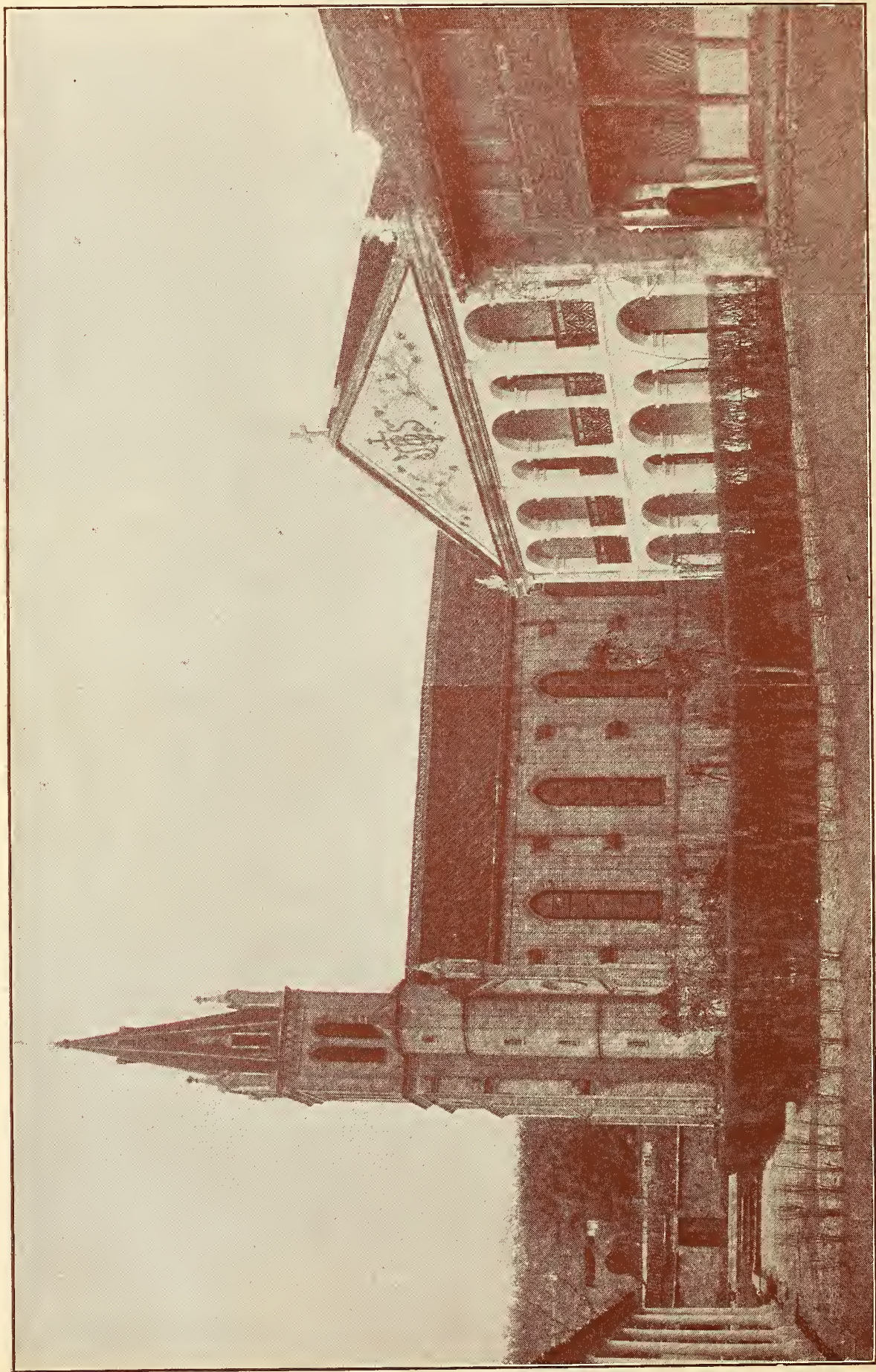
The majority of this Board must be Bishops of Canada or Newfoundland having their Episcopal Sees, i.e. the Cathedral Churches, outside of the civil Province of Quebec, and named by the Bishops of Ontario. The remaining members of the Board of Control are priests, members of the institute.

His Grace Archbishop McNeil (President); His Grace Archbishop O'Brien and His Lordship Bishop Fallon are at present the Episcopal members of the Board of Control.



St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarborough Bluffs.





CHURCH AND MISSION RESIDENCE, CHUCHOW.

On the right, standing, is Father Morrison. In return for showing them how to harness the water power of the river and convert it into electricity, the Chinese gave free light for church and house to one of our predecessors, a French priest, who had been formerly an electrical engineer. We still enjoy the privilege.



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## THE HIGH ADVENTURE



"The traders go for treasure that the worm will take by stealth,  
And death will come to cheat them of the whole;  
But these win prize eternal, seeking out another wealth—  
They have guessed the blinding value of a soul.  
They are pioneering miners, and they quest the purest gold,  
They are merchants gaining naught but pearls unpriced:  
So, a thousand roads they're breaking, and they're trekking, trekking,  
trekking—  
Oh, they'd blaze a trail to anywhere for maddening love of Christ!"



# CHINA

November

1929





# Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Commonly known as "GREY NUNS"

have three Sisters "en route" for China preparing to open a

## CONVENT IN CHUCHOW

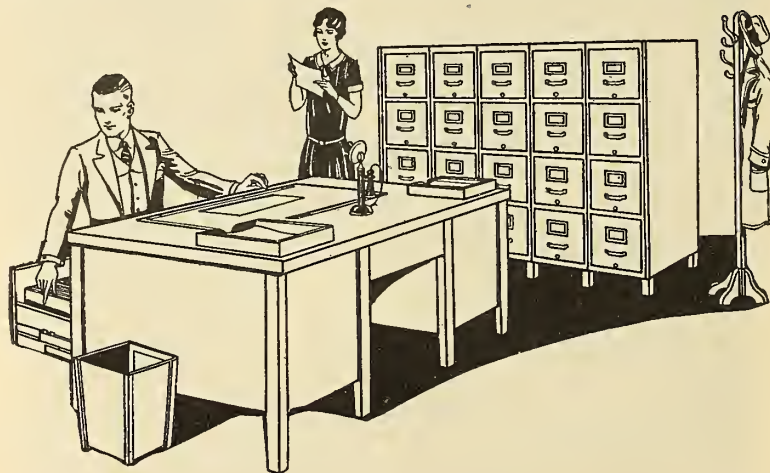
which will serve as a school, orphanage and hospital. They are prepared to receive in their Novitiate young women who wish to labour for God as

## NUNS IN CHINA

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Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,  
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VOL. X.

... CHINA ...

No. 11

Published in the interests of the Chinese Missions by St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallon, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

Subscription: 50 cents per year.

Advertising: 12 cents per agate line.

Circulation: 25,000.

Entered as second class matter and admitted to privileged postage rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., July 10th, 1924.

## THE SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN

Among the important items "crowded out" of the October CHINA, (which was devoted almost entirely to the history of our work during the past ten years) was the account of our campaign for subscriptions during the summer months. This work was carried on almost entirely by students from St. Augustine's Seminary and the fact that we have now almost ten thousand new readers and friends is sufficient tribute to the splendid efficiency with which the campaign was conducted. The "power behind" the organization which worked so zealously for the cause of China is a certain student who modestly prefers to remain anonymous in any account of the campaign.

## SPLENDID CO-OPERATION

In this issue will be seen the pictures of most of our Seminary campaigners and some of the younger men whose services were enlisted in the cause. They all wish us to express our sincere gratitude—and theirs—to the Bishops in whose dioceses, and with whose kindly and gracious approval, the work was carried on; also to the priests and sisters who did everything possible to make the "drive" the great success it was. Really no mere words of ours would be adequate to convey to the students the gratitude we feel for their wonderful spirit of zeal for the Missions, the spirit which prompted them to undertake this work often at great inconvenience to themselves, and to carry it to a successful conclusion.

## THE BROADCAST OF THE DEPARTURE CEREMONY

From the United States and from all parts of Canada we have received many flattering letters on the success of the radio broadcast of our departure ceremony at St. Michael's Cathedral on October 20th. "The most delightful hour and a half of radio program we ever had the pleasure of hearing" reads one letter from New York State. Without exception our friends encourage us to make this a regular feature of our work. It opens up great possibilities. We should like to have the opinion of some of our readers on the question as to whether or not we should broadcast Mission news at regular intervals. We shall be grateful for any suggestions received.

Our missionaries are now well on their way. They sail from Vancouver on November 2nd by the Empress of Russia and should arrive in Shanghai on November 18th. We can imagine how pleased Father Fraser and all at Chuchow will be over the arrival of such a welcome band of reinforcements.

For one year the Sisters will remain at Wenchow with the Sisters of Charity. The convent is now in course of erection at Chuchow and will be fully ready by next year when the new band arrives from the Motherhouse at Pembroke to join their pioneer Sisters and proceed to Chuchow.



## Departure Ceremony at St. Michael's

Sunday evening, October 20, 1929! It will long be remembered both by our gallant band of missionaries now on their way to China and by all those who were privileged to be present at our greatest and most inspiring departure ceremony.

Rarely has St. Michael's been thronged as it was on this great occasion. The hour set for the commencement was 7 o'clock, but long before six people were streaming into the great edifice. By six-thirty it was jammed almost to the doors and there were many who were unable to gain admission by the time the ceremony began.

The ceremony began with a procession into the sanctuary of the chancel choir, followed by the seminarians of St. Augustine's and St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the clergy, the five departing missionaries, and lastly, His Grace the Archbishop. The hymn, "Come Holy Ghost," was then sung by the entire congregation, after which followed the sermon by Rev. A. T. Lellis, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

At the conclusion of the sermon (which is reproduced elsewhere in this issue) the motet "Tollite

Hostias" by Saint Saens, was beautifully rendered by the Cathedral Chancel Choir under the direction of Father Ronan. Then followed the ceremony proper, the blessing and imposition of crosses by His Grace the Archbishop, the recitation of the oath by the missionaries about to depart, the blessing of the missionaries by His Grace, and finally the itinerarium by St. Augustine's Seminarians. This, the official prayer of the Church for those about to start on a journey, opens with the Benedictus. The arrangement was by Father Ronan.

The famous and inspiring departure hymn, by St. Augustine's Choir, was rendered in a manner that stirred the emotions of the vast congregation. The music of this hymn is by Chas. Gounod, who was himself once a student for the Foreign Missions at the Paris Seminary. The rendition by the Seminary Choir, under Father Ronan's capable direction, did full justice to the conception of the great master.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremony. Special music was rendered by St. Michael's Choir, directed by Mr. Peter Leon.

### THE CAMPAIGN IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The generous response given to the appeal for subscriptions to China in Prince Edward Island is much appreciated. The organizer wishes to thank very sincerely all those who in any way helped to place over 1,000 subscriptions.

To the Pastors who so enthusiastically recommended the good cause to their people, a special need of thanks is due.

Douglas McNeil, Organizer.

### THE CAMPAIGN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The campaign was started in Nova Scotia with an objective of 2,500. This number was realized at the end of the summer and moreover when the returns will all be sent in by the end of this month, we will have over 3,000 safely. We have a number of districts to hear from yet and we hope that these districts will amount to about five or six hundred subscribers.

Of course this work would be a failure, had it not been for the kind co-operation of the bishops and clergy. Our sincere thanks is extended to His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax and to His Lordship the Bishop of Antigonish for their whole-hearted sympathy.

We are also indebted to all the pastors whom we visited and who gave us their ready permission to canvass their parishes. Also to those priests who undertook the work of the campaign themselves.

We had also the kind co-operation of a number of Sisters and we find that they are certainly not backward in anything that pertains to Missions.

Space will not permit us to mention individually here, all the names of those who helped us to obtain subscriptions for "China" and we must not publish any names for fear of forgetting someone who deserves equal praise. All our agents did their utmost to make "China" known in Nova Scotia. They were all enthused over their work, and we feel sure that this explains why the campaign was so successful.

The territory covered during the campaign consisted of the city of Halifax and Dartmouth and the greater part of the diocese of Antigonish. We regret that we were not able to cover the whole of Nova Scotia, but it is our hope that sometime in the future we will be able to cover a larger territory so that "china" may be made known in the whole province of Nova Scotia, as the people would

like it to be, and that they may be given further opportunity to support such a worthy and Apostolic cause as the conversion of China.

A. D. MacDonald,  
L. A. Venedam.

### THE CAMPAIGN IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

For many years the people of Newfoundland have shown their practical interest in the work of our Seminary and the manner in which they supported the subscription campaign this summer gives evidence that their interest has not waned.

Our thanks are due to all those who gave such ready response to the appeal of our workers, both in St. John's and in many places outside, from Petty Harbour to Ferryland along the Southern shore, Torbay, Bell Island, Kilbride, Buchan's, Bishop's Falls and all the parishes in Conception Bay.

China made many new friends, due to the splendid co-operation of the Priests and Sisters in the parishes visited, and to them we express our very sincere appreciation for introducing our magazine.

A. Chafe,  
C. Strang,  
H. McGettigan.



# Departure Sermon

"All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."—Matthew 28:18-20.

Your Grace, Rt. Rev. Monsignor, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, my dear brethren:

Love for one's leader and intense desire to carry out his last orders, has often set men's hearts aflame and urged them on to undreamed deeds of valor. Many a general dying on the field of honor, has called his officers about him, murmured a last request and thereby changed imminent defeat into glorious victory. The dying words of a father, or well beloved mother, are cherished for all time in the hearts of their children, and loyalty to the memory can find no more satisfying expression than in the dutiful performance of what they know was their parting wish.

Now, while every word uttered by our Saviour throughout His life arrests our attention and merits our deepest consideration—for never did man speak like Him Who had the words of Life Eternal—still a special importance must be attached to the words I have quoted this evening. Even to us who were not privileged to hear them amid the impressive surroundings of that first Ascension Thursday long ago, they sound glorious and majestic. They form the farewell message of our common Father, they sum up the final orders of our Divine Captain—they constitute His Last Will and Testament.

Ascending to the heights of Olivet, our Saviour turned and looked deep into the hearts of His Apostles, saw how eager they



REV. A. T. LELLIS, B.A.

National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, who delivered the Sermon at the Departure Ceremony.

were to receive, and how anxious they were to treasure His parting words, and His thoughts naturally centred around His most supreme and urgent interests. On this occasion He would speak a word truly Divine. He would give voice to the consuming care—the intense desire of His Sacred Heart. He raises His hand on high—hands which, bearing the crucifixion signs, show forth what He has suffered—and solemnly does He declare: "All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth. Going, therefore teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

The note of universality, my dear friends, is obvious in this final declaration of our Saviour. Once His Father had assured

Him: "Ask of Me and I will give Thee the gentiles for Thy inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possessions." The kingdom of the world and the glory thereof belong to Christ the King. How He formally lays claim to them. He wills that all nations—all, without exception—be gathered into His Kingdom.

Go ye, He does not determine the whither or the whence, go ye from place to place—from nation to nation—from continent to continent—go ye to all tribes and peoples, I set no limits to your task. The nations are mine, the ends of the world are mine—go ye—do not wait till nations come to you, but go—go—seek them and save them even as I have sought to save that which was lost.

Go—and teach ye all nations—all—for "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female." The Gospel of Christ must be preached in every tongue, it must triumph over all national divisions, it must flow to all nations. It must unite the whole human race in one Faith and hope—and love. It must make all human kind sing the glory and proclaim the majesty of God the Father and of His only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Baptizing them—not as did John with water only, but with the Holy Ghost. All men must be made disciples of His doctrine, and by the Sacrament of Baptism they will be born anew and made citizens of His Kingdom. Baptism will be the sign of victory, for by baptism God takes possession of the human soul and new territory is occupied by the kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

And lo, lest they should quail or falter before the greatness of the task, the Saviour adds a closing word of encouragement and



consolation, a declaration, a promise of His everlasting presence in their midst. "I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." The storms will rage around you, the winds will howl and dash against your ships and tear your sails asunder—but fear not—I am with you. My enemies will hate and persecute you—they will speak all that is evil against you. They will expose you to all manner of oppression—but, fear not—I am with you. Though your apostolate among barbarous nations be doleful—though your privations be many—though bodily and spiritual suffering will ever be your lot—there is one supreme consolation of which no man can rob you—it is the presence of Jesus Christ your Lord. And even when the gospel and crucifix are falling from your dying hands—have confidence—for I, Who have overcome the world, I, Who have conquered sin and death and hell, I will stand over your graves, will render your labors fruitful, and crown them with final success.

How, my dear brethren, did the apostles understand the last will and testament of Jesus Christ? What was its effect upon them? They had heard the words uttered by Christ Himself. They had seen the intense desire which the words embodied expressed in His eyes and on His adorable face, and who can doubt that they, too, felt something of the burning thirst for souls which consumed His Sacred Heart? We can best judge of the impression made upon them by noting how—at once—the Master's parting injunction becomes the practical rule of their lives. Henceforth their minds are dominated by one



#### MEET OUR CHEF!

Mr. Wing Lee, the seminary chef, is very popular with the boys. Of course you can't guess why.

idea. They have no room for other thoughts. Even as with Christ Himself, the all-absorbing desire of their hearts is the establishment of the Kingdom of God in every human soul. They must away and preach the gospel to every creature.

Thus, if St. Paul would claim distinction, it is due to a borrowed power hidden away in an earthen vessel—his gospel—his mission. Though learned in law and in the humanities, though

profound in the scholarship of both Jew and Greek, his whole dependence is in his message from Christ and his commission to preach. Both are hallowed memories he must make known to the world with the deathless urgency of Pentecostal zeal. He must sign up the world in the covenant of the gospel—"and this," he says, "is no glory for me, for a necessity lieth upon me, for woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

Thus twelve poor unknown men divide the world between them, and undertake to conquer it for Christ. They begin the greatest work, the most laborious task ever attempted by men—and the one motive which urges them on is their sense of the duty imposed upon them by God. Each one of them could truly say, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." Before them lies the heathen world where all is concupiscence of the flesh and concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life—a world wallowing in vice, intoxicated with power—lusting after luxury and wealth. These twelve men undertake to make such a world humble and pure—to put before it a throne-crowned King—a crucified God—as the supreme object of its loyalty and devotion. "Paul," cries the Roman, "thou art beside thyself." The Greek turns away in ridicule—calls him a word-sower and a babbler—but the command of the Master sounds imperative above the clamor of Roman and of Greek, and the echo it evokes is ever the same: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." They enter upon a difficult, an almost hopeless task. They are abandoned, forsaken, objects of ridicule and scandal to Gentile



ST. AUGUSTINE'S CAMPAIGNERS FOR "CHINA"—1929

Left to right: Edward Austin (Pembroke); H. Archambault (Peterborough); R. Lynett (St. Francis' Parish, Toronto); Douglas McNeil (P.E.I.); J. Keelor (St. Peter's, Toronto); Francis Kelly (Hamilton); A. Anderson (Hamilton); John Benoit (Montreal).



and Jew alike; they must sacrifice everything: country, friends, liberty, life—but stronger than all human ties is the Divinely appointed duty: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

In the interest of this same Gospel then, the little society of Jerusalem disbanded, and later on were found dead at their posts, shining in the red armor of the Christian martyr. Only those impressed with a sense of duty, and of the greatness and grandeur of that Gospel, could have undertaken what seemed an impossible enterprise and staked all on the glorious hazards of open and universal propagation of the Faith.

Now the rights and duties of the Apostles, my dear brethren, were handed down to their successors, the Popes and Bishops of the Catholic Church. The spirit of the Apostles has ever lived in them. And in no manner has this spirit been more strikingly manifested than in the fact that they have always accepted the last command of Christ in exactly the same sense as that in which it was accepted by the Apostles. In every age the Popes and Bishops of the Catholic Church have considered themselves bound to be witnesses of Christ in Jerusalem, in Samaria, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth. Always, with truly apostolic hearts, they have regarded the whole world as the Church's field of labor, and always have they sought to make men of every nation disciples of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

My dear friends, man has changed in habits, social order has changed, modes of thought have changed, ideals, standards of conduct, codes of honor, yea, even some systems of religion have changed, but the old Church has not changed. Down through



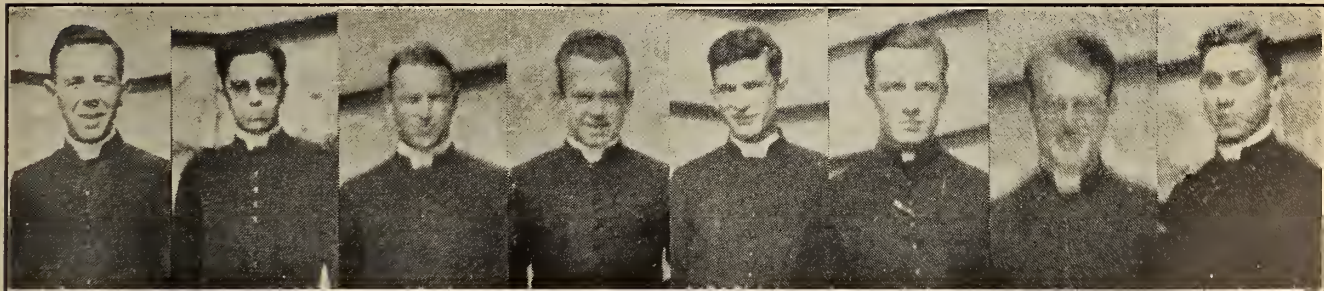
**THE DITCH DIGGERS IN ACTION**  
First part of the movement for a bigger and better rink.

the ages she has come—she has entered the twentieth century in the bright glow of her Pentecostal youth. She has survived the great catastrophes of history; she has seen nations and empires disappear in carnage and bloodshed, and she continues her triumphant march into the present century when all that began with her is dead a thousand years.

Ever before her eyes has been the vision of the Master on Olivet's heights; ever ringing in her ears has been the Saviour's last command: "Going therefore teach ye all nations." So faithfully has she discharged her task down through the centuries that if to-day the Invisible Head were once again to put the question to the Prince of the Apostles—the Successor of St. Peter—"Peter, lovest thou Me more than these?"

—a Patrick would arise—an Augustine—a Boniface—a Francis Xavier—a Las Casas—a Lalemant—a Brebeuf—and a host of others; they would call upon their converts in every age, in every land, who in their turn would rise—people of North, South, East, and West, people of every color and every tongue, who would reply in one voice: "Lord, we are the answer; we can testify that truly he has always loved Thee."

Ah, but my brethren, the task is by no means finished. To-day, after 1900 years of missionary effort, the grim fact remains that two-thirds of the world is pagan. One billion immortal souls for whom Christ died still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. Every year twenty millions of these unfortunate souls pass into eternity and stand for judgment before an eternal God whom they have never known. The situation is a fresh challenge to the Church of Christ. And so the present Holy Father, who glories in the title "the Pope of the Missions," has sent out a clarion call to his spiritual children of the Catholic world to rise up and by united effort greater than ever before to complete this God-given work of carrying the Gospel message to the heathen. The time is propitious. Paganism is weakening, Christianity's opportunity is at hand. God wills it, God wills it! The missionary spirit is stirring the Church to-day from the Vatican to the humblest chapel. Young men and women are hurrying to enroll in the Foreign Legion of Christ. Fortunate indeed are we English-speaking Canadian Catholics to be able to take part in this missionary renaissance, and share the burden of carrying out the



Left to right: Charles Clancy (Calgary); Vincent McHugh (Sault Ste. Marie); Thomas Mooney (Kingston); Raymond Grace (Ottawa); Francis Allen (Toronto); Clement Braceland (Ottawa); Bernard Harrigan (Hamilton); Gregory Wolff (Peterborough).



last command of Christ. And this, my friends, is due to the dreams, now happily fulfilled, and the long years of labor, of one man, the venerable Father John Fraser, Missionary Apostolic, raised up by God to tap this spiritual well in our country. Twenty-five years ago as a young priest he left his native country for China. Ten years ago he returned and planted the tiny acorn destined in so short a time to grow into the present mighty oak. I say, my dear friends, that the foundation of St. Francis Xavier's Mission Seminary has filled up and rounded out our Catholic life. For now, we can not only pray for the Missions; now, we can not only help all Catholic Missions by becoming members of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, but, as well, our prayer "Thy Kingdom Come"

is on a new and more glorious meaning—for here in our midst is our OWN Foreign Mission Seminary training and sending forth our OWN young men to extend the Kingdom of Christ in foreign lands. Surely I am not taking any unfair advantage of the situation to-night when I say that this Institution is worthy of, and deserves, the support of every Catholic, because it is the medium

of carrying out, not a mere work of charity, not a work of supererogation, but a distinct and definite command contained in the last earthly utterance of Jesus Christ.

This little band of five, of whom we take leave to-night, is the fifth contribution of St. Francis Xavier's to that portion of the Lord's vineyard in China allotted to it by the Holy See. Three others are going—and as we who are acquainted with our noble Catholic Sisterhood might have expected—they are not here to-night. Three Sisters of the Order of the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception will hold their own private departure ceremony to-morrow in the seclusion of their Convent at Pembroke. But while their modesty, their humility, their self-effacement forbids their presence here, I know I need not remind you to include them in your prayers.

So, to these brave young priestly hearts we say farewell. They leave for China as true apostles sent by Him who alone can send. On their lips is the name of Jesus, in their hands is the banner of redemption. They go with the light of the Gospel; they go with the gold and silver of Calvary; they go with the

treasures of the Precious Blood; they go to set up the Christian altar; they go to dispense the fountains of Christ, those Christian sacraments which will make that heathen wilderness to blossom as the rose. They go with a code and a counsel and a power, which will create a new social order and cover the land with the temples and trophies of the reign of Christ the King. For there are souls to be sought out and saved; the shadow of death is to be pushed further and further back; the banner of Christ is to be carried farther and farther afield—and these five young men starting out on such a glorious mission as this need no labored description by me to be recognized as kin and to be loved in Jesus Christ by every true friend and follower of His Kingdom.

And our final word of parting is the simple yet beautiful wish of Holy Church—Dominus Vobiscum—the Lord be with you.

Yes, brave young soldiers of Christ, Dominus Vobiscum, the Lord be with you—as you take your last fond farewells of father—mother—sister—brother. Dominus vobiscum—the Lord be with you—as out on the bosom of the broad Pacific you watch with

(Continued on page 156)



Pilgrims to St. Francis Xavier Seminary from Ottawa, Sault Ste. Marie and Pembroke, September 1st, 1929. The



## Departure Ceremony at Pembroke

"And there were many women afar off, who had followed Jesus of Galilee, ministering unto him." Matt. xxvii, 55.

If in this country, Sisters are necessary for the works of charity and education, they are infinitely more so for those of China. We can truthfully say that the Church's missionary work in China would be a dismal failure without the self-sacrificing Sisters who devote their lives to rescuing, baptizing, nursing and instructing numberless abandoned children; who conduct hospitals and schools, who visit and console victims of famine, poverty, disease and crime, and who, in a word, reach multitudes who, otherwise, would never come in sight of a priest.

After the foundation of our Mission in Chuchow, the procuring of Sisters became a matter of paramount importance and, in our eyes, a great problem. While many individual Sisters of many different communities volunteered, the question was, where would we find a community? What appeared a problem to us, however, was a matter of course with Divine Providence, Who has

seen to our every want and Who "ordereth all things sweetly." Was it a mere accident or was it one of those happenings which Almighty God brings about in His own way? We are convinced that it was all a design of Divine Providence. An accidental meeting took place, a suggestion was made by a zealous priest, an appeal was made to the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke, and the problem was solved. Bishop Ryan and Father Dowdal, the vocation apostles of Pembroke, years ago started to foster religious vocations, with the result that the diocese has an amazingly large number of priests and Sisters, not to mention students in the seminary and novices in the noviciates. Chuchow has therefore a fertile source of supply.

In the meantime, a convent is being built in Chuchow.

Knowing, as we do, the intense zeal manifested by the devoted Sisters all over the country, we were not surprised to hear that a large number of the Pembroke community had volunteered for China, but only three were required for the present. The

fortunate ones were Sisters St. Oswald Macdonald, St. Mary Catherine Doyle and St. Mary Anthony McHugh, and they were to depart for China this year.

To honor this epochal event, and to wish God's assistance to the apostolic pioneers, the whole of Pembroke turned out in St. Columba's Cathedral on Tuesday, Oct. 22nd. The beautiful edifice was crowded to the doors, with the clergy of the diocese present and many from outside points.

In the absence in Rome of Bishop Ryan, Monsignor French officiated at Pontifical High Mass. The sermon was delivered by the President of our Seminary. Taking for his text the opening words of Our Lord's Prayer after the Last Supper, "Father the hour is come, glorify Thy Son that Thy Son may glorify Thee," he developed the idea of Apostleship as the life of the scheme of redemption as intended by the Redeemer, and for the first time in the history of mankind, introduced by Him to the world. This implied the agency of man to carry out the work which Jesus Christ had come to inaugurate.

(Continued on page 156)



Under the patronage of Most Rev. William Forbes, D.D., Archbishop of Ottawa (in centre of picture).



# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

*Edited by*  
**FATHER JIM**



Well, Buds, we're back again. Crowded out last month by all the pictures of our special number to celebrate CHINA'S tenth birthday. And we have plenty of news for you. Got in a big supply of special pins with the Little Flower's picture and our name, "The Little Flower's Rose Garden" printed specially on them. And that's not all. We have very beautiful certificates, with a picture of our little patroness at the time of her first Holy Communion. Don't you think that is quite appropriate?

Of course, you all want to know all about the certificates and what Father Jim has been up to during the last month. Well here it is.

We are establishing our "Garden" in regular fashion. And you all want to be regular members, don't you, with a certificate and pin all your own. Well, here's what we want you to do. Write right away for application forms, on which are printed the two only conditions of membership, namely, (1) that you go to Holy Communion once a month for the intention that God may give the great grace of more missionary vocations.

(2) Say every day the prayer for the conversion of China, which is printed this month and copies of which will be sent you on request.

These are the only conditions. There are no fees or other rules. We just want you to help us especially by your prayers and Holy Communions because we know their value in God's sight and because we know that you will help us very greatly in our work for China. So write today and ask for two application forms which will be sent to you at once. Then fill them out. Keep one for yourself and send one to us. As soon as we receive it your certificate and pin will be mailed to you and you will be a full-fledged member of The Little Flower's Rose Garden. We know she would like to have you go to Holy Communion because the day of her First Communion was the happiest of her life. And she is going to help us all and we will all be very happy as members of our Little Club which bears her name.

## And What's More!

We want more pictures of the Buds. Don't be shy now. Send along a snapshot. You have some, we are sure and we want to put them in China so that the Buds may know one another all the better. This month you will see some of the members with whom you have been corresponding. Let them see you next

month. If you have a picture send it along when you are writing in for the application forms. And that's all for now because I must leave room for the many interesting letters received. And, say there are many new members. Isn't that great?

Father Jim.

P.S.—When you are writing be sure to put on each letter your name and address as well as your pen-name, all three each time.

## A Prayer for the Conversion of China

Ⓐ LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls.—Amen.

*(300 days Indulgence)*

With Ecclesiastical Approbation

Alberton, P.E.I.

Dear Father Jim:—

Is there room in your Garden for a Bud from the "Garden of the Gulf"? I wonder if you have any Island Buds! I am a boy nine years old. My Granny has been taking "China" for quite a while, and mother always reads the letters for me.

I am taking "Sunny Jim" for my pen-name. I hope to be a Priest some day. (Sunny Jim).

J. Merrill McAluff.

Dominion No. 4,  
Glance Bay.

Sept. 25, 1929.

Dear Father Jim and Buddies:

I am writing to tell you how glad I am because my mother subscribed for the China.

I heard friends talk about how interesting it is and as soon as it reached our home I read it. Don't the buddies write interesting letters, poems, and jokes? "A Brave Deed," written by Sunbeam was interesting.

This is my first letter and I hope

my name will be among the other members.

I am 15 years old and I would like to hear from other buddies that age, and I promise I will answer every letter.

I would love to become a Buddy and have Jerome for a pen-name. Will you please put my name in the Corrie Box as I would like to have a lot of pen pals.

I think I said enough for this month because if I don't stop you will think I am a terrible gabber.

I hope some one will write to me and I will answer.

I remain, a new Buddie,

(Jerome) Josephine Burns.

Advertisement—Please write, someone.

P.O. Box 213,  
Inverness, N.S.  
October 3rd, 1929.

Dear Father Jim:—

I would like very much to be accepted in your beautiful Little Flower's Rose Garden and receive a pin. I am twelve years of age and am in the eighth grade at school. I subscribe for "China" and find it very nice.

My pen name is Tulip.

Your New Member,  
(Tulip) Helen Chisholm.

P.O. Box 213,  
Inverness, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:—

I would like very much to join your "Little Flower Rose Garden." My pen-name will be Star, if that will suit. My age is fourteen years old, my birthday is the 17th of August.

We are getting the China book, too. Please put me in the Corrie Box. Please send me a pin also.

Yours Faithfully,  
Margaret Chisholm.

Hanover, Ontario,  
Sept. 20, 1929.

Hello Father Jim:—

I'm back again after a rather long absence—and this time with a story. Isn't it strange? I hope Mr. Waste-paper Basket doesn't take a liking to it and want it parked there as it gave me a great deal of trouble trying to cut it down, to a length suited for "The China." I am afraid I've failed, but I know you will do your best.

School again! I was rather anxious to get back but when I saw the first night's homework list—I lost all my enthusiasm. Homework isn't so nice when you want to go out and play,



but its a "necessary nuisance." That doesn't look like the word I mean, and I'm almost certain I've got the "i" in the wrong place and the dictionary doesn't happen to be anywhere near me at the present time.

I'm sure you won't scold when you see that I have a nice story (?) for you.

My, there were a lot of letters in the last issue of "China". I'd like to write to some of those new Buds and I mean to.

One of my sisters is going to join and she is taking "High Jinks" as her pen-name. She's fair, fat, but not forty. She's twelve but I guess I'd better let her say that in her own letter.

I have to do some old homework now so you will hear from me later. Do I hear you say "How fortunate" I don't blame you in the least as none of my letters are in the least bit interesting. However I hope some of the Buds will write to me, and I promise to answer, promptly, all letters sent to

de E. Sike, alias  
Dolores E. Knechtel.  
Box 560,

#### "THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE."

By Dolores E. Knechtel.

"Yoo hoo, Billie. Let's have a picnic this afternoon."

"Righto" was the prompt reply.

The first speaker was Constance Kenton, who had come to her Aunt Helen's for her holidays. Aunt Helen lived in Westhaven, a little town on the coast of Maine. Connie had been secretly disgusted with the place but this feeling soon wore off, especially after she met Billie Sherman. Billie's real name was Prudence but this was altogether too prim a name for her so she was commonly called Billie.

That afternoon, Connie and Billie went up the beach quite a distance from Westhaven. After bathing for awhile in the surf of the Atlantic the girls ate their lunch. When this was over, Billie suggested that they explore some of the caves. Connie readily agreed and so they started out on their tour of inspection.

Most of the caves were quite large and the girls contemplated making a little house in one of them if they found one suitable for this purpose.

Going on a little farther, Connie stumbled on some brush and there, immediately before them yawned a large, dark cave. Billie helped Connie to her feet and they pushed their way through the heavy brush, into the cave.

To their great surprise they found a table and a few old broken chairs which looked very much as if they had seen better days. Lying over in a corner was an old box.

Billie broke the silence that followed by saying, "Gee, Connie I bet we've—I mean you've stumbled and we've found one of the caves that the smugglers used."

"Say won't I have a good story to tell the kids when I get home. Imagine me, Constance Kenton, discovering a smugglers' cave."

However, their theory that they had found a smugglers' cave was shattered for when Connie turned over the old box, she saw printed on the label—

Pork and Beans

Ideal for Camping.

As usual, Billie was the first to speak, "I'll say you'll have some story to tell when you get home!"

131 Roehampton Ave.,  
Toronto.

Dear Father Jim:—

May I come into the garden once more? I have chosen a pen-name for myself which I hope you will like, "Sunflower." David Latendre mistook me for a boy. If he wishes he could write me as I like to receive letters.

Father Jim will you please put my name in the Corrie Box as I want to make pen-pals with all the buds.

I had better close now,

Yours sincerely,  
"Sunflower."  
(Frances Hart).

88 Dominion No. 4,  
N.S.

Dear Rev. Fr.

I would like to become a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I like to be fenced in the Garden of the Little Flower.

Yours truly,  
Arnold Chant.

My pen-name is Mickie.

155 East Ave. S.,  
Hamilton, Ont.  
Sept. 30, 1929.

Dear Rev. Father Jim:—

I have been an interested and admiring follower of your Little Flower Correspondence Club for the past year, and I would like to become a member. I would like "Heidi" for a pen-name if no one else has chosen it. I would like "Pansy" and "Sunbeam" for corries and any others who would like to write. Please put my name in the Corrie Box.

Well, I guess I had better stop for now, hoping to receive my pin, and to see my letter in print as soon as there is enough space.

I remain,  
A loving member,  
"Heidi" (Alice Mattice).

P.S.—I will send some stamps as soon as possible.

5339 Burlingam,  
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Father Jim:—

Last May 26 I saw your "China" where I was visiting my uncle for the day. If you have not got a fence around your garden yet may I choose that for my pen-name?

We are going to have the China for two years now and always I hope. I will save you some stamps.

I am ten years old.

Yours truly,  
The Fence,  
(Donald Benninghaus.)

12 Casey's Lane,  
Glace Bay, N.S.

Dear Father Jim and Buds:—

This is my second letter to the "Little Flower's Rose Garden." I read Sunbeam's story, which was very nice, and also the letters, which were also very interesting. I would be very glad to receive a pin. My pen-name is Fleur-de-lis.

I would like my name to be put in the "Corrie Box," and I am in the hope of receiving many letters from the Buds.

I am enclosing some stamps for you, and intend to save more.

I will close now, wishing the "Mission" the best of success.

Sincerely yours,  
Fleur-de-lis (Pearl McPhie).

Penetanguishene, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:—

I am sorry to say that we do not get the China subscriptions but my aunt gets it and keeps it for me. I would like to be a member of your club, the St. Theresa's Rose Garden. If I can be a member I would choose for my pen-name—Lily.

I have collected quite a few stamps and wish to give 'em to you. Come, tell the Buds to write to me. I am,  
Freda Maurice.

114 Elm Avenue,  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Reverend Father Jim,  
Editor of Little Flower's Rose Garden.

Dear Father Jim:—

I wonder if I could become one of the happy correspondents to the beautiful Rose Garden. Forget-me-not is my sister, and as she is writing to



SOME OF THE BUDS

Left to right: Mary Jean (Penetang, Ont.); Rose (Toronto); Arnie (Dom. No. 4, N.S.); Peggie (Hamilton, Ont.).

Find their real names! Hello, boys! More pictures wanted! Come along!



the page soon, I thought I would write too.

I am eleven years old, and go to St. Joseph's Convent, where I am in the sixth grade. I would like some correspondents, especially Lorraine Gaffney.

Father subscribes for China every year and would not miss it for anything.

I have chosen Sunshine for my pen-name do you like it?

Wishing you every success.

Very respectfully yours,  
Mary Doyle.  
119 Dom. No. 4., C.B.,  
N.S.

Sept. 21, 1929.

Dear Rev. Fr.

I received the China and I saw where you wanted our pictures. I am sending mine, so it will be published.

I want to be in the Corrie Box. I promise to answer all letters and am anxious to hear from some Buds as soon as possible. I am in Grad VIII, and am an altar boy of St. Anthony's Church.

I would ask for George Baker of New Waterford or (Billy) pen-name.

My pen-name is (Arnie).

Hoping to see my picture in the issue of the next China.

Sincerely yours,  
Michael Joseph McDonald.

40½ Amelia St.,  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:—

I would like to become a member of the Rose Garden, and receive a pin. I have been getting "China" for near four years and I think it is very interesting. I am twelve years old and in First Form High School. My pen-name is "Killarney Rose." I would like to make pen-pals with the rest of the buds.

Your new member,  
"Killarney Rose."  
Honora Kennedy.

281 Lottridge St. N.,  
Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:—

I should like to become a flower in your Garden and get a pin. We have been getting China for some time now and I look forward to it coming every month. I have picked for my pen-name Peggy. I should like very much for you to put my name in the Corrie Box as I should like to hear from some of the buds about my own age. I am ten years old and in the junior third book. I go to Holy Rosary School in Hamilton. I have a nice Nun for my teacher. I am sending one of my snapshots for you to put in the China Book. My real name is Marie Sims. Will write more next time as I am a

New Member,  
Marie Sims.

Waubashene, Ont.  
Sept. 20, 1929.

Dear Father Jim:—

I would like to belong to the Little Flower's Rose Garden and receive a pin. I have read some of the girls

and boys' letters and found them interesting. My pen-name is Paddy. My real name is Jean Broduir.

Your new member,  
Paddy.

Sept. 18, 1929.

Dear Father Jim and Buddies:—

Well here we are again after the holidays. I hope you all enjoyed them for I did, because I spent three weeks among Father Jim, and "Beaver." I have discovered who "Beaver" was alright, but for the life of me I could not find out Father Jim, and me with him every day. Sherlock Holmes could not find out this mystery. "Beaver" is the good-looking chap who sends you your free packets of stamps. Oh, he is a smart fellow, and how! He didn't do much "stamp-ing" while I was there. He knew better I suppose. Next time I go out if I don't find out who Father Jim is, it will just be too bad. It is like following up a detective mystery. Oh, well, we are not supposed to know everything.

Au Revoir,  
Your Old Bud,  
"Joey Wang."

Penetang, Ontario.  
August 21, 1929.

Hello Father Jim and Buddies:—

Here I am back again, and I am also sending my photo. Well, Buds, what do you think I look like?

Attention! Rose! You haven't answered my letter yet. Also Agnes McMahon from Dominion C.P. Please write Agnes.

Oh! Father Jim my pen-pals are coming, I have five already.

Mother has been sick again. She had to get all her teeth out. Now she is well again.

Well Buds, so school will soon be starting. Now isn't that nice. Well I guess I'll close. Please Father Jim, please print my photo in the Magazine.

Always a Bud,  
Mary Jean.

P.S.—These are the High School clothes we have to wear.

Pond Street,  
Sidney Mines,  
Cape Breton.

Dear Father Jim and Buddies:—

There will be a new bud sprouting up in your garden. I am eleven years old. I am in grade VII and go to the Notre Dame School, Sydney Mines. I am interested in joining the Little Flower's Club, I wonder what name I will receive?

Yours Affectionately,  
Kathleen Orrell.

P.S.—I would like to hear from other buds.

94 Duchworth St.,  
St. John's Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:—  
I would like to join your club.  
I am fourteen years old and in the seventh grade.

I go to the Convent of Mercy, St. Michael's Orphanage.

Please put my name in the Corrie Box, I would like to hear from Norah Doyle and Rose.

I have chosen a pen-name which is Primrose. Needlework and music are my favorite pastimes.

I must close now.

Yours sincerely,  
Primrose.

My address is:—

Mary O'Keefe,  
94 Duckworth St.,  
St. John's Nfld.

P.S.—My siser Margaret is also in the club.

## DEPARTURE SERMON.

(Continued from page 152)

aching hearts your native land sink slowly down beneath the horizon. Dominus vobiscum—the Lord be with you—to strengthen your souls, when for the first time you stand on China's pagan soil. And during the long weeks and years of patient laboring for Christ—in time of discouragement, in time of suffering, in time of temptation and apparent failure—Dominus vobiscum, the Lord be with you. And oh, if it should ever come to this—that in some future day you may be faced with the terrible alternative of making the supreme sacrifice, or denying Christ—oh Dominus vobiscum—the Lord be with you. Dauntless young soldiers of the Divine Captain's Foreign Legion—farewell. And though we shall not meet again on earth, please God we shall meet one day—never more to part—on the great white shore of eternity. Amen.

## DEPARTURE CEREMONY AT PEMBROKE.

(Continued from page 153)

It meant working for the salvation of the world, and the sacrifice of oneself, in imitation of Him, "who died that we might live," in order to help others to share in the benefits of Christ's redemption. It meant love and consequently sacrifice on the part of those whom He had chosen as His "coadjutors." The hour had come for Chuchow to glorify Jesus the Son of the Eternal Father through the heroines of Pembroke. These devoted Sisters, the Trinity of Pembroke, were about to depart on their mission of love. Would that the world better appreciated their efforts and their motives.

The Mass was followed by the renewal of their promises by the three Sisters, and solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. W. P. Breen, Administrator of the Diocese.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

Schoolma'am: "Emulate George Washington."

Dusky Lad (from rear of room): "No'm. I'se been heah de whole time."

## His Far Off Only Job.

Settlement Worker: "What makes your husband look so worried, Mrs. Mixer?"

Mrs. Mixer: "He's dreadin' the time, ma'am, when he'll have to go back to work."

S. M.: "Whom does he work for and what does he do, Mrs. Mixer?"

Mrs. M.: "He works for the Salvation Army, ma'am. He Santa Clauses."

Young Husband: "Last night when I got home my wife had my chair drawn up before the fire, my slippers ready for me to put on, my pipe all filled, and—"

Old Friend: "How did you like her new hat?"

## Natural History.

"I just swatted five flies—two males and three females."

"How can you tell?"

"I got two on the card table and three on the mirror."—Cynic.

## Leading Him Back to Earth.

He—"When I dance with you I feel as though I were treading on clouds!"

She—"Don't kid yourself; those are my feet!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Hey, there, you young scamp!" said the farmer, suddenly appearing after his dog had caught Johnny up in the apple tree; "what are you doing up there in my tree?"

"N-n-n-othing, please sir," stammered Johnny, "only j-j-j-ust t-t-t-rying to t-t-t-each your d-d-d-og to stand on his h-h-h-ind l-l-l-egs!"

The Mayor hurried in to the gathering and exclaimed apologetically: "I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I have been addressing a Board meeting."

"I can quite believe that it was!" said a voice from the crowd.

Husband (in Welsh Court): "The trouble, your worship, is that she never gets me a hot dinner."

Wife: "That is untrue. He had a boiled egg yesterday."

"Jones referred to me as an old fool. I don't think that sort of thing right, do you?"

"No. Why you cannot be much over forty."

As reported: The happy couple will make their home at the old Manse.

As printed: The happy couple will make their home at the old Man's.

"Poor Harry!"

"What's the matter now?"

"He was run off the campus of the floating university."—Nebraska Awgwan.

She's so dumb she thinks a hang-over is a Jewish holiday!—Wesleyan Wasp.

## Home Come?

Long Boy: "Big boy, wuz George Washington as honest as dey sez he wuz?"

Shorty: "Ah tell you, nigger, George wuz the honestest man dat ever wuz born."

## Putting His Foot Down.

Curiosity—"Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy you talked about?"

Domesticity—"Yes."

Curiosity—"Any results?"

Domesticity—"I've got to give up smoking."—Tit-Bits.

Kind Uncle: "My little man, you mustn't say 'I ain't goin.' You must say, 'I am not going.' 'He is not going.' 'We are not going.' 'They are not going.'"

His Nephew: "Ain't nobody goin'?"

First tramp: Just think of it! A splendid dinner—soup, fish, joint, and sweets—for a nickel!

Second tramp: Wonderful; Where can you get such a cheap meal?"

First tramp: I dunno! But just think of it!

Mother (who has aspirations for her daughter's radio voice): "Do you ever think, Professor, that my daughter will be able to do anything with her voice?"

Professor: "Well, madam, it ought to come in handy in case of a fire."

## The Difference.

Little Johnny: "Look at that rhinoceros."

Little Willie: "That ain't no rhinoceros; that's a hippopotamus. Can't you see it ain't got no radiator cap?"

Safety zones are nice. Stand inside one and all an automobile can do is hit you a sweeping side blow.—Life.

## Hoot Mon!

The latest one is about the Scotchman who paid five dollars for a twenty-minute sightseeing trip in a plane. While he was up there he tried to persuade the pilot to try for the endurance record.—Judge.

When may two people be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.



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And make the trees so bare;  
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And no one seems to care.  
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Trees leaf the year around,  
Cold weather makes the sap congeal  
When it attacks the ground.

The sunbeams send their heat waves  
To warm old Mother Earth,  
In winter months the sun is low,  
Of heat we have a dearth.  
'Tis then we need the proper food  
To help our blood stream flow,  
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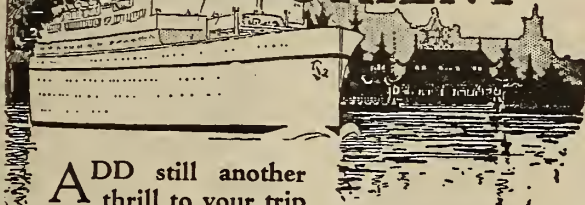
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## THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY



Our missionaries, just before they left for China, are in the front row, ready for the journey. Left to right: Rev. Bernard Boudreau, Rev. Hugh Sharkey, Rev. Aaron Gignac, Rev. Michael Dunne, and Rev. Desmond Stringer. Our senior students, who are eighteen in number, complete the picture.



Priests and Sisters gathered at Pembroke on the occasion of the departure for China of three members of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. The Sisters will do missionary work in the district confided to the care of St. Francis Xavier Mission Society. The three missionary Sisters are in the front, from left to right, starting fifth from left: Sister M. Anthony (McHugh), Sister M. St. Oswald (Macdonald), Sister M. Catherine (Doyle).



# CHINA

December

1929





# Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Commonly known as "GREY NUNS"

have three Sisters "en route" for China preparing to open a

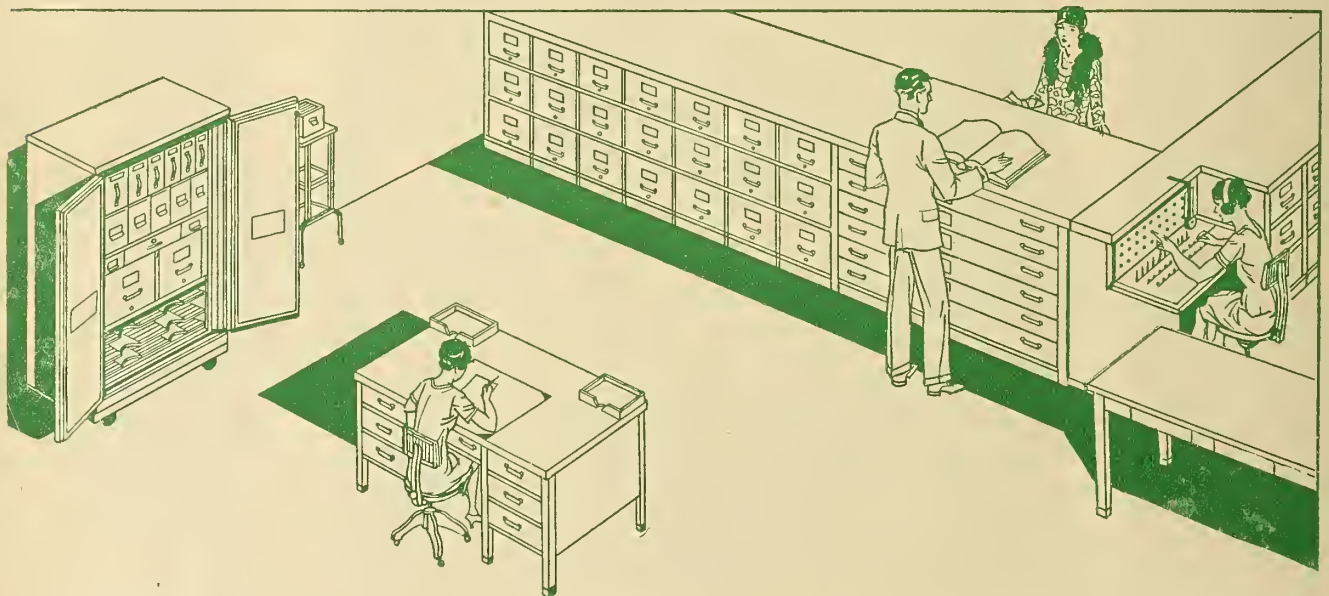
## CONVENT IN CHUCHOW

which will serve as a school, orphanage and hospital. They are prepared to receive in their Novitiate young women who wish to labour for God as

## NUNS IN CHINA

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# EDITORIAL PAGE CHINA

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... CHINA ...

No. 12

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## Close The Forms

Words, phrases, sentences, editorials—Oh, I suppose they're necessary. Do you know; we must confess to a weariness at times of talking so much, telling so much about our work and everybody in it. Must it be ever so? Why can't it all be done in silence and secret, more like the manner in which Christ on earth accomplished the Will of His Heavenly Father!

"Why, you're just plain crazy, man," we hear some of our interested, horrified friends exclaim. "Out of sight, out of mind. Just cease writing, cease publishing a paper, cease keeping work before the people and you may as well close up the Seminary."

Yes, they're right. We must admit it, but you know what I mean. Nothing hidden; everything eternally "on parade"; can you blame us if at times we wonder if we shouldn't accomplish more in some remote little village in the mountains of Chekiang, forgotten by the world, far from the maddening grind of the relentless printing machine.

### Behind Time.

That's not what I started to say at all. The fact is the printers are already clamouring for this four-cent editorial (a friend told me, once, that the editorial alone was worth the price of the whole paper—four cents) as it is the only thing that is "holding up" the paper (we mean delaying, of course). Perhaps that accounts for our reaction

as outlined above. We're sore at being crowded. We don't feel like writing; have nothing to say. "Ah, come on, isn't this the December number! Wish your friends a Happy Christmas. Surely there's nothing hard about that." There isn't, eh!

### A Happy Christmas.

You know, the phrase has grown so shopworn. So many people say it without the ring of either interest or sincerity. Towards our good friends we really feel both, and an abiding sense of gratitude as well. When we consider what you have done, how you have stood by us during all the trials and difficulties attendant upon a work such as ours, we

cannot but feel that no mere words or phrases are adequate to convey our thoughts.

### What We Can Do.

Only one thing we can do, our priests and students here, and our priests and sisters in far-away China. We can remember you daily in the Holy Sacrifice. We do. We can pray that He, for whose love you are making such generous sacrifices in our behalf, will be your reward both here and in eternity. That we also do, every day of our lives. And we say that if your Christmas this year will be what we all hope and pray it will be, then will it be the holiest, happiest, most joyous of all your lives. We don't know what all this sounds like, but we mean it, every word.

HELP US BRING CHRISTMAS TO PAGAN CHINA





By REV. J. E. VENINI, Chuchow

Dear Readers:

Having been requested by the Rev. Editor to contribute an article, I can think of no better way of complying with that kind invitation, than by extending a counter invitation to the Rev. Editor and his readers to accompany me on the Spring visitation to the district of Tsingtien.

Before commencing our journey, however, I beg leave to make one suggestion. China, as you now, is an immense country, covering an area slightly larger than that of the whole of Europe, and supporting (more or less) some four hundred million souls, practically one quarter of the entire world's population. Naturally in a country of such a size, the habits and customs of the people, and even the people themselves, are bound to differ. During our travels we are going to see only a tiny portion of this republic, and in order to prevent anyone from receiving many false impressions, such as I personally had before coming here, I would ask the readers to take into consideration the vast extent of the Flowery Kingdom, and hence when we say China, we simply mean our little district of Chuchow.

China, it has been said and repeated, is a poor training school for those wishing to acquire a good stock of the great virtue of patience. We shall learn this all

too well, as we go meandering through the hills and dales of Tsingtien.

#### Journey by Boat.

The first lay of our journey will be by boat, a sturdy ship, some twenty feet long, with a "beam" of five or six feet. The rounded bottom, and the light draught of the boat are especially adapted to the many shallow rapids in the rivers hereabouts. A telescopic covering of bamboo protects the passengers against the inclemencies of the weather. Our trusty ship may be rowed, poled, pulled or pushed, and when the gods send along a favorable breeze, the skipper hoists his sail, and crouching at the stern, guides her along with his oar as a rudder.

#### There's No Hurry.

The boatman has promised us that everything will be ready for an early start in the morning, but alas, all things are relative in this vale of tears. By early we understand, at least, seven a.m., and so this hour finds us, boy, bedding and baggage, already embarked. Our venerable lao da (boatman) is calmly manipulating his chop-sticks, and we feel assured that by the time we are comfortably installed, he will have juggled the last grain of rice and we shall be off. In fact, we are off, a long, long way off. We are informed that the rice stock is very low, and would the zung vu (spiritual father) be so good as to come across with one iron

man, wherewith to replenish the impoverished larder. This brings us to seven-thirty. The rice carefully stored away, our lao da seems to have been suddenly stricken with paralysis. How come there is no sign of "opening the ship"? as they say here, meaning, to start. This time it is the "guests" who are a bit tardy. Guests? China is the land of "squeeze" par excellence. The boat was hired to take us, at a certain price, to a certain place, but we can only occupy so much space in the boat, so the lao da sees no reason why we should not rent the unoccupied space to his "guests" at so much per head. Lucky we are if we do not find the boat well stocked with merchandise of some sort. Only recently, on a similar trip, the boatman wished to take into the boat a sedan chair with its occupant and two carriers, as well as two other men with their baggage, and this after I was forced to pay the "foreign" price for the boat.

#### The First Village.

Our first call will be Yi du san, a tiny village lost high up in the mountains. A stiff climb of an hour and a half brings us there. The flock here consists mainly of a half dozen granddads, real patriarchs, who have seen the snows of many winters melt and rush down the mountain sides that completely surround their alpine shacks. Well may each of them say with St. Paul, "I have



fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." As for the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me on that day." May they, by their intercession, win the gift of the faith for their fellow mountaineers as well, so that the sentence of St. Paul may receive its completion, "and not only to me but to them also that love His coming."

#### Off Again.

An early Mass the following morning, and after a quick descent of the mountain, we regain our boat. We shall breakfast aboard, to save a bit of time, the next station being several miles downstream. At noon we shall abandon our ship and strike into the mountains. We must pray that the rain which has commenced to fall may soon cease, else we may find ourselves trapped for several days. The village we are to visit lies in a narrow valley, which a few hours of heavy rain quickly turns into a raging mountain stream, which it is impossible to cross, bridges being conspicuous by their absence. The inhabitants of the valley have built several miles of stone dikes in an endeavor to confine the water as much as possible, but periodically the poor people, in the space of a few hours, see the fruit of years of labor washed to the sea.

#### Chapels Badly Needed.

There is no "chapel" at this station. We say Mass and receive the scattered flock in the home of one of the Christians. There is a great bustle and excitement upon the arrival of the priest, and willing arms soon have the central room cleared of all the rubbish it has collected since the last visit. We are rather unfortunate at this mission as most of the Christians are absent.

The sun is shining brightly this morning and it is splendid weather for our hike of thirty lee (ten miles) to the next station, Do lu. This is one of the best missions of our district, but alas, here also "the Master has not a stone whereon to rest His head." A rented house and a loft serve as chapel and residence. At each visit the Christians ask when we are going to build a chapel for them. They are willing to help us to the best of their ability, but they are so poor. "To-day has salvation come to this house." This was the reward Zaccheus received for his hospitality towards our Divine Lord. Do lu to-day, as

mothers for medals or other trinkets to pin on the bonnet of the "best baby in the world." Several trunks of medals would hardly be sufficient to satisfy all the demands. The pagans have miniature idols, of brass or silver, sewn on their children's caps.

#### A Smoke and a Chat.

In the evening the male members drop in for a chat. They are nearly all inveterate smokers from an early age, even youngsters of nine or ten years may be seen to borrow Dad's pipe for a few whiffs. The pipe usually has a long stem of bamboo, as long as three feet, at times provided with a bone or porcelain mouth-piece, and a tiny brass

bowl holding only a thimbleful of tobacco. The bowl is cleaned by simply striking it on the ground, and the next pipeful is lighted from the still burning ball knocked from the bowl. The tiny hand stove, carried by the Chinese during the cold weather, is also much used for pipe lighting, or should the smoker chance to be near the kitchen stove or a lamp, he merely

sticks the end of his pipe into the flame. It is a mark of respect here for the host to offer his guest, upon his arrival, a pinch of tobacco. The guest will accept it and then attempt to return a pinch of his tobacco, which the host will politely refuse. Water pipes are used by some, though they are not so common, being too costly. Many of the country folks simply take a piece of young bamboo and from this shape their pipe. The tobacco is very cheap, most of the country people not only rolling their own but growing their own as well.

#### Prayer in Common.

Night prayers, in common, follow the evening chat. The Chinese Christians say their prayers aloud. I dare say that the Christians here praying in



Up the Chuchow River.

Jericho of old, offers the same opportunity of housing our Lord and King.

#### Missionary Work.

We shall spend a few hours here, to enable those who live at a distance, to come to the Sacraments. The routine at each of the stations is the same. Confessions and Communions, perhaps a soul to prepare for its last journey, or it may be a marriage to regulate. There is usually a baby or two, born during the absence of the priest and baptized privately by the catechist or one of the Christians. They are brought to the chapel on the arrival of the priest, to be "supplied", that is, having the ceremonies of the Sacrament supplied. It is on these occasions that the priest is besieged by the

**THERE ARE NOW FOURTEEN PRIESTS IN CHUCHOW**





The upper "storey" of this building serves as a chapel.

their chapel is the nearest approach to a community of Benedictine monks chanting the divine office, that one could find. When the prayers are well recited, not too fast, and with rhythm and properly scanned, it is really beautiful. I do not think I have ever heard anything so beautiful or devotional, as the last prayers of the school-boys at Chuchow, said in their dormitory just before tumbling into their beds. It was especially beautiful last year. There was one little chap, now in the preparatory seminary at Ning po, with a clear tenor voice. He would always take the lead, his companions filling in. However, the prayers to be beautiful, must be well recited, otherwise it is discord and confusion. On Sundays and on feast days the prayers are much longer, and even more melodious, the women and children being present with their sharper voices to blend with the basses of the men. The busy pastors at home, who are toiling year after year to educate their congregations to the beauty of community praying and singing, must come here for their vacation this year, and after hearing our Christians pray, they will find their courage renewed to carry on the struggle. There are usually a number of Christians on hand to recite the prayers when the priest is administering the Sacraments in the chapel, or in the homes of the people, and even when the priest is not present, they gather, on such occa-

sions as the sickness of one of the community, to recite long prayers.

#### Great Faith.

The Chinese have great faith also in the sacramentals and the use of holy articles. The first action of a Christian upon meeting a strange priest will usually be to make a large sign of the cross and then to pull out his rosary, seldom minus a good number of medals. However, it is not always wise to put too much credence in these "external signs of faith", as they are often only the prelude to the main act; the individual in question happened to be striking a bit of hard

luck, but a couple of dollars would put him on his feet again.

Another important item at each station is to leave a copious supply of holy water. There is a large jug for this purpose in each chapel and from this central supply the Christians fill their bottles. Has baby a tummy-ache? A gulp of holy water will soon quieten him. The Chinese, then, see the devil everywhere. If anyone takes sick, it is the devil; they hear a strange noise at night, it is the devil; a youngster fails to return home, the devil has surely taken him; and so the stock of holy water must be kept ready for these many occasions.

#### Erroneous Notions.

Tsingtien city is the next station on our list. We shall leave Do lu early in order to arrive at a tiny village, half way to our destination, in time for dinner. The mention of dinner is usually connected with food, so perhaps this will be a good place to give our readers an idea of the menu we may expect during our trip. I fear that many of us, if not all, have the most erroneous notions concerning the food of the Chinese. Who does not believe, as I once believed, that rats, mice, cats, and dogs are common articles of food on the Chinese table? I do not know anything about the rest of China, but if there should happen to be any place where rats are in demand I should like to get in  
(Continued on page 167)



Interior of a poor "chapel" in our district.

THE CONVENT WILL BE OPENED NEXT YEAR





### CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY IN CHINA.

A new building will be erected in the Catholic University of Peking, which is under the care of the Benedictine Fathers. The architecture is of the Christian-Chinese style, and the plans have been drawn up by Dom Adelbert Gresnigt. When complete the building will accommodate 400 students.

### MISSIONARIES DIE.

Within the last five years twenty-one Catholic missionaries have been murdered in China, and eight of them died within the last seven months. In the case of the three American Passionist Fathers no motive can be assigned for the murder except hatred.

### NEW MISSION TERRITORIES.

Six new mission territories have been created in China, thus raising the total to 94, an increase of 31 during the Pontificate of Pius XI. Three of the new territories will be completely in the hands of the native clergy. They are all in Szechwan, China's largest province in the upper reaches of the Yangtse River. The new territories are the Vicariate Apostolic of Shunkung, with 18,295 Catholics and twenty Chinese priests; the Vicariate of Wanh sien, with 22,960 Catholics and twenty-two priests, and the Prefecture Apostolic of Yachow, with 7,182 Catholics and thirteen priests. The Prefecture of Lihsien has been made a Vicariate—the Vicariate of Ankwo—under Bishop Suen, one of the Chinese bishops consecrated by Pope Pius XI in 1926.

### ROME ENDORSES SYNOD.

Rome has endorsed the rulings of the first General Synod of the Church in China, held in Shanghai in 1924. These rulings add three new holidays of obligation to those already observed in China: the Feasts of St. Joseph, All Saints, and the Immaculate Conception. The first fifteen days of the Chinese new year have always been the great holiday period in the otherwise monotonous and laborious lives of the Chinese people, so another ruling of the Council that by a special indult dispenses with all days of fast and abstinence during these fifteen days, granted for the

space of ten years, will be very welcome.

### JUBILEE GIFT.

Mgr. Henninghaus, S. V. D., Vicar Apostolic of Yenchowfu, has presented to Pope Pius XI for his golden jubilee an exact replica of the altar of Confucius found in the temple erected over the tomb of the seer in the little town of Kufow. The altar, in wood, measures nine feet by nine, with a mensa extending in front.

### HAVE I FORGOTTEN ANYBODY?

"No I guess that completes the list," said Mr. Brown, as he affixed a stamp to the cheque payable to St. Francis Xavier Seminary.

The height is twelve feet. In the nich over the mensa is enthroned the statue of Confucius. Close by, in the Lateran Museum, is a miniature replica of the temple itself, 1-100 of the original, which measures 713 yards by 154.

### ASSIST CHINESE GEOLOGISTS.

Two Catholic priests have been chosen to accompany the scientific expedition in the exploration of northern China under the auspices of the Chinese Geological Service. The priests are Father Peter Teilhard de Chardin, S.J., and Father Emile Licent, S.J., both of the Musée-Laboratoire of Tientsin.

### CHINESE BENEDICTINE.

Dom P. C. Lou, formerly Prime Minister of China, and now a Benedictine, spoke on "The Situation in China", at the seventh Missiology Week held in the Louvain University. The general topic of the papers read at the meeting was "The Obstacles of the Apostolate". This meeting, although little known to the public, has become during recent years one of the most important gatherings of missionaries in the world. Founded by Father Lallemand, S.J., approved by Pope Pius XI, the session has continued to draw missionaries who openly discuss their problems. Last year's gathering was attended by 300 Fathers from every part of the world.

### NEW PREFECTURE.

The mission district in Manchuria, China, confided to the care of the Fathers of the Foreign Mission Society of the Province of Quebec, has been made a Prefecture, the name of which will be Sze Ping Kai. The temporary approbation of its constitutions has also been accorded to the society.

### CANADIAN SISTERS.

The eleven Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, whose mother house is at Outremont, Montreal, who sailed from Vancouver in October, have now arrived at their missions in Canton and Manchuria.

### MARYKNOLL DEPARTURES.

Nine priests, two brothers, and fifteen sisters left Maryknoll this year for posts in the foreign fields. Maryknoll has been making use of the Paulist Radio Station WLWL to tell the Catholics of the United States of the missions in the foreign field, talks being given by the missionaries who had returned to the United States for the first general chapter of the society.

### CAMPAIGNING FOR CHRIST IN FAR OFF CHINA.

(Continued from page 166)

touch with some wholesaler in that commodity, because I am sure that I could catch enough of these rodents to supply a good-sized city, at any one of our country "chapels". That rats, mice, cats and dogs are eaten by some Chinese is undoubtedly true, as it is undoubtedly equally true that rats, mice, cats and dogs are eaten by some of the citizens of the fair city of Toronto. My boy assures me, from actual experience, that rat flesh is fine, very warming. Snakes, he says, also slip down very easily. I happened to pass through the native village of this boy, not so long ago. I did not stop at his home for lunch.

(To be continued)

THERE ARE OVER 400,000,000 PAGANS IN CHINA





# Father Martin's Christmas Crib

By Luke Darcy

"Does God always answer our prayers at Christmas?" Ling Tsu asked the young pastor of Han Ying.

"Well, it depends on how we pray and for what we pray," Father Leo Martin answered slowly. "But if you want to ask something of God, pray that our crib will attract many souls to Him this Christmas."

Father Martin turned to his desk while Ling Tsu, his indispensable "boy," finished dusting the room.

It was the morning of the twenty-fourth of December, and there was a heavy day ahead of Father Martin. The crib, the first to be seen in Han Ying, had to be arranged; confessions were to be heard in the afternoon, and he hoped to be finished in time to welcome the three priests who were coming from headquarters, at Lishuihien, to assist him in making the Christmas celebration a memorable event in Han Ying. Two of the priests, Father Murphy and Father Davis, had been in China only a month, and Father Martin was anxious to hear the news from home. The

other priest, Father Wing, was a native of the district, and just recently ordained.

Glancing through the window, Father Martin saw a man turn in from the road. He recognized him as a Christian from Lung Bagien. Ling Tsu admitted the man, who bowed low before the priest. "Honorable Father, I regret to say that my brother is sick with a great sickness and is calling for the priest."

The young pastor allowed a sigh to escape, but after a moment's hesitation, turned to Ling Tsu. "You must remain here and arrange the crib. When the Fathers arrive from Lishuihien, make them comfortable and ask Father Wing to hear confessions. If I am not back in time, explain to him that there are seven Catechumens to be baptized before the Solemn High Mass at midnight."

He hurriedly prepared for the sick-call, and when he returned to the room the Christian was patiently waiting for him. In the next room Ling Tsu was enthusiastically unpacking the various statues for the crib. Just as the

priest and guide were leaving the house, a crash of breaking porcelain sent a sickening sensation through Father Martin's body. Rushing back, he found Ling Tsu dazedly gazing at the remains of the image of the Infant Christ. Seeing the priest beside him, Ling Tsu said in a sobbing voice: "Oh! Father! The little Jesus is no more."

Too sad to make any comment, Father Martin turned away. His promised surprise for the Christians would have to be forgotten. For how could there be a Christmas Crib without the image of the Divine Child?

He was started once more on his journey when Ling Tsu came running after him. "Father! I promise you that the crib will be ready for Midnight Mass."

The priest smiled sadly. "I do not blame you, Ling Tsu. It was an accident. So forget about it, and we shall have our crib next year."

"Ah, but we will have it this year, you will see," Ling Tsu insisted as he returned to the rectory.



Father Martin tried to take some courage from the words of Ling Tsu, but in vain. It would be necessary to send to Ningpo or to Shanghai for another image of the Infant Jesus, and that would take weeks. Ling Tsu probably thought he could mend the shattered image. Father Martin endeavored to forget the misfortune.

With a two-fold motive for speed, to reach the sick man, and to return to the church as soon as possible, the priest urged his guide to quicken the pace.

The day was chilly, but Father Martin did not expect snow. There might be a few snow storms later in the season, but as a rule the winters were mild in Southern Chekiang. The road for the first part of the journey was good, as roads go in China, so by early afternoon they had covered twenty li. A stop for refreshments was made at a Christian's house, and then the two travellers pushed on.

The path cut into the side of the mountain, and to add to the difficulty, it began to rain. The guide, who was in the lead, lost his footing on a slippery stone, and Father Martin lurched forward in an effort to rescue the man from falling. In the attempt he lost his own balance and slithered over the edge of the path, his arms and legs vainly struggling for a hold.

With a thud that shook every bone in his body he crashed to the ground below. The guide, who had regained the path, anxiously looked down at him from a distance of twenty feet. Father Martin lay stunned on the rocks. It was a few minutes before he moved, and then a sharp pain shooting through his ankle warned him to remain still. The

guide was shouting and gesticulating, but at a word from the priest he went in search of help.

In a comparatively short time he returned with two men and a rope. Father Martin was soon on the path, where he discovered that in addition to a bad shaking up he had a sprained ankle.

Climbing onto the back of one of the men, he was carried to the home of the Christian, where he had stopped for dinner. There was no question of not continuing on to the side of the sick man. As long as it was physically possible, Father Martin was determined to do his duty as a priest and a missionary.

A chair, which more closely resembled a stretcher, was impro-

#### NOT TOO LATE.

"Mary, take this check down to Lem Ho's for the laundry. And that reminds me, I had almost forgotten to send my Christmas cheque to CHINA. However, it isn't too late. I'll mail it to-day."

vised, and the two men, after a little bargaining, agreed to carry it. Although suffering from a severe headache in addition to the pain of his ankle, Father Martin continued his journey.

Within an hour he had reached the bedside of the sick man, whose condition he judged to be critical. He had made a supreme effort to keep up until the arrival of the priest, but scarcely had Father Martin pronounced the words of absolution when the sick man lapsed into unconsciousness.

Having administered Extreme Unction and spoken a word of consolation to the grief-stricken relatives, Father Martin immediately set out on the return trip to

Han Ying, promising to send another priest on the day after Christmas. "Remember," he said, "the last great sacrament can restore health of body as well as health of soul, if it be the will of our Father in Heaven."

Father Martin had hoped to reach Han Ying before the Midnight Mass started, but on account of the rain, and finally the darkness, he did not reach the church until the Mass was nearly over. After giving the men their money, he, with the aid of a young Christian, hobbled through the door.

The church was beautifully decorated with fancy lanterns and scrolls. Oil mantel-lamps made the interior very bright. While the young pastor stood there, the Mass, celebrated by Father Murphy, assisted by Father Davis and Father Wing as deacon and sub-deacon, was finished, and the priests left the altar.

Many in the congregation now went forward to the right of the church. Father Martin, whose view had been obstructed by a pillar, also went forward. Undoubtedly the crib was in its intended place, but the framework was larger than he had planned.

Finally he gained sufficient courage to look into the crib, and there in the manger lay a Chinese baby boy—his black eyes shining with wonderment. And beside the infant, displacing the statue of the Blessed Virgin, in robes which could only be described as unique, stood Li Lil, a precocious youngster who could be so serious.

Just then Ling Tsu came beside him.

"And Father!" he whispered, "I have arranged for eight other babies, each to take his turn in the crib."

(Continued on page 173)



CAMPAIGNERS FOR CHINA THIS SUMMER

J. Diemert, C. Clancy, J. Black, A. Belanger, E. Bedard, V. Shea, and A. MacDonald.





### CANADIAN AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

#### Canadian.

Turn to the back page of this CHINA. In the cut showing the Canadian stamps you will notice (first on left) the 50 cent of the current issue, which is said to be one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful stamp issued during the past two years.

Our friends in Nova Scotia can check up for us on the rumor that there is an error on this stamp. You cannot see it in the cut, but on the original stamp the numbers 1 and 2 are plainly seen on the mainsail of the first and second schooner respectively, number one leading in the finish. We are told that the Bluenose was really No 2, and hence on the stamp the numbers should have been reversed. Is this correct?

#### Newfoundland.

In the Newfoundland cut look at the two 4 cent stamps side by side, fourth and fifth from the right. Which picture do you think looks the more like the Prince of Wales. The first one (from the left) is the original Whitehead Morris engraving, the second the Dickinson re-engraving. The one cent re-engraving (not shown) also differs considerably, one difference being the correction of the positions of Cape Bauld and Cape Norman as shown on the original stamp.

#### NEW ISSUE.

The re-engravings of the Newfoundland Publicity stamps by Dickinson and Co. are so different from the originals as to constitute a re-issue, which will probably be featured as such by the catalogues. So far the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 10 cent have been re-engraved, the most noted differences being in the new 1 and 4 cent. A much better paper is used in the re-engravings, but the perforations are not so clear cut. The corresponding Whitehead Morris values are now obsolete.

### BEAVER SAYS!



Hello, folks. Here we are again! And got my picture taken 'n everything. Gee, but I'm proud of it. Just caught me at my desk, that photographer. I think it's just fine. And it only shows some of those young fellows that they don't know everything about Beaver, who he is and all the rest of it.

Well, what's new since we were crowded out by all this important news in the last two issues. Bet you thought I wasn't coming back. But here I am, and here we are ready for more stamp news.

There was a big run on the free packets. But there are still a few left. And this month, as a Christmas offer, we are "featuring" the famous Nyassa Triangles. This set of 9 beautiful stamps retails at a certain stamp store we visited not long ago at 40 cents. For this month we can offer it to members of the Stamp Corner at 20 cents for the set. You'll like them.

And this month also our famous little 40-page catalogue is free to everybody. In it (with 300 illustrations) you will see all about the famous Honor-Bilt packets that are proving so popular with the collectors. Send for your copy.

We also have a Question Box to solve your stamp difficulties, and all

questions will be answered in CHINA. Send your queries along. The "department" is at the service of the members of the Stamp Club.

Cordially yours,  
Beaver.

### QUESTION BOX.

1. What would the Queen Victoria Jubilee, 50c and \$1.00 stamps be priced at in the catalogue? Answer — \$2.00 unused and \$1.00 used.

2. Have you any New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, and early Canadian stamps for sale? No, we do not carry them, but if there are any of them you want to get let us know and we can get you a price on them from the dealers in Toronto. These stamps are for somewhat advanced collectors.

3. What is the catalogue price of a 5 cent New Brunswick green (Queen Victoria)? The yellow-green variety catalogues 15 cents unused and 35 cents used. (Note that it is more for the used than the unused stamp. We shall explain why sometime.) The "olive" green specimen is listed at \$12.50 unused and \$2.00 used.

### USED, UNUSED, MINT.

Of course you all know what "used" means, in regard to stamps. But do you know the difference between "unused" and "mint" stamps? Perhaps not. A mint stamp is one that is in the condition in which it was first issued, that is, without cancellation of any kind and with original gum intact. You often, in catalogues, see the abbreviation, O. G. This means "Original Gum", or the gum put on the stamp in the first place when it was being made. "Unused," however, does not necessarily mean unused, strange as that may appear. A stamp may have been used and yet may be listed in the catalogue as unused. How is that? If a stamp goes through, as occasionally happens, without any cancellation, even though it may carry a letter from Halifax

(Continued on page 173)

### HAVE YOU HAD YOUR TRIANGLES?



During this month we offer this beautiful set of nine mint stamps, post free, for 20 cents.

STAMP COLLECTING IS A FASCINATING HOBBY





To All Our Junior Readers: A Happy Christmas!



# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by

## ROSE GARDEN

FATHER JIM



Dear Buds:—

Well, here goes! More than a year ago (September, 1928) it was announced that "the publishers of 'China' have finally come to it. They have found out that they cannot get along without a reading public among the younger set. Hence this page." That was the start of our "Garden". The young readers responded so well to the idea that Father Jim had to get somebody else to pat him on the back, he got so tired patting himself when he saw how successful his column was. Every month letters came in by the dozens, and now Father Jim has a desk and an office all to himself to look after the interests of his "buddies".

The object in it all was to interest the young people in our Mission work, and last month Father Jim decided that this was to be a real club, and the members were to have badges, and certificates, and rules. See the November "China" for information about membership in our Club. Now I want all young readers of "China" to join; those who have joined before and may not have received a badge or certificate yet, should write to Father Jim as soon as possible, and he will fix you up O.K.

The conditions for membership are not at all hard, and the members themselves as well as the work of the Chinese Missions will benefit by the work and interest of those who join the Club. When writing to Father Jim it is usual (and I hope you will all remember this) to pick for yourself a "pen-name", or in other words a name different from your real name, and it is by this pen-name that the other "buds" or companions in the Garden will remember you. Choose any name at all you like.

Christmas will be over before Father Jim writes to you all again, so what do you say to having a little contest? Father Jim will send a prize to the two buds who write the most interesting account of "How I spent Christmas Eve and Christmas Day". Make the letters short, and write on them your name and age. The winning ones will be published in the February "China". Send your entries not later than January 15th. Perhaps we'll have other contests as

time goes on, and maybe some of you could suggest subjects for them. Who would be in favor of writing a description of what Father Jim really looks like? Or maybe some of you are able to send us your idea of Father Jim by a drawing or sketch (Don't be too hard on him.)

Sincerely yours,  
FATHER JIM.



"Buttercup" (Miss Mary Rita Hogan), 329 Wyandotte St. West, Windsor, Ont.

Marmora, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am very much interested in your club. I have a brother and sister. My pen-name is Tulip. I am nine years old, and passed in Junior Third. I would like to receive a pin.

Your friend,  
Eileen Flynn.

Is our new bud "Daisy" your sister? If so, I bet you got her to join our club. That's just what we want—all our buds should try to get new members. I hope you received your pin O.K.

FATHER JIM.

7 Park Terrace,  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like very much to join your club. Also your Corrie box. I read the "China" every month, and always look forward to it. I am in Grade VII, and thirteen years old. I would like to have a number of pen-pals, and I will answer all letters sent to me. I will send you some stamps later.

Yours respectfully,  
Ruth Duffy.

Ruth, you forgot to choose a name for yourself, so how would you like us to call you "Daffodil"?

FATHER JIM.

171 Nicholas St.,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to become a Rosebud in the Garden. "Snooks", my sister, is already a bud. I am enclosing a snap of her and me taken about a month ago. I am 14 years old, and in the second form of high school. I would like to have some pen-pals, especially Rose. My pen-name may sound Chinese, but it's the nickname "Snooks" gives me. I guess I'd better close now, or the editor will "crown" me if I take up too much space in "China".

Ningie.

Welcome to our Garden, Ningie. I'm sure Rose will be only too pleased to write to you, and other buds will, too, when they see your picture.

FATHER JIM.

2071 Cuvillier St.,  
Montreal, Que.

Dear Father Jim:

Have you a place in your "Garden" for a Montreal bud? Father has just subscribed for your magazine, which we find very interesting. I am 13 years old, and am a pupil of St. Aloysius School. I have chosen "Blue-bell" for my pen-name, and I would like very much to receive a pin. Nothing would please me more than to make pen-pals with the rest of the buds.

Yours respectfully,

Blue-Bell (Margaret McLarnon).

You know, Blue-bell, it makes Father Jim happy to grant room in the "Garden" to a new bud, and I

DID YOU SAY THE PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF CHINA?



hope to hear from many others in Montreal. You chose a nice pen-name. I know you like the pin all right.

FATHER JIM.

Waubauskene, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like very much to become a member of the Rose Garden, and receive a pin. I have picked "Brown-eyes" as my pen-name. Please put my name in the Corrie Box. I would like "Buttercup" and some of the others to write me. Good-bye, Father Jim.

Delphine Plouffe.

I'm afraid I'll have to give you another name, Delphine, because a bud from Marmora had just written and asked to be called "Brown-eyes" before I got your letter. Perhaps it wouldn't be nice to give you "Black-eyes" (I mean for a name, of course), but what do you say to being named "Blue-eyes"?

FATHER JIM.

Marmora, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to become a member of the Rose Garden and receive a pin. The letters that the boys and girls wrote were very nice. I wish that some of the buds would write to me. It is going to give me lots of pleasure to belong to it. I would like to see you, Father Jim, but I don't think I can see you now. It is nice to be friends. And now for a pen-name. Will "Daisy" be all right? I will save you all the stamps I get.

Daisy (Marion Flynn).

I surely think you will be glad to be a bud, and you have chosen a nice pen-name, too. I'm tickled to know that some of the buds would be glad to see me; even if you can't see me now, we'll be friends just the same.

FATHER JIM.

Marmora, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like very much to become a member of the "Little Flower's Rose Garden", and have the other buds write to me often. I am seven years old, and have just passed into Junior Third. My pen-name is "Brown-eyes".

Your friend,  
Mary O'Neill.

Well, Mary, I think you wrote just in time to secure "Brown-eyes" for your pen-name, because you can see from another letter that a new bud from Waubauskene, Ont., also asked for that name. Wouldn't it be nice if you two wrote to one another now? Thanks for the jokes and games you sent, but there's no room for them this month.

FATHER JIM.

I got a letter from "Snooks" from Ottawa this month, and she "bawled me out" for telling her real name. She even hinted at Father Jim's real name, so I won't publish her letter for fear she'd "give me away". I hope buds who are interested in stamps and fretwork will write to "Snooks", 171 Nicholas St., Ottawa, as these are her hobbies. Write soon again.

FATHER JIM.



"Snooks and Ningie," 171 Nicholas Street, Ottawa.

When the time comes to send out your Christmas mail I hope our buds will remember each other. Keep your "Chinas" for reference.

FATHER JIM.

As a parting word this month, Father Jim would like to tell all the members of the Club that he wishes for them the very happiest Christmas they have ever spent. When you visit the Infant Jesus in His Crib, please don't forget to say a prayer for the poor little pagan Chinese boys and girls who do not know anything about Christmas.

FATHER JIM.



MAILING "CHINA"

It takes over 70 mail bags each month to handle the fast-growing "CHINA."

## FATHER MARTIN'S CHRISTMAS.

(Continued from page 169)

Father Martin was unable to say a word, he could only smile. Keeping his eyes on the crib, he knelt down and prayed for his Chinese people.

With chicken displacing the traditional turkey, the priests in Han Ying sat down to their Christmas dinner. Father Murphy and Father Davis had given Father Martin all the news of home and had brought back memories of Canada. In his joy in seeing and talking to them, Father Martin almost forgot his mishap of the previous day, but a sharp twinge shooting through his ankle at irregular intervals served as a reminder. He had just asked Father Wing to visit Lung Bagien when Ling Tsu announced that the Christian from that village desired to see the Father.

"Honorable Father," the man said when he was brought into the room, "I regret that I was the cause of your accident yesterday. I and my family pray that you will have a speedy recovery. After your departure from our humble home, my family and our Christian friends prayed to the Infant Jesus that my brother might not die. Two hours later he awoke from his sleep, but he was in great pain. But early this morning the pain left him, and the old men say that he will recover. I immediately came to Han Ying so that another Father might not make an unnecessary journey."

Father Martin thanked him for bringing the news, and promised that he would visit Lung Bagien in the near future. Then, with a smile, he turned to his "boy." "Ling, does God always answer our prayers at Christmas?"

## USED, UNUSED, MINT.

(Continued from page 170)

to Vancouver, that stamp is technically listed as unused. But its original gum is by no means intact. As a matter of fact the term "unused" applies really to the face of the stamp and has nothing to do with the gum. It often happens that mint stamps get damaged or stuck to paper. They may have to be soaked off, destroying the gum, and then can be listed only as "unused", and not "mint".



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

A REELOR

"One man in New York dies every minute."

"Yeah, I'd like to see him."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

Ike: Is "well fitting" vun void or two?

Abe: Are you making out a bill or sending a telegram.

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

The world's meanest man: He was deaf and never told his barber.

—Denison Flamingo.

"No matter what I do," moaned the sailor, "I'm always Sinbad,"

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Poet—Dash it, the baby must have thrown that last sonnet of mine in the fire.

His Wife—Don't be absurd, Richard. The little dear can't read yet.

—Answers.

## Will Power.

A darkey was struggling with a balky mule when a bystander said: "Mose, where's your will power?"

"Mah will power am right wid me, but you oughta see dis yer animal's won't power!"

—(Students Mission Crusade).

Wife (at 2 a.m.)—If I only knew where you'd been!

Husband — Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Wife—There you go. Whenever you come home intoxicated you start using bad language.

—London Opinion.

One: Is he famous?

Two: Famous! Why, he even has a three-decker sandwich named after him!

—Stanford Chaparral.

Professor (in astrology class): Can you name a star that carries a tail?

Student: Sure, Rin Tin Tin.

He — Are you fond of moving pictures?

She—Yes dear.

He—Well, come in the attic and help me.

Lost—An umbrella belonging to a woman with an ivory head.

Lost—A pen belonging to a man, half full of blue ink.

The Actor—"Yes, sir, some one aimed a base, cowardly egg at me."

## A CHRISTMAS DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

### Act 1.

The Brown Parlor,  
December, 1929.

Mrs. Brown: "Strange, Jim has no use for the work of the Missions. Let's play a joke on him this year. Send him a life subscription to CHINA. It only costs \$10.00." (Looks enquiringly at husband.)

### Act 2. Same scene.

Mr. Brown: "Good joke. You bet, and more than that. If CHINA doesn't change his mind on the Mission question, nothing ever will." (Reaches for cheque book and pen.)

Mrs. Brown: "You dear. You always did have the most wonderful ideas." (Cheque is signed and mailed.)

Curtain.

(And Jim lived happily ever after.)

The Other—"And what kind of an egg is that?"

The Actor—"A base, cowardly egg, sir? A base, cowardly egg is one that hits you — and then runs."—  
Sydney Bulletin.

## Faithful Chameleon.

The business men were talking over their employees.

"Well, old Johnson has grown gray-haired in my service."

"Pooh. I've got a girl with me who has grown yellow, brown, and red-haired in my service."—  
Boston Transcript.

## Too Long a Wait.

Usher: How many, please?

Exasperated Person: There were five of us but three died.

A Daily News reader who asks for the correct pronunciation of "Pall Mall" says he has heard three opinions expressed: "Pawl Mawl," "Pahl Mahl" and "Pell Mell." Many people pronounce it "Pall Mall."—Punch.

## Strenuous Sport.

"Gracious," said the doctor, "how did you get these awful bruises on your shins? Are you a hockey player?"

"Oh, no; I just led back my wife's weak suit."—Detroit News.

Old Gentleman (bewildered at elaborate wedding): Are you the bridegroom?

Young Man: No, sir; I was eliminated in the semi-finals—  
Answers.

## Not Fair.

Little Willie: "Mother, I wish you would speak to baby."

Mother: "Why, what is he up to now?"

Little Willie: "He's sitting on the new fly-paper, and there's a lot of flies waiting to go on.—Our Boys.

## More Useful Book.

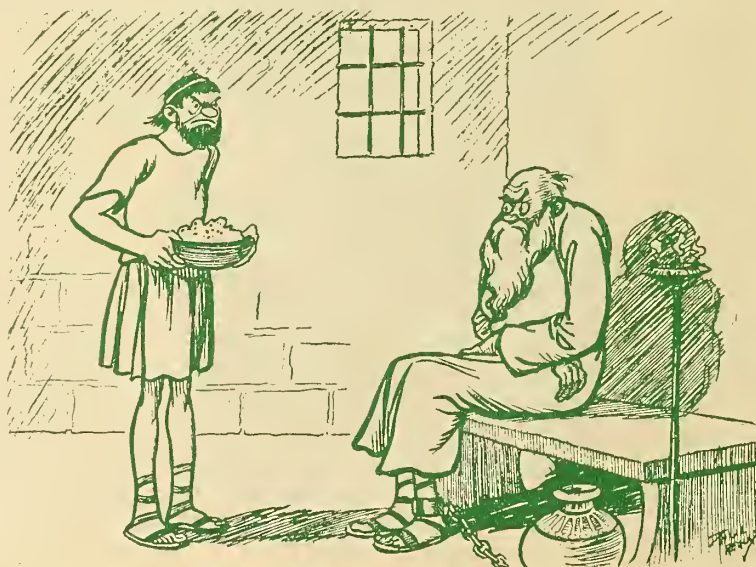
Customer—Have you a copy of "Who's Who" and "What's What," by Jerome K. Jerome?

Cohen—No. But we got "Who's He," and "Vat's He Got," by R. G. Dun.—Fort William Times-Journal.

## Every One for Himself.

Kind Gentleman (to little boy eating an apple)—Look out for the worms, sonny.

Little Boy—When I eat an apple, the worms have to look out for themselves — Union Pacific Magazine.



Jailer: Well, here's your pickled tripe.  
Socrates: No thanks, I'll take poison.

—Judge.



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We wonder why the leaves fall,  
And make the trees so bare;  
Desolate and lonely,  
And no one seems to care.  
Yet, in warmer climates  
Trees leaf the year around,  
Cold weather makes the sap congeal  
When it attacks the ground.

The sunbeams send their heat waves  
To warm old Mother Earth,  
In winter months the sun is low,  
Of heat we have a dearth.  
'Tis then we need the proper food  
To help our blood stream flow,  
Provide the heat and energy  
To make our engines go.

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### How To Send Stamps.

When stamps are sent free of paper it saves us a great deal of work and you a great deal of postage. But if you have not time to soak them off the paper, send them paper and all. We shall be deeply grateful for your assistance.



Stamp Dept.

CHINA.

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.



# CHINA

January

1930



BLESSED THEOPHANE VENARD





# CHINA

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VERY CAREFULLY

The subscription price to CHINA is fifty cents a year. Subscribers who do not receive the magazine regularly will confer a favor by notifying us.

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Do not fail to inform us promptly if at any time you change your address. In doing so, please send us your old as well as your new address. In doing so, please cut out and forward to us the address as it appears on your paper.

## DUPLICATE COPIES

If you are receiving two copies of CHINA, and have subscribed for only one, kindly let us know.

## SENDING SUBSCRIPTIONS

In sending your subscription to CHINA, be sure to state WHETHER IT IS A RENEWAL OR A NEW SUBSCRIPTION.

## MRS. OR MISS

Very often we do not know which to put on our stencil, as there is nothing to indicate which it should be. Will our lady friends kindly make this clear.

ATTENTION TO THE ABOVE DETAILS WILL BE  
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## NUNS IN CHINA

Communications may be addressed to

Reverend Mother General,  
Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,  
Pembroke, Ont.





EDITORIAL PAGE

# CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by  
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,  
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

VOL. XI.

... CHINA ...

No. 1.

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Entered as second class matter and admitted to privileged postage rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., July 10th, 1924.

## THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE

It is a fact that the attention of millions is focussed to-day on Christ and Christianity. Take up any edition of the world's great daily newspapers and you shall find in some column, reference to Christian principles. These may be stated for inculcation or for refutation and reprobation, but the fact remains that after 1900 years, Christianity is a vital issue whenever and wherever human minds think well. Deep, vehement, personal love of Jesus Christ exists in thousands of human hearts even though deep vehement, personal hatred of Him is found in as many more. It is a fact that Christ and Christianity are living influences in this busy, modern world. After hundreds of years of tremendous industrial revolution, after a century of unprecedented scientific discovery, despite steam, electricity, radio, aviation, there is yet no satisfying substitute for Christian thought and love. Despite the materialist and agnostic proclamation that the day of Jesus Christ is done, men and women in millions in the daily practice of their lives, persist in pricking the scientific bubble and in dethroning the God of gold. No other school of philosophy, no other hero of antiquity, continues so to hold a world dominion, to foster justice and to curb lust. The journals of the world reported tragic suicides and murders when Wall Street failed us, but only angels could record the resignation that Christian Faith gives to thousands. The papers told us of Red Anti-God processions in Russia, but they did not speak of the thousands of business people who fill the Churches of New York at every daily noon-day Mass. They describe graphically the immodesty and intemperance and shamelessness of the "modern woman," but not a line records the daily martyrdom of 100,000 American Catholic sisters in schools and hospitals among the

poor. Yes, 100,000 Catholic maidens in the United States alone have vowed their souls and fettered their frail bodies to the service of young, poor and sick without hope of earthly fame or recompense, in the name and for the sake of Christ alone. Did Christ, by His death and influence, achieve naught save this—He was no failure. The mangled corpse of the sorry failure of Calvary was abandoned by the world. On that day men said that never before had such ambitious pretensions had such an ending; never had such a Divine power been conquered by the power of men. But to-day ask the millions in the school-room, the parents in the home, the suffering and dying in the hospitals, the broken hearts healed in the confessional, and they will say that this vast ministry of Mercy is a never failing vindication and triumph for the tragic figure of the Crucified. So Jesus Christ conquers. Apparent defeat but unseen victory; first the failure of the Cross and later the triumph of its grace, abandonment and desolation heralding the conquest of the world, contempt and pain and blood are seedlings of glory and happiness and peace. Out of the humble supper room have developed the world-wide Eucharistic meetings of to-day. The lonely Crucified on Calvary is represented and adorned in a million gorgeous temples and in exquisite works of art. The spirit of Christ that wrought Redemption in such an unflinching loneliness has filled millions of martyr souls and created a very world of sacrifice. Even some good Catholics sometimes fail to understand that the most essential characteristics of Christianity is sacrifice. Without sacrifice even unto death there can be no great progress in the work of God. The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians, and without suffering, pain



and death, human souls cannot be saved and sanctified. It is not the true Catholic spirit which makes lamentation for beautiful young lives sacrificed but "not wasted" for God in the great work of the missions. Within the past 12 months, eight young missionaries, full of zeal for souls, have suffered death at the hands of persecutors. Had they lived for 40 or 50 years would they not have garnered a rich harvest of souls? But the harvest of souls will be greater because their blood will irrigate the soil. Their spirit, their example,

and above all, their heavenly influence, will send from Heaven above mighty showers of grace that will fertilize the arid wastes of paganism. If we would help the missions, let us trust those noble souls who send their beatific prayers straight to Christ for the souls for whom they died like unto Himself. Thank God for their sacrifice, for the glory they have given Him. From Heaven may they grant us something of their own spirit and the Divine consummation of their holy deaths.

### GENEROUS FRIENDS.

We wish to express our deep appreciation of the kindness of the ladies of the Altar Society of Holy Rosary Parish, Toronto, who held a Bridge Party in aid of our work, in the Arcadian Court, Simpson's, on Thursday, Nov. 21st. These kind friends wish us to state that their objective in this instance was readily realized, and to express their thanks to all who attended or helped in any way towards the success of their kindly efforts in our behalf. We should like to mention certain names, but unfortunately have been strictly forbidden to do so, the ladies concerned preferring to remain anonymous. Many, many thanks.

### GENEROUS YOUNG CRUSADERS ADOPT MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

On the night of the departure of our missionaries from the Union Station, Toronto, just before the Transcontinental Limited pulled slowly out to begin its long journey to Vancouver, one of our missionaries was seen engaged in earnest conversation with Father Johnson, Director of the C.C.S. M.C., than whom we have no more staunch and loyal friend in Canada. The "all aboard" had sounded. Crowds were surging around the platform for a "last look" and a last word with the brave young missionaries about to begin their long journey to Chuchow. There was not much time for words, but Father ——— was anxious to get his message to the thousands of young Crusaders throughout Canada.

"Tell them we are depending upon them, Father, depending

above all on their prayers. They are the soldiers behind the lines. The success of our efforts for souls will depend upon their sympathy and support."

The train was moving now. Hands were waved in farewell.

"I'll tell them," the Crusade Director promised. "And you can depend upon us." And so, with a smile in answer to the farewells of the friends gathered to bid them Godspeed, the five young missionaries were on their way.

Father Johnson lost no time making good his promise. The next issue of the "Students' Mission Crusade" carried a detailed account of his conversation with the young missionary and a request that some Unit "adopt" him for their very own, take an interest in him personally, write him from time to time, offer up prayers, Holy Communions, little sacrifices, all for the success of his work, and, whenever possible, send him some material assistance.

Right nobly did our young Crusaders respond to his appeal. Not only Father ———, but each of the five missionaries who left that night has been adopted already by Units of the Crusade. And we have received requests from various other Units asking for the address of our priests in China. For their information, as well as that of others who may wish to know, we give it here:

### CATHOLIC MISSION, CHUCHOW, CHE., CHINA.

All letters thus addressed will be forwarded to our missionaries at their respective missions. And

we may add that the postal rate from Canada for a letter is 8 cents for the first ounce and 4 cents for each additional ounce; from Newfoundland, 6 cents and 3 cents additional.

Already letters for China, spiritual bouquets and generous material offerings have been received from the following Crusade Units: St. Augustine's Seminary; St. Peter's School, Toronto (Fr. Stringer); Guardian Angel School, Orillia (Fr. Dunne); St. Mary's School, Mt. Forest (Fr. Boudreau); St. Mary's Girls' School, Toronto (Fr. Gignac); St. Patrick's Girls' High School, Halifax (Fr. Sharkey); Breezy Brae School, Colonsay, Sask. (all five missionaries).

You may well imagine what a delightful surprise is in store for our missionaries when they receive those letters now on their way; what a comfort and consolation for them, amid their arduous and lonely work for souls, to realize that they are not fighting alone in this grim battle where the issue at stake is the eternal salvation or the eternal loss of souls dear to the Sacred Heart. Not alone, but assisted by the prayers and sacrifices of a generous young army across the seas, the army of our young Crusaders whose prayers will ascend daily to Heaven and bring into many a poor pagan soul in China the light and grace that will lead them at last to the foot of the Crucified Saviour who died for their salvation. May God bless our young Crusaders, one and all, for the joy their charity will bring to many a missionary in China.



# Eastward HO!



In which Fathers Stringer and Boudreau tell of their first crossing of the not always too "Pacific" Ocean.

## S.S. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, SOMEWHERE ON THE PACIFIC.

Dear Everybody,—

What a trip! What a trip! This sure is the berries. We are having the time of our young lives. The trip through the West was something never to be forgotten. It seemed that everyone was trying to outdo the other in showing us a good time, in breaking the monotony of such a long train ride. At Winnipeg, we were met at the station and brought to the Cathedral where Archbishop Sinnott entertained us at dinner. Monday saw the last of us leaving there and my next stop was Calgary, some town too. I looked in vain for anything that looked like a cowboy. Then the Rockies, — you have to see them to realize their grandeur. Thursday saw us all re-united in Vancouver. An item of interest to us is that Vancouver is the only city in Canada that can truly say they have China enough at home. There are more than ten thousand Chinese in that city. We paid a visit to the Chinese Catholic Hospital, gave them an impromptu speech and ended with benediction. Saturday morning dawned bright and early and final preparations were made to embark. A small host of friends came to see us off with a wave and a cheer. And such throwing of streamers,—all the colours of the rainbow and promptly at noon with the whistle blowing and the band playing "Farewell to Thee" (ye

gods!) we set out into the deep. "Tenete omnia." It would be impossible to comprehend the depth of courage, of grit, of determination that this small little phrase calls for. I must say that the boy who called this ocean Pacific didn't give it a chance to do its stuff. We were a little late leaving Victoria because we did not get there as soon as we expected. Sunday morning, the weather was just the least bit choppy, and outside of a few dips the boat sailed along serenely enough. We followed the coast line north, sighting the Aleutian Islands, Thursday. Friday was dropped from the calendar, which made the next day Saturday, of course. Now, we were beyond the protection of land, and the Pacific started to bely its name. Coming on towards noon they started tying everything up that was moveable. The waves were breaking up pretty well over the lowest deck. On this deck at the end there is an open space for deck sports. It is protected at each end but the sides have just the guard rail. I'll come back to this later. We dined at one o'clock. It was the test supreme. The waves had assumed the size of mountains,—golly I never saw anything like it in my life, not even in the movies. During the afternoon we went out on deck, the second top deck and by this time the waves were breaking over it also. We were making only four miles an hour with full steam. They have numbers to describe the velocity of the wind,

from one to twelve. One of the officers told us that we were hitting into a number eleven wind and that it was closer to a No. 12. I found out that it meant we were having a gale blowing close to one hundred and fifty miles an hour. It sure was travelling. At supper time it was awful,—I only got every second sup from my soup, it slid over to Aaron in the meantime. But with a purpose born of despair we remembered the final word, "Tenete Omnia" and we did. After supper, I tried to play the piano, — it sounded like a new drink, a rap-sody. And what a night! Our cabin is right against the wall of the boat. The crashing of the waves against it sounded like half a dozen trains smashing into one another. Every couple of minutes or so a wave would knock for admittance at our port hole. To-day, it is calming down to an eleven and a half wind.

I said I'd come back to that open space on the boat between the two decks. Well, I decided I needed some air and I went out there quite innocently. A sailor saw me and perched me on top of a bench. I soon found out why. In a minute it was flooded but it didn't reach quite up to the bench. We talked for a while and then he went off. I still stayed there and smoked. Gradually, I noticed that these waves were washing over more frequently and to a greater depth than before. So waiting my chance I beat it up the outside



stairs. About fifteen minutes after I learned that a real mountain of a wave washed over that part filling the whole space with water, and it is about seven feet from ceiling to floor, I figured that it was just as well I wasn't there at the time. Remember, all ye that travel, the best place to get air in rough weather is up in the crow's nest.

Regards to all,

One of the Gang—D. E. S.

#### Father Boudreau's Letter.

Since Father Stringer wrote you of the trip Westward and of the voyage so far I'll just fill in and continue where he left off. Here I am in my cabin, sitting on that elusive little chair that persists in falling away from under you as the boat charlestons her way to Yokohama. My desk is the bunk (I mean the sleeping bunk). I have the port hole open for fresh air as Father Gignac just finished some more of his murderous tobacco. The sea is quite calm compared to what it was a few days ago.

We left Vancouver under ideal weather conditions, which continued fine until we passed the Aleutian Islands, just off the coast of Alaska. Then, for two days the vessel did all but stand on her head. I was on the second deck, in the early afternoon, admiring the beauty of the sea when she began her wild plunging, thinking at the same time of Father Kane, S.J. How true to the sea was his description! And then I felt that it would be better to go below. I had scarcely reached my cabin and seated myself when all of a sudden, in the next cabin which I knew to be occupied by Fathers Stringer and Dunne, I heard a crash with tables, chairs, shoes and everything moveable being flung round the room. And, above the uproar was Father Dunne's melodious voice.

"Man the boats; get the steward, quick; glory be to God, we're gone." And what was it all about? Poor Father Stringer endeavoured to ventilate the room, opening the porthole just as a huge wave struck the ship. Father Dunne was asleep at the time and the water drenched both himself and Father Stringer from head to foot. When I en-

tered the room there was about four inches of water on the floor so I leave it to yourself to imagine how rudely Father Mike was awakened from peaceful dreams of dear old Ireland by the cold Alaskan waters. I shall never forget the wild frozen look on his face as he started out to hunt for the steward.

The storm over, we glided along nicely. It was quite cold, but the sea had lost its ferocity and the waves were gradually subsiding. The arrival in Yokohama was the most amusing part of the trip. Do you recall how all the decks were packed with merchants selling their wares and how you were rushed at as soon as you poked your head out of the door? What a sight! I shall not describe it here as you have already had a similar experience yourself. About Kobe, Nagasaki and the arrival into Shanghai I shall let you know later. Sincere regards to Father McGrath. Tell him he will hear from me one of these days; also to Father Lellis, tell him "we did" also to good old Sandy, the man at the helm in the stencil department. Regards also to all the fellows, always in our minds. Good luck—God be with you.

As ever,

B. BOUDREAU.

#### TO OUR PRIEST FRIENDS IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

We are constantly receiving appeals from China for Mass Intentions, far more of them than we can possibly answer, although at the present time, besides supplying our own missionaries we are endeavouring to help Bishop Hou, of Haimen, and the priests of his Diocese (whom you will see in this issue of CHINA).

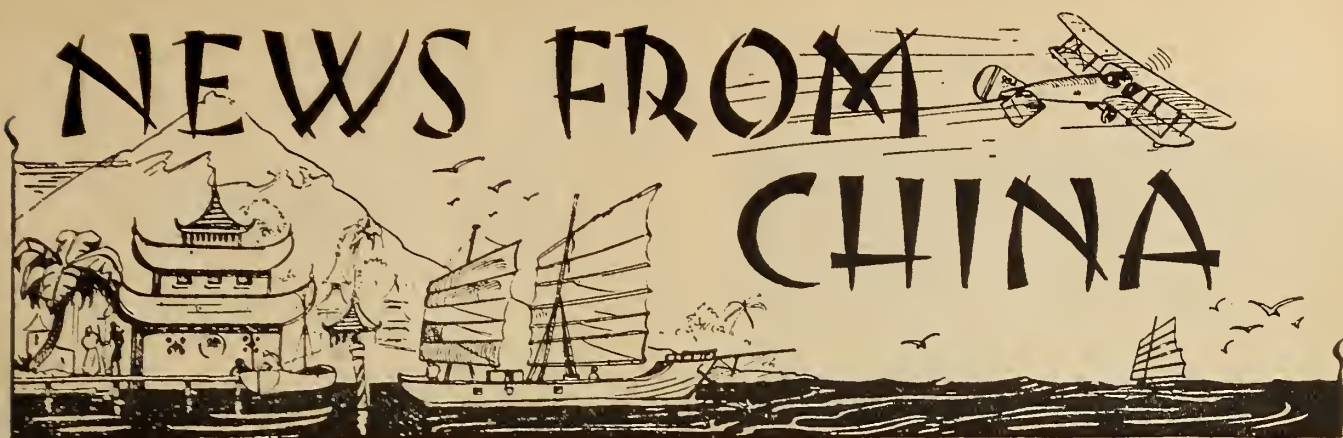
We are in need of a great many more Mass Stipends because now there are fourteen priests in our own district and we should deeply appreciate your charity in sending us your surplus Intentions. They are cabled from here to China in order to expedite their being offered over there and with our cable system it is possible to receive a Mass Intention in Canada to-day and have it offered in China to-morrow.

Many of the poor priests in China are utterly dependent upon Mass stipends to carry on their work. If we had sufficient numbers we could confer an inestimable benefit upon the Church in China. Will you help us in this matter? All Intentions receive our prompt and conscientious attention.



His Lordship Bishop Hou (centre) with his priests of the Diocese of Haimen, Che, China. We try, to the best of our ability, to help His Lordship by sending Mass Intentions, but regret we do not always have enough to send. Our priest friends may be able to help us in this regard, as Mass Intentions are always needed for our priests in China and as many other missionaries as we can assist.





### MISSIONARY DECORATED.

The presentation of the decoration of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold to the Rev. Columban Clement, Belgian Franciscan of Hankow, Hupeh, China, was the occasion for a glowing eulogy of the Catholic missionaries in China by the secular paper. "The Central China Post." The editorial said in part:

"If a complete history of the Catholic missionaries in China during the troubled times of the past three years is ever written, its pages will abound with illustrations of the courage and fortitude with which these men stayed at their stations, with their spiritual banner ever unfurled, in the face of threats, insults and promises of death pictured in its most horrible forms. This is the noble sacrifice of those whose sole aim is to seek the spiritual and physical good of the Chinese people, for the attainment of which they have abandoned family, relatives and friends and have renounced every worldly comfort that might have rendered legitimately happy their own material and spiritual lives. These missionaries have abandoned every vestige of the tranquil life, and inspired by pure charity, dedicate themselves to the betterment of the unfortunate Chinese populace. Of such is the Rev. Father Clement.

Father Clement received the decoration from the Belgian Consul in the name of King Albert of Belgium, in recognition of his missionary labors for the past 20 years in Hankow, especially his unselfish care of the sick and infirm, even during the troubled periods of uprising and communism.

### Monument to Catechist.

One of the final acts of the recently murdered Bishop Trudo Jans, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Ichang, Hupeh, China, was to erect a monument to a native catechist, Chou men K'o, founder of the Catholic village of Siao t'ang, who suffered for the Faith 80 years ago. Two months after the unveiling ceremony, which took place July 16, Bishop Jans himself was killed by bandits.

### Veteran Missionary Bishop.

Forty-three years a missionary in China, twenty-five years a bishop, ordainer of 35 native priests, founder of

two native religious communities and of numerous works of charity, is the enviable record of the veteran prelate, Bishop Augustus Henninghaus, S.V.D. who recently celebrated his silver jubilee. He was appointed bishop in 1903 and consecrated in 1904. His territory, the Vicariate of Yenchowfu, contains 89,000 Catholics cared for by 82 priests, 18 brothers and 52 sisters. Thirty of the priests are native born.

### Famine Effects.

The effect of continued famine and brigandage in the Province of Honan, China, is the wholesale migration of frightened and poverty stricken peasants. It is estimated that one million persons have emigrated to Mongolia, leaving behind house, land and belongings. Many villages have been completely depopulated.

### Buddhist Monks.

The census of June, 1929, reveals 16,518 Buddhist monasteries in Siam, Indo-China, with over 213,000 monks and novices. Taking the approximate population of Siam as 10,000,000, there is one Buddhist monk for every 47 persons, an almost unbelievable condition. The influence of the monks on the youth of the country is enhanced by the ancient custom that every youth in his twenty-first year must spend three months at a monastery. Though compulsory military service has in part interfered with the custom, it is still largely in vogue. The financial upkeep of the monks is provided by their parents, friends, or by the people in general, while a tremendous income is received from rented lands. The Catholics in this country number over 40,000.

### Chinese Seminary.

The seminary of the first religious congregation of men to be founded by Chinese, the Congregation of the Disciples of the Lord, with center at Suanhwafa, has now been erected. The direction of the Congregation is confided to a group of Spanish Redemptorists under the Superior, Father Rodriguez, who will remain until the new community reaches a stage of autonomy. The object of the Congregation of the Disciples of

the Lord is to offer native Chinese priests to the territories of China and to favor religious vocations. The priests will give missions, aid foreign missionaries in new territories where there are as yet no native clergy, and organize foreign mission activity in countries to which Chinese have emigrated. The members will be specially valuable as accredited teachers in colleges and universities, since the Government at present is seeking to discourage the use of foreign professors in these institutions. Characteristics of the Congregation are to a strong devotion to the Blessed Eucharist and a close attachment to the Holy See.

### New Leper Asylum.

A new Catholic leper asylum is nearing completion near Quinhon, Indo-China, as the result of the labors of Father Maheu of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, and a Catholic physician, Dr. Lemoine. During the suspension of the work, due to bad weather conditions, the temporary buildings have already admitted a dozen patients, one of whom will act as teacher to his fellow sufferers. The asylum will care for lepers of Central and Southern Annam. The new institution brings the number of Catholic Leper Asylums in Indo-China and Siam to six, with a total of approximately 1,200 inmates.

### Praise for Chinese School.

"If all the villages of China could have such a school it would be the salvation of the country," declared a Government official when he had examined the Catholic girls parochial school in Tahyuan, Chihli, China. In charge of the school is a native Chinese priest, Father Yuan, C.M. The declaration was the concluding sentence of an enthusiastic eulogy on the merits of the school, delivered to the townsfolk of Tahyuan, who had gathered to hear the result of the official inspection. Upon this inspection depended the school's registration as a recognized institution. This village is in the Vicariate Apostolic of Ankuo, which is under the care of the Chinese Lazarists. Catholics in the Vicariate total 27,839.



# BANDITS!

## THE TERROR of CHINA



Many places in war-torn China are to-day at the mercy of roving hordes of ex-soldier bandits, fully armed and only too often imbued with "Red" hatred of everything Christian. Scenes such as depicted in this photo are by no means uncommon, and often missionaries are forced to witness the wanton destruction of the results of years of painstaking work.

Up till now our district had been free from those ravaging bands, but in this letter Father Kam tells of their visit to Lungchuan. On this occasion the mission was not molested, but our priests there (Frs. Venini and Kam) will pass some anxious moments until they are driven out for good. May it be soon!

We have much to be thankful for because God has heard your fervent prayers and ours. I have just become myself once more after that terrible state of affairs. Let me tell you briefly what occurred.

### A Morning Visit.

On Oct. 21st before daybreak, the robbers came into the town, unnoticed. I got up at six o'clock, as usual (the Parish Mass is at seven). The first person I saw was my Aunt who came in in a great state of alarm saying that there were eight hundred robbers in the city, that the Mandarin's house and the prison had been smashed open, the prisoners were free, the bank had been robbed, etc., etc. What was to be done? Our cook said,

"King Kong, you must go and hide yourself till conditions improve."

For about ten minutes I hardly knew what to do, but after collecting my thoughts I decided that I must say Mass. Before Mass I exhorted the Christians to pray fervently and Mass was offered for the safety of the Catholic Mission and Christian families. The Mass was in honor of the Blessed Virgin and I promised that the favor would be published if we were protected from danger.

During Mass there was the noise of a great deal of shooting going on in the town. I was really very much alarmed but to all intents and purposes, for the sake of the people I still remained "Kam" (calm). The robbers

were looting and pillaging all through the main business section and in the homes of the rich families. They captured no less than four score of persons for ransom. A few persons were killed for not being generous enough and one dog was shot for barking at the robbers. All day long the shooting and the confusion went on from 4 a.m. till 7 p.m. and meanwhile meetings after meetings were held, but to no purpose. Who was going to provide the hundred and fifty thousand dollars which the robbers demanded under threat of reducing the city to ashes unless the money were forthcoming in three hours? It was a terrifying predicament.

My thoughts were occupied with getting things ready to send



away from the Mission compound to a countryman's home. And if they attacked us the first thing would be to safeguard the Blessed Sacrament.

Thanks be to God. This was not the case. However, we were all much scared and disturbed during the following week. At that period we did not sleep properly. Many a time we had to get up, and open the door at midnight or one o'clock in the morning. Most of the men and almost all the women had to take flight to the country. Oh, what a pitiful sight to see women with small feet and with little babies in their arms, walking as speedily as possible, and their husbands carrying loads behind them. For many a night, most of the people slept in the open air, and as a consequence, on their return, they all got fevers. After the arrival of the soldiers, we all thought conditions would be a little different and that is to say a little safer; many a store opened its door for business. But alas, this did not last. And at present, there is not a soldier in the city, all the soldiers had to go to Kinyuan, fighting the communists. So I have heard a rumor that soon there will come nine hundred communists to Lungchuan. On the strength of this news many people have fled again. From yesterday till now, they said nobody remains on the main street. More news came to us that there are over one thousand refugees who will reach here in a day or two. With all this what can we do for the mission work, for our minds are not well fixed! Oh, by the way, I have forgotten to tell another fact. One day there came three robbers to our mission compound. The sacristan, cook and two Christians and a non-Catholic friend were all in the waiting room or our new library (which you know well; so far no books, but only papers and magazines, so better to call it a reading room for the present at least) talking. One dressed in ordinary clothes with straw hat and empty handed came in first; and there were two other robbers with uniforms, and revolvers in their hands as his bodyguard followed. When I saw them, at

once I welcomed them, and invited them to come to the reading room. But they did not respond to my invitation right away. They looked around for about ten minutes. Our sacristan was awfully scared and tried to find some hiding place, but in vain. The two bodyguards came into sight, then, and I beckoned them to come, and offered them a cup of tea. They, after placing their sacks of silver dollars which they had just robbed from some unlucky ones and their revolvers upon the table, accepted the tea with both hands (polite form in China for accepting anything). But the officer had not even then come to the sitting room, but stood outside the door—near the rabbit cage—watching the tame animals eating. I perceived the unwillingness of the officer in coming to our sitting room, I sent my sacristan (now he shows himself to all again) with a cup of tea to him, who also took it with both hands, but shows more politeness than his soldiers. And then saw them all off again. So much for that. With regard to our friend the Protestant doctor. Both himself and his brother were caught by the robbers at first. But they were certainly very lucky and escaped from them afterwards. No money was robbed, but all the clothes were lost, and some of the medicines were scattered upon the ground. Mr. Chi's home was also visited by the robbers, but the loss is rather comparatively speaking small—about sixty dollars' worth of jewellery. Mr. Chi himself has lost three suits of western clothes, the Kodak camera which I lent to him was also robbed. So now my Kodak with Anastigmat lens is in someone else's possession.

My people i.e., my cousins, brother and his wife took refuge until after the robbers had left, remaining in the country five days. For after the departure of the robbers, there was a rumor of the second visit and that the robbers will reduce the whole city into ashes, etc.

Our sacristan is very feeble and sickly always. He is good only for eating and sleeping and also a little good for playing Chinese chess. The cook is all

right so far, and shows a little fidelity to the mission. For at the time of distress, he counselled me to escape and that he will for sure stay in the compound. But I did not take such a measure—thanks to God.

PAUL P. KAM.

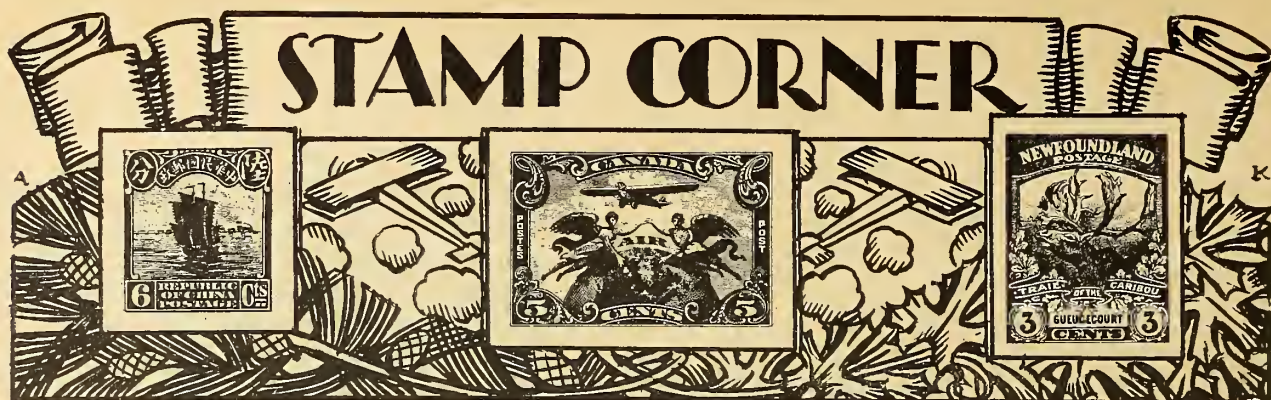
#### FATHER MORRIS WRITES.

From my little Chinese hut in Yunhwo I pen you these few lines. I left Chuchow on Monday—walking to Pe Wu Ka, where I passed the first night. After Mass the next morning I started on to the next station, "She Fang," where I remained two nights. This was necessary owing to the large number of baptisms to be administered and I had to examine them in the catechism and prayers. After night prayers the Catechist gave an instruction on the first question of the Catechism. Why do we enter the Christian religion. After this there were a few Confessions, and all retired for the night. In the morning after Mass there was another instruction on the doctrine of the Eucharist. In the afternoon they all assembled again in the dining room, and I had to listen to them recite the Catechism and prayers. The men came first and then the women. After the recitation of the Catechism and prayers I asked them questions on the Incarnation, Redemption and Trinity. They all showed a fairly good grasp of the fundamentals of our Holy faith. The next number on the program was the recitation of the Rosary and another instruction on the Meaning of the Ceremonies of Baptism. This being completed I administered the Holy Sacrament to fourteen. I distributed medals, beads and enrolled them all in the Scapular. They were indeed very happy as was evidenced by their smile, and the banquet they prepared for us in the evening. The next morning their happiness was complete when for the first time they received their Lord and Master in Holy Communion.

After breakfast we continued on our journey to Yunhwo.

(Continued on page 13.)





### Packets and Sets.

A packet of stamps is just a number from any country, or from many countries, regardless of their relation to any particular issue. For example a packet of 25 different Canadian just means 25 Canadian stamps, picked at random from all the stamps ever issued. But if we say a "set" of 5 or 6 or 10 Canadian we mean 5 or 6 or 10 from some particular issue, say the Jubilee issue. If the set lacks certain varieties it is called a short set as opposed to the complete set.

### Honor-Bilt Packets.

A reader, enquires as to where Honor-Bilt Packets may be obtained. Answer: Right here, through our Stamp Corner. A wholesale house has made us a very attractive offer in regard to handling a line of "sets" as



From packet No. 2065, French Oceania, 6 different, 10 cents.

well, but we are doubtful if there is sufficient demand among our readers to warrant our investing the amount required in order to avail of the wholesale prices, several hundred dollars. Write and let us know what you think of the idea. If there are enough of our stamp collector friends who wish us to handle sets for them we shall be glad to do so.

### A Well Wisher

"I'm a stamp bug in off moments. I am following your stamp corner with much interest. It is an interesting idea with possibilities. Pros-it!"

If you have an exchange list put me on it. All success to you and to 'China' "

Sincerely,  
Joseph Reith S.J.  
"Jesuit Missions"  
257 Fourth Ave.  
New York, N.Y.

### BEAVER SAYS.



Well, here's the Happiest of New Years to every member of the Stamp Corner. And what's new this month? A few items of interest. (1) We still have a few of the free packets of 35 varieties on hand and if you have not received yours write for it soon. (2) Here's an offer to our young collectors that will be hard to beat, an opener for the 130 season. Send us just one new subscription to CHINA, 50 cents with the name and address of the new subscriber clearly written, and we shall send you as a premium your choice of any of the following packets: Africa, 50 different; Argentine Republic, 50 different; Austria, 200 different; Birds and Beasts (The Postal Zoo) 25 different; British Colonies, 100 different; Denmark, 50 different; Egypt, 25 different; Finland, 50 different; French Colonies, 100 different; Guatemala, 25 different; Irish Free State, 15 different; Liberia, 10 different; or the famous nine triangle stamps; or 500 different stamps from all parts of the world. Look this list over and then ask yourself if there was ever such an offer enabling you to add to your collection without any cost to yourself. As many different packets may be chosen as there are subscriptions sent, for example if you send three new subscriptions you may select any three of the packets. This

offer does not apply to renewals but to new subscriptions only. We may have other feature offers from time to time but this is one that is going to be hard to beat.

Cordially yours,  
BEAVER.

### Albums, Etc.

We can supply our readers with any of the following Stamp Albums: The Everyland Album, 100 pages with space for about 2,000 stamps, price 60 cents; The Beaver Album, 150 pages, holding 3,000 stamps, \$1.00; The Triumph Album, 204 pages, holding 11,000 stamps, \$1.50; The Modern Album, 330 pages, holding over 12,000 stamps, \$2.00. With every Album purchased, regardless of price, we give free a packet of 20 different varieties of Newfoundland stamps, a good start for the average young collector in stamps of that country, and also a packet of 200 different stamps from all parts of the world. Order your album to-day and get interested in Stamp Collecting, King of Hobbies, Hobby of Kings.

### WHAT ARE "SEEBECKS"?

Many of the stamps of Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador and Ecuador are known as Seebecks, deriving their name from that of the agent of a New York engraving firm which contracted to supply these governments with all the stamps they would need for ten years free of charge on condition that they change their issues once a year and that all left-overs and all plates become the property of the contracting firm, with the right to make as many reprints as they desired. The purpose, of course, was to exploit stamp collectors, and the result has been decided unpopularity for these particular stamps. However, among them are some that have become rare and fairly high priced in recent years. This was the contribution made to philately by Mr. N. F. Seebeck.



Some of the stamps from packet No. 1170. 25 different Liberia. Price 75 cents.




# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by

## ROSE GARDEN

FATHER JIM



### EVERY DAY NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The heroes of an age are always few  
And fewer still the saints; yet life  
goes by

For some of us, in waiting for a high  
And ever-memorable deed to do.  
Not thus shall dreams of noble acts  
come true;

Each day has its own duties, and they  
lie

Here on our lowly earth—not in the  
sky;

Each day's a King to whom we still  
must sue.

The little things of life, how small  
they are!

Yet to be true in them is no small  
thing.

There is a heroism greater far  
Than that which makes the world's  
applauses ring.

God's saints were saints of God be-  
cause of this:

The little things of life they did not  
miss.

—Selected.

I think the above lines are very nice  
to begin our "Garden" with for 1930,  
because the thought is so much like  
what our Patroness, the "Little  
Flower," put into practise in her life.  
Dear "Buds":

Father Jim certainly spent a happy  
Christmas, and it was because he had  
so many nice letters and cards from  
so many of you. But long before  
Christmas I was having a great time  
reading your letters, and just to tell  
you a little secret, I think I had the  
Editor and "Beaver" sore because I  
was "killing" the mail every day.  
Every day there was piles of letters  
coming in, and I was more than a  
little busy in getting off your Certi-  
ficates and pins, so if I have over-  
looked any of you I ask to be pardon-  
ed. From the far West, the Mari-  
time Provinces, and Newfoundland,  
came new "buds" for our "Garden",  
and I'm sure you'll all be delighted to  
know our number is increasing so  
much. If there are any boys or girls  
who have not received their certi-  
ficates and pins, let me know. It may  
be that you forgot to send your street  
address—some did forget.

Now, I hope some of you will have  
patience if you don't see your name in  
print yet a while, because you know  
it is absolutely impossible to print

even one quarter of the letters re-  
ceived, since we have not much space.  
Every one who wrote was anxious to  
have other pen-pals write them, and  
I hope most of you will write to others  
of the "buds". As for the pen-names,  
I just couldn't keep them to one of  
each kind, but then, a garden has more  
than one flower of each kind, eh?  
But here's a suggestion: if you have  
the same pen-name as somebody else,  
why not choose that "bud" for a pen-  
pal? And speaking about pictures—  
why, I was just tickled to see so many  
of the "buds", and believe me, we cer-  
tainly have a good-looking and merry  
gang in our garden. Just look at the  
pictures! And that's not nearly all,  
either, but the others will be published  
later on. We must keep up the good  
work now, "buds", and after you re-  
ceive your Certificate and Pin don't  
forget the daily prayer and monthly  
Communion.

I would like to say a whole lot more,  
but I know you're anxious to meet  
some of the new members, so here you  
are! A last word: here's hoping you  
all will have a very very happy New  
Year.

Yours sincerely,  
FATHER JIM.

Christine McIntyre (Rosebud),  
Pitts St., Caledonia Mines, N. S.

"I would love to have a lot of pen-  
pals."

Thanks for the jokes you sent,  
Rosebud.

Regina O'Brien (Brown Betty),  
Milford, St. John, N.B.

"Father Sharkey, before he went to  
China, visited our school."

"I'm sure you were delighted to see  
a real Missionary. Pray for Father  
Sharkey's Mission."

Camille Graziano (Orchid),  
3227 Yonge St., Toronto.

"I would like Rose and Fleur-de-lys  
for pen-pals."

Ruth Farrell (Toots),  
Campbellford, Ont.

"I hope some girls will write to me,  
and I promise to answer them."

Well, "Ningie", just what is behind  
your question "do all you missionaries  
write alike?" Don't you think I'm a  
good writer? or have you ever seen  
worse?

Berenice Pautler (Buster),

533 Moore St., Preston, Ont.

"Would the buddies write to me, as  
corresponding is my hobby."

Dolores Knechtel,

Box 560, Hanover, Ont.

"We are getting to be one fine club  
now, thanks to you, Father Jim."

Well, Dolores, I think the credit for  
our success should be given to all the  
buds. Thanks for your own great  
help.

Marie Simms (Peggy),

281 Lottridge St., Hamilton, Ont.

"Next time I write I'll send in a  
story."

I'll be glad to hear from you any  
time, "Peggy".

Alice Mattice (Heidi),

155 East Ave., S., Hamilton, Ont.

"Some of you members hurry up  
and write."

Patience, "Heidi", I'm sure you'll  
hear from someone soon.

Stella McKinnon (Mayflower),  
Caledonia Mines, C.B.

"I am one of a family of eight. I  
would like someone to write to me.  
We all like the "China."

Janet Burke, 212 MacKenzie Ave., In-  
verness, N.S., has chosen "Poppy" for  
her penname.

Barbara Kerr (Campbellford, Ont.,  
Box 18) says she just loves to get let-  
ters, and promises to answer any buds  
who will write to her.

I received a great number of letters  
from new members from St. Rose's  
School, Fairville, N.B., and many of  
them sent in their pictures. It is  
really too bad that I can't get room  
to publish all their names; their school  
was favoured by a visit from one of  
the Missionaries who is now in China,  
Father Sharkey, and the buds told me  
they are faithfully saying the prayer  
for the Conversion of China. Saint  
Gregory's School, Oshawa, also sent  
along a great number of new buds,  
and many pictures. I was very glad  
to hear from you all, and wish you all  
the best of luck. Hope you all liked  
your Certificates and Pins.



Fairville, N.B.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to become a member of your Rose Garden, and wear a Little Flower Pin. I am 10 years old, and until 18 months ago was not a Catholic. Since I started to school at 6 years old I always prayed to the Little Flower that my sister and Daddy and I would become Catholics.

I am very grateful to the Little Flower, and I am sure she will help the little Chinese as she helped me.

Your true friend,

Alfred Calvin (Dad's Helper).

Well, buds, don't you think we should be all proud of "Dad's Helper" for writing such an interesting letter for us. The Little Flower has certainly obtained a great blessing for Alfred, and I'm sure he would like all the buds to pray to our Patroness also.

Lillian Coiffée (Nan), Sydney, N.S., sent in a very lovely little story, and I am real sorry that I have not space for it.

"Fifteen" is my pen-name, because they call me that at home, since I am the 15th child in our family, 11 boys and four girls." Vincent Lefebvre, 77 Iroquois St., Walkerville, Ont. God bless such a fine family.

Dorothy Young (Babs), 434 Park St., Peterboro, Ont., would like to hear from Ningie and Bluebell. Interested in music.

A bud from Newfoundland is always welcome, and last month many became members. It is tough luck that we haven't got about 100 pages all to ourselves, buds, but I think we would need that much to print the letters received. Here are some of the new buds from Nfld.:

Margaret Viscount (Forget-me-Not), 177 New Gower St., St. John's.

William Picco (Labouring Bill), 1 Young St., St. John's.

Elizabeth Courtney (Blossom), 132 Water St., East, St. John's.

Agnes, Rita, and Mary Lawlor (White Rose, Rainbow, Carnation), 19 Allan's Square, St. John's.

Mary U. Walker (Daisy), Brigus, C.B., Nfld.

Clothilda and Evelyn O'Brien (Blue-eyes, and Cherry Blossom), Cape Broyle, Nfld.

Doris Ring (Sunshine), 69 Long's Hill, St. John's.

Rita Hammond (Primrose), Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

Ellen Cain, and Kathleen Cain (Pansy and Rose), Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

Maud and Alice O'Toole (Snowdrop and Laurel), 7 Simms St., St. John's.

Ruth and Betty Summers (Frankie and Rosalind), "Buncloddy," Pennywell Road, St. John's.

Mercedes Frizell (Butterfly), Goulds, Nfld.

Loretta Whalen (Maria), Bay Bulls, Nfld.

Allan Walsh (Lord Baltimore), North Side, Ferryland, Nfld.

There are hundreds of letters from buds all over Canada, but of course I can't publish them all. However, everybody who wants to join is very welcome, provided the age is First Communion age at least. All who write in will get the beautiful Certificate and badge, even if their letter does not appear in print. Come on, buds, keep me busy. I just love reading your letters, and would like to have time to write to each of you in reply. And don't forget to try for the prizes in our Christmas essay: Subject: "How I spent Christmas Eve and Christmas Day."

Will Margaret Byrne (Spot), Stella Holick (Morning Glories), and Stella Colgois (Gladiolas), please send in their address in order to get their pin and certificate.

Dolina Boyd (Joy-Bringer),

St. Mary's St., Antigonish, N.S.

"I want to make friends with other buds."

Your nice pen-name should bring you some letters.

Margaret MacMillan (Violet),

Box 32, St. Andrew's, N.S.

"I read China every month and like it very much."

One of the Ottawa buds writes: "how about weekly Communion instead of monthly? That's what I'll do anyway, if no one else does." That's the spirit I like to see. I'm sure many of the buds do go to Communion every week, and I hope this suggestion will make others do likewise.

Frances O'Malley (Snooks),

171 Nicholas St., Ottawa, Ont.

"I would like to correspond with some Nova Scotian and Newfoundland buds."

Very glad to get your letter, "Bill" (Bernard Villeneuve, Box 234, Maxville, Ont.)

From 88 Wells St., Toronto, come three new buds: Mary Young (Bluebird); Helen Young (White Lily); and Barbara Young (Moonlight).

They surely picked beautiful pen-names, eh?

Naomi Smith, 15 Marjory Ave., Toronto, was the first one to choose "Shamrock" for a pen-name. I was surprised no one thought of it before, for I'm sure we have many an Irish member in our Garden.

"I can play the mouth-organ, accordion, and ukelele, all by ear. My favourite hobby is stamp-collecting."

Jack Black (Blackie), 14 Ann St., Galt, Ont., writes this. You know, buds, "Blackie" got a lot of new subscribers for "China" last summer.

Mildred Michaud (Morning Star), 21 Chapel St., Thorold, Ont., would like someone to write to her. Thanks for stamps enclosed, Mildred.

"Are the boys and girls interested in skating?" asks Miss Marjorie Longevin (Lindy), Chippawa, Ont. And how! Write to "Lindy," boys and tell her about your rinks and hockey games.

"I write regularly to about 15 of the buds. I think it is awfully nice."

The bud who wrote that lives in Toronto, and she was the first, I think, to receive one of the new Certificates and pins.

"Jo Wang" was the first of the boys to get a certificate and pin. By the way, Buds, I heard that "Jo" was out to the Seminary some time ago, and I missed him. And I heard it said that his Pin looked very neat, and he was proud of it.

"Rose-Marie," Box 376, Almonte, Ont., thinks all the buds would be glad to have Father Jim's picture in "China", and a back-view won't do this time, she says. Old "Beaver" got head of me with his picture last month, and so I fear all the buds will be spared from seeing me for a while yet.



HAPPY MEMBERS OF THE ROSE GARDEN

Left to right: Katherine Donovan (Dunnie), Walnut St., Fairville, N.B.; Agnes McGillicuddy (Isabell), Prospect St., Fairville, N.B.; Regina O'Brien (Brown Betty), Milford, N.B.; Joseph O'Toole (Joey), Fairville, N.B.; Miriam MacDonald (Mim), 57 Ready St., Fairville, N.B.; Mary Au Coin (Paula), Highland St., Dom. No. 4, N.S.; Rita Babineau (Will o' the Wisp), 103 Main St., Fairville, N.B.; Mary G. Comeau (Bunnie), Prospect St., Fairville, N.B.; Alfred Calvin (Dad's Helper), Box 152, Fairville, N.B.



I am very thankful for the lovely little story, and the jokes you sent me, "Dew-Drop" (Sheila Brennan, 389 Main St. W., North Bay, Ont.), but as you see there are so many new buds that I can't find room for your things.

A beautiful little poem came in too late for Christmas number from Olga Simpson (Jean), Penetang, Ont. She wants Rose, Anna Lamping, Betty Summers, and Agnes McMahon to write her. How about it, buds?

#### FR. MORRISON WRITES.

(Continued from page 9.)

Having developed a blister on my heel I was unable to complete the journey to Yunhwo in one day, so we slept in the boat that night, and early in the morning boarded a Chinese "Raft" and after a ride of three hours and a half arrived in Yunhwo City. Then we had Mass, but as the day was well advanced all the Christians were out in their fields at work. I remained here for a week and then returned to Chuchow.

This is the ordinary routine of Missionary work here in Chuchow. The harvest indeed is great. We are surrounded by thousands of pagans, pray that they may receive the gift of faith, and enroll themselves under the Banner of Christ our King and Saviour.

VINCENT MORRISON.

Since this letter was written, Father Morrison has been appointed Parish Priest of Sungyang, with Fr. Beal as his assistant. A letter from Fr. Beal will appear next month.

—Ed. Note.

Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke Dec. 6, 1929.

Rev. John E. McRae, D.C.L., China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Dear Father,

In one of your talks in Pembroke, you put the blame of our going to China on Rev. Father J. J. O'Gorman, now I suppose we will place the blame of what I am going to communicate to you on the C.N.R., for had they not granted me a free trip across the Continent, I would never had the privilege of meeting His Grace the Archbishop of Vancouver, and consequently our Community might never had the honour of being invited to open a house in that great City.

We met His Grace Archbishop Duke, and he is very interested in the Chinese situation, especially right in His own Diocese. On Monday of this week I had a letter from him asking if we

would consider going to the West, and if so to ask immediately. That sounds encouraging, and I know it will interest you. We will thus have a half way house right on the Coast.

We had a wonderful trip across, and the more I think of it the more I feel grateful for the advantage of accompanying these dear brave ones to the ship. It would have been a pretty lonely trip alone. On the ship it will be different. We stopped off as planned in Winnipeg on our way out and at Calgary and Winnipeg on our way back. Every place we went it was the same refrain, "How lucky to go to China," Oh what blessings this will bring on your Community!" We have, dear Father, proofs of these blessings already, for the number of good applications that are pouring in, will necessitate our building another addition very soon.

Yours in the heart of Mary,

MOTHER ST. PAUL.

S.G.



#### HERE WE ARE! BUDS FROM EVERYWHERE

Now's the time to choose your pen-pals, and send your own picture soon. Extreme left: Phyllis Harrington ("Curlie"), 169 Nicholas St., Ottawa. Top row: Yvonne Catif ("Lady's Slipper"), 8 Marion St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Dorothy Callaghan (Kelly), Campbellford, Ont.; Margaret McLarnon (Bluebell), 2071 Cavillier St., Montreal; Mary Nicol (Snowdrop), St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Ont.; Claire MacDonald (Sunshine); Ruth MacDonald (New Year), both c/o Box 127, Antigonish, N.S. Bottom row—First Picture—Here's where the engraver played his tricks—see if you can guess who this is: Joe Kelly (Mickie), St. Gregory's, Oshawa, Ont.; Evelyn Clark (Violet), St. Gregory's, Oshawa; James Hollowell (Don), St. Gregory's, Oshawa; James Conlin (Irish), St. Gregory's, Oshawa. Extreme right: Donald Benninghaus (The Fence), 5339 Burlingham, Detroit, Mich.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

A. K. E. L. O. R.

He: You remind me of the ocean waves.

She (jubilantly): Yes, wild and untamed.

He: No. All wet and you make me sick.

A boy was asked by his teacher to write a sentence with the words "analyse" and "anatomy" in it. He wrote:

My ana-lyse over the ocean

My ana-lyse over the sea

Oh, who will go over the ocean

And bring back my ana-tomy?

—Selected.

Asker—What happened to that valet of yours?

Teller—I fired him for removing a spot from one of my suits.

Asker—But isn't he supposed to do that?

Teller—Yes, but this was a ten-spot.

## Why Girls Stay Home.

"Alice could have married anybody she pleased."

"Then why is she still single?"

"She never pleased anybody."—Tit-Bits.

A woman can drive nails like lightning—seldom striking twice in the same place.—Sault Daily Star.

Outlaws, says one editor, aren't like inlaws. The frisk you once and then quit.—Galt Reporter.

## Timely Advice.

"Stop and let the train go by—

It hardly takes a minute.

Your car starts out again intact,

And better still you're in it."

"Is your wife a somnambulist?"

"No, she doesn't play any musical instrument."

"Uncle Robert, when does your football team play?"

"Football team? What do you mean, my boy?"

"Why, I heard Father say that when you kicked off we'd be able to afford a big automobile."

"How welcome are the notes of the bird," sings a magazine poet. Not the bird whose dad had to take up his notes in this town.

## The Morrow's "Due."

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me those lovely flowers,

they are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."—Humane Pleader.

## Flat Tire

Professor: "Your pneumatic contrivance has ceased to function."

Motorist: "Er—What?"

Professor: "I say, your tubular air container has lost its rotundity."

Motorist: "I don't quite—"

Professor: "The cylindrical apparatus which supports your vehicle is no longer inflated."

Motorist: "But—"

Professor: "The elastic fabric surrounding the circular frame whose successive revolutions bear you onward in space has not retained its pristine roundness."

Small Boy: "Hey, mister, you got a flat tire!"

## Why He Appeared.

Chairman of concert: "What do you want?"

Village Constable: "Somebody telephoned the station to say a man named Schubert is bein' murdered in here."

One of our "Half time" employees would like some assistance with his budget:

At the end of a week he drew \$13.75.

He sighed very heavily and gave his wife \$5.00 leaving \$8.75.

Next day he groaned and gave her \$5.00 leaving \$3.75.

Next day he ground his teeth and gave her \$2.25 leaving \$1.50.

In desperation he handed over the last \$1.50 leaving \$0.00.

Wild-eyed and wan, he is looking for that extra quarter. Where is it?

## STANDING FUND.

A new minister was scandalized to observe the old verger who had been collecting the offertory quietly extract a two-shilling piece before presenting the plate at the altar-rail.

After the service he called the old man to account.

The verger was puzzled for a moment, and then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that two shillings of mine? I've led off with that for the last 15 years!"—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Lost—An umbrella belonging to a woman with an ivory head.

Lost—A pen belonging to a man half full of blue ink.

He—Darling what are those?

She—My new dresses, don't mix them with your neckties.

Policeman—And whose little girl are you?

She—Mammy's this month.

He—Are you fond of moving pictures?

She—Yes dear.

He—Well, come in the attic and help me.

## Speed in a Tin Can.

The professor was trying to demonstrate a simple experiment in the generation of steam.

"What have I in my hand?" he asked.

"A tin can," came the answer.

"Very true. Is the can an animate or inanimate object?"

"Inanimate."

"Exactly. Now can any little boy or girl tell me how, with this tin can, it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed and power almost beyond control?"

One little boy raised his right hand.

"You may answer, Carter."

"Tie it to a dog's tail!"—Vancouver Province.

## An Epitaph on a Fiddler.

Stephen and Time

Are now both even:

Stephen beat Time,

And Time beat Stephen.

—Our Boys.

## A Stupid Request.

A young wife went into a grocer's shop and said:

"I bought three or four hams here about a month or so ago. They were very nice. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer, "there are ten of those hams hanging up there just now."

"Well," said the young wife, "if they are off the same pig I'll take three or four more of them."

Derivation of "Pedestrian," Pedes—walk; trian, try 'an do it.

—Toronto Star.

## Correct This Sentence:

"Can anything be sweeter," said the seminarian, "than the crisp morning air at 5.30?"



We gratefully acknowledge the following donations received from August 20th to December 18th, 1929:

#### MISCELLANEOUS

Mite Box, Holy Angel School, \$19.00; St. Alexis' Parish, Rollo Bay, P.E.I., \$11.35; Girls of Nativity School, Cornwall, \$18.00; John D. McEachern, \$30.00; Estate J. P. Murray, \$50.00; 238 Montrose, \$15.00; Mite Box, Placentia, Nfld., \$16.00; Geo. Leveux, \$20.00; Mrs. S. M. Frecker, \$30.00; St. Joseph's School, per Dr. O'Leary, \$100.00; Johnstown Parish, N.S., per Rev. L. Macdonald, \$23.61; Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax, \$15.50; Anonymous, \$200.00; Terra Nova, \$12.50; estate Fr. M. J. Gearin, \$300.00; Mrs. Basil Laplante, \$20.00; Anonymous, \$15.00; Austin F. Hall, \$25.00; Rev. Joseph MacDonald, \$128.00; Mrs. Rupert Hinsperger, \$25.00.

#### \$10.00

Mrs. Sarah Sheehan; Friend, North Sydney, N.S.; Michael Moran; Angus Gillis; Very Rev. W. E. Cavanagh; Very Rev. F. P. O'Sullivan; Sr. M. of St. Patricia; M. C. D.; Miss Lucia Bauer; C. P. Eagan; Austin F. Hall; J. J. Carolan; Miss Mary Chisholm; J. Drohan; Monica Quess; Estate John McDougald; J. J. Carolan; Mrs. J. A. Longmuir; J. Drohan; Mite Box, St. Mary's School, Galt; Pupils 4th Class, Penetang Pub. School; St. Vincent School Crusaders; Hazel Montgomery; Patrick O'Connor; Rev. W. Gabe; Nora B. Longmuir.

#### MISCELLANEOUS (OVER \$5.00)

Notre Dame Convent, Kingston, \$6.50; Rev. W. F. Dobell, \$6.00; Jas. P. Daly, \$8.00; Children of St. Nicholas, Miscouche Parish, P.E.I., \$6.25; Children Miscouche Parish, P.E.I., \$6.40; Rev. Fr. Donovan, \$9.50; W. McIsaac, \$8.25; Presentation Convent, Cathedral Square, St. John's, Nfld., \$6.79; Bequest, Thos. Whalen, \$7.50; Pupils 2nd Class, St. Andrew's Convent, \$8.75.

#### \$5.00

Friend, per Rev. A. J. Maher; T. J. Lane; J. M. Speechly; Fr. Thibault; Friend; Fr. Grenier; Anonymous; J. D. McKenna; Friend, St. John's, Nfld.; Mrs. Leamy; Rev. J. A. Finn; Mrs. Wm. Vale; Mrs. E. S. Sheehan; Angus H. Gillis; Miss Susan Flanagan; Rev. Thos. F. Toomey; Adam Pataski; J. M. Speechly; Mrs. Jos. T. Clair; Friend, Placentia; Mrs. Mary O'Connor; Miss M. Torfy; Harry Joannet; Miss Bertha McCarthy; Mrs. W. P. Hourigan; Mrs.

S. E. Sheehan; Richard P. Conway; Angus Campbell; S. M. Gowan; Bridget Toner; Joseph Martin; W. H. Meagher; Jubilee Alms; H. M. Ericson; Friend, St. Rose; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Pupils 8th Grade, St. Pat's School, Niagara Falls; M. A. M.; Cecilia M. Harris; Mrs. John Murphy; Mrs. John Graham; Mrs. Elizabeth Fierth; Grace Burke; Boys' Primary Grade, St. Bonaventure, St. John's, Nfld.; Mission Band, Arichat, N.S.; Rt. Rev. A. A. McRae; H. M. Ericson; Mary Fitzgerald; P. W.

#### MISCELLANEOUS (OVER \$1.00)

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# CHINA

January-February

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# CHINA

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EDITORIAL PAGE

# CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by  
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... CHINA ...

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## THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE

It is a fact that the attention of millions is focussed to-day on Christ and Christianity. Take up any edition of the world's great daily newspapers and you shall find in some column, reference to Christian principles. These may be stated for inculcation or for refutation and reprobation, but the fact remains that after 1900 years, Christianity is a vital issue whenever and wherever human minds think well. Deep, vehement, personal love of Jesus Christ exists in thousands of human hearts even though deep vehement, personal hatred of Him is found in as many more. It is a fact that Christ and Christianity are living influences in this busy, modern world. After hundreds of years of tremendous industrial revolution, after a century of unprecedented scientific discovery, despite steam, electricity, radio, aviation, there is yet no satisfying substitute for Christian thought and love. Despite the materialist and agnostic proclamation that the day of Jesus Christ is done, men and women in millions in the daily practice of their lives, persist in pricking the scientific bubble and in dethroning the God of gold. No other school of philosophy, no other hero of antiquity, continues so to hold a world dominion, to foster justice and to curb lust. The journals of the world reported tragic suicides and murders when Wall Street failed us, but only angels could record the resignation that Christian Faith gives to thousands. The papers told us of Red Anti-God processions in Russia, but they did not speak of the thousands of business people who fill the Churches of New York at every daily noon-day Mass. They describe graphically the immodesty and intemperance and shamelessness of the "modern woman," but not a line records the daily martyrdom of 100,000 American Catholic sisters in schools and hospitals among the

poor. Yes, 100,000 Catholic maidens in the United States alone have vowed their souls and fettered their frail bodies to the service of young, poor and sick without hope of earthly fame or recompense, in the name and for the sake of Christ alone. Did Christ, by His death and influence, achieve naught save this—He was no failure. The mangled corpse of the sorry failure of Calvary was abandoned by the world. On that day men said that never before had such ambitious pretensions had such an ending; never had such a Divine power been conquered by the power of men. But to-day ask the millions in the school-room, the parents in the home, the suffering and dying in the hospitals, the broken hearts healed in the confessional, and they will say that this vast ministry of Mercy is a never failing vindication and triumph for the tragic figure of the Crucified. So Jesus Christ conquers. Apparent defeat but unseen victory; first the failure of the Cross and later the triumph of its grace, abandonment and desolation heralding the conquest of the world, contempt and pain and blood are seedlings of glory and happiness and peace. Out of the humble supper room have developed the world-wide Eucharistic meetings of to-day. The lonely Crucified on Calvary is represented and adorned in a million gorgeous temples and in exquisite works of art. The spirit of Christ that wrought Redemption in such an unflinching loneliness has filled millions of martyr souls and created a very world of sacrifice. Even some good Catholics sometimes fail to understand that the most essential characteristics of Christianity is sacrifice. Without sacrifice even unto death there can be no great progress in the work of God. The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians, and without suffering, pain



and death, human souls cannot be saved and sanctified. It is not the true Catholic spirit which makes lamentation for beautiful young lives sacrificed but "not wasted" for God in the great work of the missions. Within the past 12 months, eight young missionaries, full of zeal for souls, have suffered death at the hands of persecutors. Had they lived for 40 or 50 years would they not have garnered a rich harvest of souls? But the harvest of souls will be greater because their blood will irrigate the soil. Their spirit, their example,

and above all, their heavenly influence, will send from Heaven above mighty showers of grace that will fertilize the arid wastes of paganism. If we would help the missions, let us trust those noble souls who send their beatific prayers straight to Christ for the souls for whom they died like unto Himself. Thank God for their sacrifice, for the glory they have given Him. From Heaven may they grant us something of their own spirit and the Divine consummation of their holy deaths.

### GENEROUS FRIENDS.

We wish to express our deep appreciation of the kindness of the ladies of the Altar Society of Holy Rosary Parish, Toronto, who held a Bridge Party in aid of our work, in the Arcadian Court, Simpson's, on Thursday, Nov. 21st. These kind friends wish us to state that their objective in this instance was readily realized, and to express their thanks to all who attended or helped in any way towards the success of their kindly efforts in our behalf. We should like to mention certain names, but unfortunately have been strictly forbidden to do so, the ladies concerned preferring to remain anonymous. Many, many thanks.

### GENEROUS YOUNG CRUSADERS ADOPT MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

On the night of the departure of our missionaries from the Union Station, Toronto, just before the Transcontinental Limited pulled slowly out to begin its long journey to Vancouver, one of our missionaries was seen engaged in earnest conversation with Father Johnson, Director of the C.C.S. M.C., than whom we have no more staunch and loyal friend in Canada. The "all aboard" had sounded. Crowds were surging around the platform for a "last look" and a last word with the brave young missionaries about to begin their long journey to Chuchow. There was not much time for words, but Father ——— was anxious to get his message to the thousands of young Crusaders throughout Canada.

"Tell them we are depending upon them, Father, depending

above all on their prayers. They are the soldiers behind the lines. The success of our efforts for souls will depend upon their sympathy and support."

The train was moving now. Hands were waved in farewell.

"I'll tell them," the Crusade Director promised. "And you can depend upon us." And so, with a smile in answer to the farewells of the friends gathered to bid them Godspeed, the five young missionaries were on their way.

Father Johnson lost no time making good his promise. The next issue of the "Students' Mission Crusade" carried a detailed account of his conversation with the young missionary and a request that some Unit "adopt" him for their very own, take an interest in him personally, write him from time to time, offer up prayers, Holy Communions, little sacrifices, all for the success of his work, and, whenever possible, send him some material assistance.

Right nobly did our young Crusaders respond to his appeal. Not only Father ———, but each of the five missionaries who left that night has been adopted already by Units of the Crusade. And we have received requests from various other Units asking for the address of our priests in China. For their information, as well as that of others who may wish to know, we give it here:

### CATHOLIC MISSION, CHUCHOW, CHE., CHINA.

All letters thus addressed will be forwarded to our missionaries at their respective missions. And

we may add that the postal rate from Canada for a letter is 8 cents for the first ounce and 4 cents for each additional ounce; from Newfoundland, 6 cents and 3 cents additional.

Already letters for China, spiritual bouquets and generous material offerings have been received from the following Crusade Units: St. Augustine's Seminary; St. Peter's School, Toronto (Fr. Stringer); Guardian Angel School, Orillia (Fr. Dunne); St. Mary's School, Mt. Forest (Fr. Boudreau); St. Mary's Girls' School, Toronto (Fr. Gignac); St. Patrick's Girls' High School, Halifax (Fr. Sharkey); Breezy Brae School, Colonsay, Sask. (all five missionaries).

You may well imagine what a delightful surprise is in store for our missionaries when they receive those letters now on their way; what a comfort and consolation for them, amid their arduous and lonely work for souls, to realize that they are not fighting alone in this grim battle where the issue at stake is the eternal salvation or the eternal loss of souls dear to the Sacred Heart. Not alone, but assisted by the prayers and sacrifices of a generous young army across the seas, the army of our young Crusaders whose prayers will ascend daily to Heaven and bring into many a poor pagan soul in China the light and grace that will lead them at last to the foot of the Crucified Saviour who died for their salvation. May God bless our young Crusaders, one and all, for the joy their charity will bring to many a missionary in China.



# Eastward HO!



In which Fathers Stringer and Boudreau tell of their first crossing of the not always too "Pacific" Ocean.

## S.S. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, SOMEWHERE ON THE PACIFIC.

Dear Everybody,—

What a trip! What a trip! This sure is the berries. We are having the time of our young lives. The trip through the West was something never to be forgotten. It seemed that everyone was trying to outdo the other in showing us a good time, in breaking the monotony of such a long train ride. At Winnipeg, we were met at the station and brought to the Cathedral where Archbishop Sinnott entertained us at dinner. Monday saw the last of us leaving there and my next stop was Calgary, some town too. I looked in vain for anything that looked like a cowboy. Then the Rockies, — you have to see them to realize their grandeur. Thursday saw us all re-united in Vancouver. An item of interest to us is that Vancouver is the only city in Canada that can truly say they have China enough at home. There are more than ten thousand Chinese in that city. We paid a visit to the Chinese Catholic Hospital, gave them an impromptu speech and ended with benediction. Saturday morning dawned bright and early and final preparations were made to embark. A small host of friends came to see us off with a wave and a cheer. And such throwing of streamers,—all the colours of the rainbow and promptly at noon with the whistle blowing and the band playing "Farewell to Thee" (ye

gods!) we set out into the deep. "Tenete omnia." It would be impossible to comprehend the depth of courage, of grit, of determination that this small little phrase calls for. I must say that the boy who called this ocean Pacific didn't give it a chance to do its stuff. We were a little late leaving Victoria because we did not get there as soon as we expected. Sunday morning, the weather was just the least bit choppy, and outside of a few dips the boat sailed along serenely enough. We followed the coast line north, sighting the Aleutian Islands, Thursday. Friday was dropped from the calendar, which made the next day Saturday, of course. Now, we were beyond the protection of land, and the Pacific started to bely its name. Coming on towards noon they started tying everything up that was moveable. The waves were breaking up pretty well over the lowest deck. On this deck at the end there is an open space for deck sports. It is protected at each end but the sides have just the guard rail. I'll come back to this later. We dined at one o'clock. It was the test supreme. The waves had assumed the size of mountains,—golly I never saw anything like it in my life, not even in the movies. During the afternoon we went out on deck, the second, top deck and by this time the waves were breaking over it also. We were making only four miles an hour with full steam. They have numbers to describe the velocity of the wind,

from one to twelve. One of the officers told us that we were hitting into a number eleven wind and that it was closer to a No. 12. I found out that it meant we were having a gale blowing close to one hundred and fifty miles an hour. It sure was travelling. At supper time it was awful,—I only got every second sup from my soup, it slid over to Aaron in the meantime. But with a purpose born of despair we remembered the final word, "Tenete Omnia" and we did. After supper, I tried to play the piano, — it sounded like a new drink, a rap-sody. And what a night! Our cabin is right against the wall of the boat. The crashing of the waves against it sounded like half a dozen trains smashing into one another. Every couple of minutes or so a wave would knock for admittance at our port hole. To-day, it is calming down to an eleven and a half wind.

I said I'd come back to that open space on the boat between the two decks. Well, I decided I needed some air and I went out there quite innocently. A sailor saw me and perched me on top of a bench. I soon found out why. In a minute it was flooded but it didn't reach quite up to the bench. We talked for a while and then he went off. I still stayed there and smoked. Gradually, I noticed that these waves were washing over more frequently and to a greater depth than before. So waiting my chance I beat it up the outside



stairs. About fifteen minutes after I learned that a real mountain of a wave washed over that part filling the whole space with water, and it is about seven feet from ceiling to floor, I figured that it was just as well I wasn't there at the time. Remember, all ye that travel, the best place to get air in rough weather is up in the crow's nest.

Regards to all,

One of the Gang—D. E. S.

#### Father Boudreau's Letter.

Since Father Stringer wrote you of the trip Westward and of the voyage so far I'll just fill in and continue where he left off. Here I am in my cabin, sitting on that elusive little chair that persists in falling away from under you as the boat charlestons her way to Yokohama. My desk is the bunk (I mean the sleeping bunk). I have the port hole open for fresh air as Father Gignac just finished some more of his murderous tobacco. The sea is quite calm compared to what it was a few days ago.

We left Vancouver under ideal weather conditions, which continued fine until we passed the Aleutian Islands, just off the coast of Alaska. Then, for two days the vessel did all but stand on her head. I was on the second deck, in the early afternoon, admiring the beauty of the sea when she began her wild plunging, thinking at the same time of Father Kane, S.J. How true to the sea was his description! And then I felt that it would be better to go below. I had scarcely reached my cabin and seated myself when all of a sudden, in the next cabin which I knew to be occupied by Fathers Stringer and Dunne, I heard a crash with tables, chairs, shoes and everything moveable being flung round the room. And, above the uproar was Father Dunne's melodious voice.

"Man the boats; get the steward, quick; glory be to God, we're gone." And what was it all about? Poor Father Stringer endeavoured to ventilate the room, opening the porthole just as a huge wave struck the ship. Father Dunne was asleep at the time and the water drenched both himself and Father Stringer from head to foot. When I en-

tered the room there was about four inches of water on the floor so I leave it to yourself to imagine how rudely Father Mike was awakened from peaceful dreams of dear old Ireland by the cold Alaskan waters. I shall never forget the wild frozen look on his face as he started out to hunt for the steward.

The storm over, we glided along nicely. It was quite cold, but the sea had lost its ferocity and the waves were gradually subsiding. The arrival in Yokohama was the most amusing part of the trip. Do you recall how all the decks were packed with merchants selling their wares and how you were rushed at as soon as you poked your head out of the door? What a sight! I shall not describe it here as you have already had a similar experience yourself. About Kobe, Nagasaki and the arrival into Shanghai I shall let you know later. Sincere regards to Father McGrath. Tell him he will hear from me one of these days; also to Father Lellis, tell him "we did" also to good old Sandy, the man at the helm in the stencil department. Regards also to all the fellows, always in our minds. Good luck—God be with you.

As ever,

B. BOUDREAU.

#### TO OUR PRIEST FRIENDS IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

We are constantly receiving appeals from China for Mass Intentions, far more of them than we can possibly answer, although at the present time, besides supplying our own missionaries we are endeavouring to help Bishop Hou, of Haimen, and the priests of his Diocese (whom you will see in this issue of CHINA).

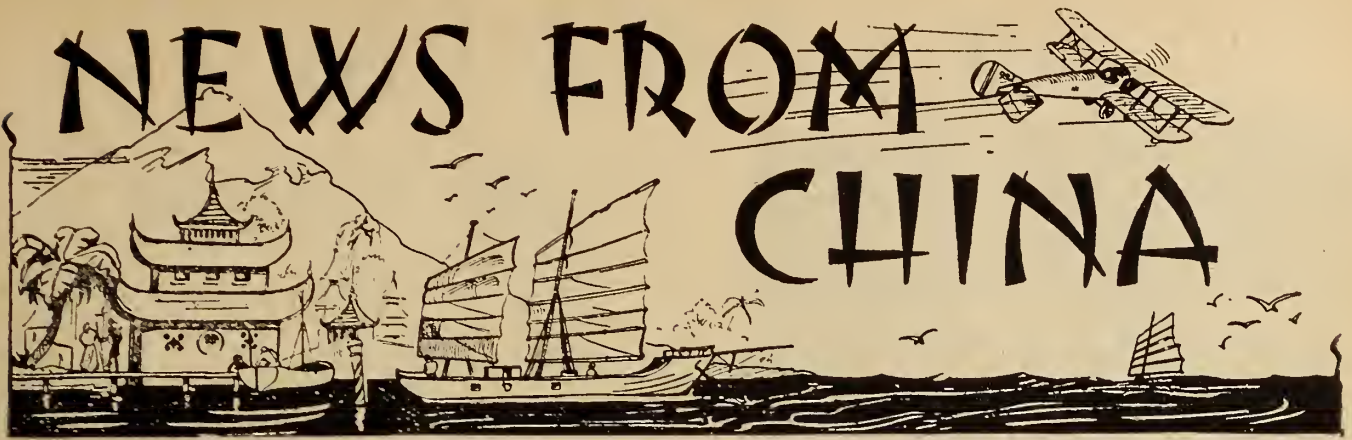
We are in need of a great many more Mass Stipends because now there are fourteen priests in our own district and we should deeply appreciate your charity in sending us your surplus Intentions. They are cabled from here to China in order to expedite their being offered over there and with our cable system it is possible to receive a Mass Intention in Canada to-day and have it offered in China to-morrow.

Many of the poor priests in China are utterly dependent upon Mass stipends to carry on their work. If we had sufficient numbers we could confer an inestimable benefit upon the Church in China. Will you help us in this matter? All Intentions receive our prompt and conscientious attention.



His Lordship Bishop Hou (centre) with his priests of the Diocese of Haimen, Che. China. We try, to the best of our ability, to help His Lordship by sending Mass Intentions, but regret we do not always have enough to send. Our priest friends may be able to help us in this regard, as Mass Intentions are always needed for our priests in China and as many other missionaries as we can assist.





### MISSIONARY DECORATED.

The presentation of the decoration of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold to the Rev. Columban Clement, Belgian Franciscan of Hankow, Hupeh, China, was the occasion for a glowing eulogy of the Catholic missionaries in China by the secular paper, "The Central China Post." The editorial said in part:

"If a complete history of the Catholic missionaries in China during the troubled times of the past three years is ever written, its pages will abound with illustrations of the courage and fortitude with which these men stayed at their stations, with their spiritual banner ever unfurled, in the face of threats, insults and promises of death pictured in its most horrible forms. This is the noble sacrifice of those whose sole aim is to seek the spiritual and physical good of the Chinese people, for the attainment of which they have abandoned family, relatives and friends and have renounced every worldly comfort that might have rendered legitimately happy their own material and spiritual lives. These missionaries have abandoned every vestige of the tranquil life, and inspired by pure charity, dedicate themselves to the betterment of the unfortunate Chinese populace. Of such is the Rev. Father Clement.

Father Clement received the decoration from the Belgian Consul in the name of King Albert of Belgium, in recognition of his missionary labors for the past 20 years in Hankow, especially his unselfish care of the sick and infirm, even during the troubled periods of uprising and communism.

### Monument to Catechist.

One of the final acts of the recently murdered Bishop Trudo Jans, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Ichang, Hupeh, China, was to erect a monument to a native catechist, Chou men K'o, founder of the Catholic village of Siao t'ang, who suffered for the Faith 80 years ago. Two months after the unveiling ceremony, which took place July 16, Bishop Jans himself was killed by bandits.

### Veteran Missionary Bishop.

Forty-three years a missionary in China, twenty-five years a bishop, ordainer of 35 native priests, founder of

two native religious communities and of numerous works of charity, is the enviable record of the veteran prelate, Bishop Augustus Henninghaus, S.V.D. who recently celebrated his silver jubilee. He was appointed bishop in 1903 and consecrated in 1904. His territory, the Vicariate of Yenchowfu, contains 89,000 Catholics cared for by 82 priests, 18 brothers and 52 sisters. Thirty of the priests are native born.

### Famine Effects.

The effect of continued famine and brigandage in the Province of Honan, China, is the wholesale migration of frightened and poverty stricken peasants. It is estimated that one million persons have emigrated to Mongolia, leaving behind house, land and belongings. Many villages have been completely depopulated.

### Buddhist Monks.

The census of June, 1929, reveals 16,518 Buddhist monasteries in Siam, Indo-China, with over 213,000 monks and novices. Taking the approximate population of Siam as 10,000,000, there is one Buddhist monk for every 47 persons, an almost unbelievable condition. The influence of the monks on the youth of the country is enhanced by the ancient custom that every youth in his twenty-first year must spend three months at a monastery. Though compulsory military service has in part interfered with the custom, it is still largely in vogue. The financial upkeep of the monks is provided by their parents, friends, or by the people in general, while a tremendous income is received from rented lands. The Catholics in this country number over 40,000.

### Chinese Seminary.

The seminary of the first religious congregation of men to be founded by Chinese, the Congregation of the Disciples of the Lord, with center at Suanhwafa, has now been erected. The direction of the Congregation is confided to a group of Spanish Redemptorists under the Superior, Father Rodriguez, who will remain until the new community reaches a stage of autonomy. The object of the Congregation of the Disciples of

the Lord is to offer native Chinese priests to the territories of China and to favor religious vocations. The priests will give missions, aid foreign missionaries in new territories where there are as yet no native clergy, and organize foreign mission activity in countries to which Chinese have emigrated. The members will be specially valuable as accredited teachers in colleges and universities, since the Government at present is seeking to discourage the use of foreign professors in these institutions. Characteristics of the Congregation are to a strong devotion to the Blessed Eucharist and a close attachment to the Holy See.

### New Leper Asylum.

A new Catholic leper asylum is nearing completion near Quinhon, Indo-China, as the result of the labors of Father Maheu of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, and a Catholic physician, Dr. Lemoine. During the suspension of the work, due to bad weather conditions, the temporary buildings have already admitted a dozen patients, one of whom will act as teacher to his fellow sufferers. The asylum will care for lepers of Central and Southern Annam. The new institution brings the number of Catholic Leper Asylums in Indo-China and Siam to six, with a total of approximately 1,200 inmates.

### Praise for Chinese School.

"If all the villages of China could have such a school it would be the salvation of the country," declared a Government official when he had examined the Catholic girls parochial school in Tahyuan, Chihli, China. In charge of the school is a native Chinese priest, Father Yuan, C.M. The declaration was the concluding sentence of an enthusiastic eulogy on the merits of the school, delivered to the townsfolk of Tahyuan, who had gathered to hear the result of the official inspection. Upon this inspection depended the school's registration as a recognized institution. This village is in the Vicariate Apostolic of Ankuo, which is under the care of the Chinese Lazarists. Catholics in the Vicariate total 27,839.



# BANDITS!

## THE TERROR of CHINA



Many places in war-torn China are to-day at the mercy of roving hordes of ex-soldier bandits, fully armed and only too often imbued with "Red" hatred of everything Christian. Scenes such as depicted in this photo are by no means uncommon, and often missionaries are forced to witness the wanton destruction of the results of years of painstaking work.

Up till now our district had been free from those ravaging bands, but in this letter Father Kam tells of their visit to Lungchuan. On this occasion the mission was not molested, but our priests there (Frs. Venini and Kam) will pass some anxious moments until they are driven out for good. May it be soon!

We have much to be thankful for because God has heard your fervent prayers and ours. I have just become myself once more after that terrible state of affairs. Let me tell you briefly what occurred.

### A Morning Visit.

On Oct. 21st before daybreak, the robbers came into the town, unnoticed. I got up at six o'clock, as usual (the Parish Mass is at seven). The first person I saw was my Aunt who came in in a great state of alarm saying that there were eight hundred robbers in the city, that the Mandarin's house and the prison had been smashed open, the prisoners were free, the bank had been robbed, etc., etc. What was to be done? Our cook said,

"King Kong, you must go and hide yourself till conditions improve."

For about ten minutes I hardly knew what to do, but after collecting my thoughts I decided that I must say Mass. Before Mass I exhorted the Christians to pray fervently and Mass was offered for the safety of the Catholic Mission and Christian families. The Mass was in honor of the Blessed Virgin and I promised that the favor would be published if we were protected from danger.

During Mass there was the noise of a great deal of shooting going on in the town. I was really very much alarmed but to all intents and purposes, for the sake of the people I still remained "Kam" (calm). The robbers

were looting and pillaging all through the main business section and in the homes of the rich families. They captured no less than four score of persons for ransom. A few persons were killed for not being generous enough and one dog was shot for barking at the robbers. All day long the shooting and the confusion went on from 4 a.m. till 7 p.m. and meanwhile meetings after meetings were held, but to no purpose. Who was going to provide the hundred and fifty thousand dollars which the robbers demanded under threat of reducing the city to ashes unless the money were forthcoming in three hours? It was a terrifying predicament.

My thoughts were occupied with getting things ready to send



away from the Mission compound to a countryman's home. And if they attacked us the first thing would be to safeguard the Blessed Sacrament.

Thanks be to God. This was not the case. However, we were all much scared and disturbed during the following week. At that period we did not sleep properly. Many a time we had to get up and open the door at midnight or one o'clock in the morning. Most of the men and almost all the women had to take flight to the country. Oh, what a pitiful sight to see women with small feet and with little babies in their arms, walking as speedily as possible, and their husbands carrying loads behind them. For many a night, most of the people slept in the open air, and as a consequence, on their return, they all got fevers. After the arrival of the soldiers, we all thought conditions would be a little different and that is to say a little safer; many a store opened its door for business. But alas, this did not last. And at present, there is not a soldier in the city, all the soldiers had to go to Kinyuan, fighting the communists. So I have heard a rumor that soon there will come nine hundred communists to Lungchuan. On the strength of this news many people have fled again. From yesterday till now, they said nobody remains on the main street. More news came to us was that there are over one thousand refugees who will reach here in a day or two. With all this what can we do for the mission work, for our minds are not well fixed! Oh, by the way, I have forgotten to tell another fact. One day there came three robbers to our mission compound. The sacristan, cook and two Christians and a non-Catholic friend were all in the waiting room or our new library (which you know well; so far no books, but only papers and magazines, so better to call it a reading room for the present at least) talking. One dressed in ordinary clothes with straw hat and empty handed came in first; and there were two other robbers with uniforms, and revolvers in their hands as his bodyguard followed. When I saw them, at

once I welcomed them, and invited them to come to the reading room. But they did not respond to my invitation right away. They looked around for about ten minutes. Our sacristan was awfully scared and tried to find some hiding place, but in vain. The two bodyguards came into sight, then, and I beckoned them to come, and offered them a cup of tea. They, after placing their sacks of silver dollars which they had just robbed from some unlucky ones and their revolvers upon the table, accepted the tea with both hands (polite form in China for accepting anything). But the officer had not even then come to the sitting room, but stood outside the door—near the rabbit cage—watching the tame animals eating. I perceived the unwillingness of the officer in coming to our sitting room, I sent my sacristan (now he shows himself to all again) with a cup of tea to him, who also took it with both hands, but shows more politeness than his soldiers. And then saw them all off again. So much for that. With regard to our friend the Protestant doctor. Both himself and his brother were caught by the robbers at first. But they were certainly very lucky and escaped from them afterwards. No money was robbed, but all the clothes were lost, and some of the medicines were scattered upon the ground. Mr. Chi's home was also visited by the robbers, but the loss is rather comparatively speaking small—about sixty dollars' worth of jewellery. Mr. Chi himself has lost three suits of western clothes, the Kodak camera which I lent to him was also robbed. So now my Kodak with Anastigmat lens is in someone else's possession.

My people i.e., my cousins, brother and his wife took refuge until after the robbers had left, remaining in the country five days. For after the departure of the robbers, there was a rumor of the second visit and that the robbers will reduce the whole city into ashes, etc.

Our sacristan is very feeble and sickly always. He is good only for eating and sleeping and also a little good for playing Chinese chess. The cook is all

right so far, and shows a little fidelity to the mission. For at the time of distress, he counselled me to escape and that he will for sure stay in the compound. But I did not take such a measure—thanks to God.

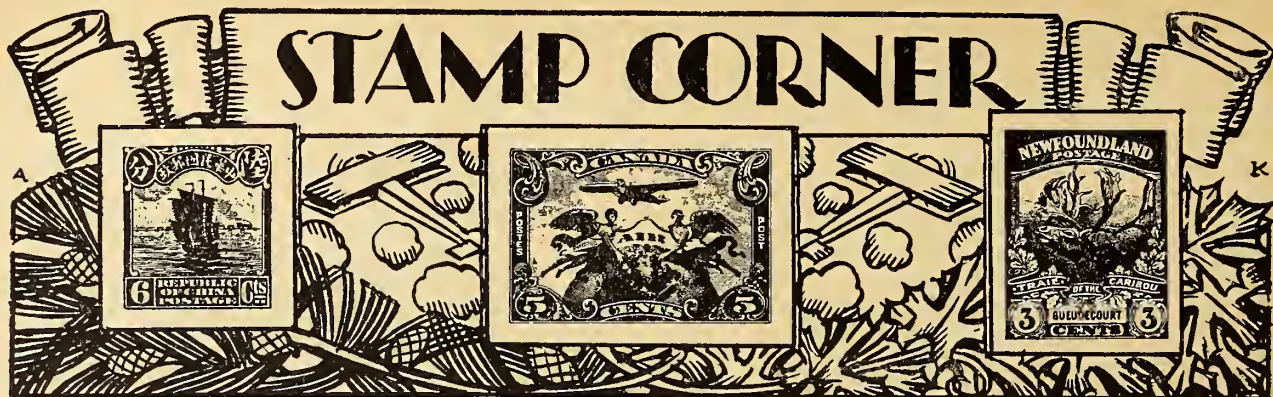
PAUL P. KAM. *3 To*

### FATHER MORRISON WRITES. *V*

From my little Chinese hut in Yunhwo I pen you these few lines. I left Chuchow on Monday—walking to Pe Wu Ka, where I passed the first night. After Mass the next morning I started on to the next station, "She Fang," where I remained two nights. This was necessary owing to the large number of baptisms to be administered and I had to examine them in the catechism and prayers. After night prayers the Catechist gave an instruction on the first question of the Catechism. Why do we enter the Christian religion. After this there were a few Confessions, and all retired for the night. In the morning after Mass there was another instruction on the doctrine of the Eucharist. In the afternoon they all assembled again in the dining room, and I had to listen to them recite the Catechism and prayers. The men came first and then the women. After the recitation of the Catechism and prayers I asked them questions on the Incarnation, Redemption and Trinity. They all showed a fairly good grasp of the fundamentals of our Holy faith. The next number on the program was the recitation of the Rosary and another instruction on the Meaning of the Ceremonies of Baptism. This being completed I administered the Holy Sacrament to fourteen. I distributed medals, beads and enrolled them all in the Scapular. They were indeed very happy as was evidenced by their smile, and the banquet they prepared for us in the evening. The next morning their happiness was complete when for the first time they received their Lord and Master in Holy Communion.

After breakfast we continued on our journey to Yunhwo. (Continued on page 13.)





### Packets and Sets.

A packet of stamps is just a number from any country, or from many countries, regardless of their relation to any particular issue. For example a packet of 25 different Canadian just means 25 Canadian stamps, picked at random from all the stamps ever issued. But if we say a "set" of 5 or 6 or 10 Canadian we mean 5 or 6 or 10 from some particular issue, say the Jubilee issue. If the set lacks certain varieties it is called a short set as opposed to the complete set.

### Honor-Bilt Packets.

A reader enquires as to where Honor-Bilt Packets may be obtained. Answer: Right here, through our Stamp Corner. A wholesale house has made us a very attractive offer in regard to handling a line of "sets" as



From packet No. 2065, French Oceania, 6 different, 10 cents.

well, but we are doubtful if there is sufficient demand among our readers to warrant our investing the amount required in order to avail of the wholesale prices, several hundred dollars. Write and let us know what you think of the idea. If there are enough of our stamp collector friends who wish us to handle sets for them we shall be glad to do so.

### A Well Wisher

"I'm a stamp bug in off moments. I am following your stamp corner with much interest. It is an interesting idea with possibilities. Prosit!"

If you have an exchange list put me on it. All success to you and to 'China' "

Sincerely,  
Joseph Reith S.J.  
"Jesuit Missions"  
257 Fourth Ave.  
New York, N.Y.

### BEAVER SAYS.



Well, here's the Happiest of New Years to every member of the Stamp Corner. And what's new this month? A few items of interest. (1) We still have a few of the free packets of 35 varieties on hand and if you have not received yours write for it soon. (2) Here's an offer to our young collectors that will be hard to beat, an opener for the 130 season. Send us just one new subscription to CHINA, 50 cents with the name and address of the new subscriber clearly written, and we shall send you as a premium your choice of any of the following packets: Africa, 50 different; Argentine Republic, 50 different; Austria, 200 different; Birds and Beasts (The Postal Zoo) 25 different; British Colonies, 100 different; Denmark, 50 different; Egypt, 25 different; Finland, 50 different; French Colonies, 100 different; Guatemala, 25 different; Irish Free State, 15 different; Liberia, 10 different; or the famous nine triangle stamps; or 500 different stamps from all parts of the world. Look this list over and then ask yourself if there was ever such an offer enabling you to add to your collection without any cost to yourself. As many different packets may be chosen as there are subscriptions sent, for example if you send three new subscriptions you may select any three of the packets. This

offer does not apply to renewals but to new subscriptions only. We may have other feature offers from time to time but this is one that is going to be hard to beat.

Cordially yours,  
BEAVER.

### Albums, Etc.

We can supply our readers with any of the following Stamp Albums: The Everyland Album, 100 pages with space for about 2,000 stamps, price 60 cents; The Beaver Album, 150 pages, holding 3,000 stamps, \$1.00; The Triumph Album, 204 pages, holding 11,000 stamps, \$1.50; The Modern Album, 330 pages, holding over 12,000 stamps, \$2.00. With every Album purchased, regardless of price, we give free a packet of 20 different varieties of Newfoundland stamps, a good start for the average young collector in stamps of that country, and also a packet of 200 different stamps from all parts of the world. Order your album to-day and get interested in Stamp Collecting, King of Hobbies, Hobby of Kings.

### WHAT ARE "SEEBECKS"?

Many of the stamps of Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador and Ecuador are known as Seebecks, deriving their name from that of the agent of a New York engraving firm which contracted to supply these governments with all the stamps they would need for ten years free of charge on condition that they change their issues once a year and that all left-overs and all plates become the property of the contracting firm, with the right to make as many reprints as they desired. The purpose, of course, was to exploit stamp collectors, and the result has been decided unpopularity for these particular stamps. However, among them are some that have become rare and fairly high priced in recent years. This was the contribution made to philately by Mr. N. F. Seebeck.



Some of the stamps from packet No. 1170. 25 different Liberia. Price 75 cents.



# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by



FATHER JIM

# ROSE GARDEN

## EVERY DAY NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The heroes of an age are always few  
And fewer still the saints; yet life  
goes by  
For some of us, in waiting for a high  
And ever-memorable deed to do.  
Not thus shall dreams of noble acts  
come true;  
Each day has its own duties, and they  
lie  
Here on our lowly earth—not in the  
sky;  
Each day's a King to whom we still  
must sue.

The little things of life, how small  
they are!  
Yet to be true in them is no small  
thing.  
There is a heroism greater far  
Than that which makes the world's  
applauses ring.  
God's saints were saints of God be-  
cause of this:  
The little things of life they did not  
miss.

—Selected.

I think the above lines are very nice  
to begin our "Garden" with for 1930,  
because the thought is so much like  
what our Patroness, the "Little  
Flower," put into practise in her life.  
Dear "Buds":

Father Jim certainly spent a happy  
Christmas, and it was because he had  
so many nice letters and cards from  
so many of you. But long before  
Christmas I was having a great time  
reading your letters, and just to tell  
you a little secret, I think I had the  
Editor and "Beaver" sore because I  
was "killing" the mail every day.  
Every day there was piles of letters  
coming in, and I was more than a  
little busy in getting off your Certi-  
ficates and pins, so if I have over-  
looked any of you I ask to be pardon-  
ed. From the far West, the Mari-  
time Provinces, and Newfoundland,  
came new "buds" for our "Garden",  
and I'm sure you'll all be delighted to  
know our number is increasing so  
much. If there are any boys or girls  
who have not received their certi-  
ficates and pins, let me know. It may  
be that you forgot to send your street  
address—some did forget.

Now, I hope some of you will have  
patience if you don't see your name in  
print yet a while, because you know  
it is absolutely impossible to print

even one quarter of the letters re-  
ceived, since we have not much space.  
Every one who wrote was anxious to  
have other pen-pals write them, and  
I hope most of you will write to others  
of the "buds". As for the pen-names,  
I just couldn't keep them to one of  
each kind, but then, a garden has more  
than one flower of each kind, eh?  
But here's a suggestion: if you have  
the same pen-name as somebody else,  
why not choose that "bud" for a pen-  
pal? And speaking about pictures—  
why, I was just tickled to see so many  
of the "buds", and believe me, we cer-  
tainly have a good-looking and merry  
gang in our garden. Just look at the  
pictures! And that's not nearly all,  
either, but the others will be published  
later on. We must keep up the good  
work now, "buds", and after you re-  
ceive your Certificate and Pin don't  
forget the daily prayer and monthly  
Communion.

I would like to say a whole lot more,  
but I know you're anxious to meet  
some of the new members, so here you  
are! A last word: here's hoping you  
all will have a very very happy New  
Year.

Yours sincerely,  
FATHER JIM.

Christine McIntyre (Rosebud),  
Pitts St., Caledonia Mines, N. S.  
"I would love to have a lot of pen-  
pals."

Thanks for the jokes you sent,  
Rosebud.

Regina O'Brien (Brown Betty),  
Milford, St. John, N.B.  
"Father Sharkey, before he went to  
China, visited our school."

I'm sure you were delighted to see  
a real Missionary. Pray for Father  
Sharkey's Mission.

Camille Graziano (Orchid),  
3227 Yonge St., Toronto.  
"I would like Rose and Fleur-de-lys  
for pen-pals."

Ruth Farrell (Toots),  
Campbellford, Ont.  
"I hope some girls will write to me,  
and I promise to answer them."

Well, "Ningie", just what is behind  
your question "do all you missionaries  
write alike?" Don't you think I'm a  
good writer? or have you ever seen  
worse?

Berenice Pautler (Buster),  
533 Moore St., Preston, Ont.  
"Would the buddies write to me, as  
corresponding is my hobby."

Dolores Knechtel,  
Box 560, Hanover, Ont.  
"We are getting to be one fine club  
now, thanks to you, Father Jim."  
Well, Dolores, I think the credit for  
our success should be given to all the  
buds. Thanks for your own great  
help.

Marie Simms (Peggy),  
281 Lottridge St., Hamilton, Ont.  
"Next time I write I'll send in a  
story."  
I'll be glad to hear from you any  
time, "Peggy".

Alice Mattice (Heidi),  
155 East Ave., S., Hamilton, Ont.  
"Some of you members hurry up  
and write."  
Patience, "Heidi", I'm sure you'll  
hear from someone soon.

Stella McKinnon (Mayflower),  
Caledonia Mines, C.B.  
"I am one of a family of eight. I  
would like someone to write to me.  
We all like the "China."

Janet Burke, 212 MacKenzie Ave., In-  
verness, N.S., has chosen "Poppy" for  
her penname.

Barbara Kerr (Campbellford, Ont.,  
Box 18) says she just loves to get let-  
ters, and promises to answer any buds  
who will write to her.

I received a great number of letters  
from new members from St. Rose's  
School, Fairville, N.B., and many of  
them sent in their pictures. It is  
really too bad that I can't get room  
to publish all their names; their school  
was favoured by a visit from one of  
the Missionaries who is now in China,  
Father Sharkey, and the buds told me  
they are faithfully saying the prayer  
for the Conversion of China. Saint  
Gregory's School, Oshawa, also sent  
along a great number of new buds,  
and many pictures. I was very glad  
to hear from you all, and wish you all  
the best of luck. Hope you all liked  
your Certificates and Pins.



Fairville, N.B.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to become a member of your Rose Garden, and wear a Little Flower Pin. I am 10 years old, and until 18 months ago was not a Catholic. Since I started to school at 6 years old I always prayed to the Little Flower that my sister and Daddy and I would become Catholics.

I am very grateful to the Little Flower, and I am sure she will help the little Chinese as she helped me.

Your true friend,

Alfred Calvin (Dad's Helper).

Well, buds, don't you think we should be all proud of "Dad's Helper" for writing such an interesting letter for us. The Little Flower has certainly obtained a great blessing for Alfred, and I'm sure he would like all the buds to pray to our Patroness also.

Lillian Coiffée (Nan), Sydney, N.S., sent in a very lovely little story, and I am real sorry that I have not space for it.

"Fifteen" is my pen-name, because they call me that at home, since I am the 15th child in our family, 11 boys and four girls." Vincent Lefebvre, 77 Iroquois St., Walkerville, Ont. God bless such a fine family.

Dorothy Young (Babs), 434 Park St., Peterboro, Ont., would like to hear from Ningie and Bluebell. Interested in music.

A bud from Newfoundland is always welcome, and last month many became members. It is tough luck that we haven't got about 100 pages all to ourselves, buds, but I think we would need that much to print the letters received. Here are some of the new buds from Nfld.:

Margaret Viscount (Forget-me-Not), 177 New Gower St., St. John's.

William Picco (Labouring Bill), 1 Young St., St. John's.

Elizabeth Courtney (Blossom), 132 Water St., East, St. John's.

Agnes, Rita, and Mary Lawlor (White Rose, Rainbow, Carnation), 19 Allan's Square, St. John's.

Mary U. Walker (Daisy), Brigus, C.B., Nfld.

Clothilda and Evelyn O'Brien (Blue-eyes, and Cherry Blossom), Cape Broyle, Nfld.

Doris Ring (Sunshine), 69 Long's Hill, St. John's.

Rita Hammond (Primrose), Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

Ellen Cain, and Kathleen Cain (Pansy and Rose), Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

Maud and Alice O'Toole (Snowdrop and Laurel), 7 Simms St., St. John's.

Ruth and Betty Summers (Frankie and Rosalind), "Buncloddy," Pennywell Road, St. John's.

Mercedes Frizell (Butterfly), Goulds, Nfld.

Loretta Whalen (Maria), Bay Bulls, Nfld.

Allan Walsh (Lord Baltimore), North Side, Ferryland, Nfld.

There are hundreds of letters from buds all over Canada, but of course I can't publish them all. However, everybody who wants to join is very welcome, provided the age is First Communion age at least. All who write in will get the beautiful Certificate and badge, even if their letter does not appear in print. Come on, buds, keep me busy. I just love reading your letters, and would like to have time to write to each of you in reply. And don't forget to try for the prizes in our Christmas essay: Subject: "How I spent Christmas Eve and Christmas Day."

Will Margaret Byrne (Spot), Stella Holick (Morning Glories), and Stella Colgois (Gladiolas), please send in their address in order to get their pin and certificate.

Dolina Boyd (Joy-Bringer),

St. Mary's St., Antigonish, N.S.

"I want to make friends with other buds."

Your nice pen-name should bring you some letters.

Margaret MacMillan (Violet),

Box 32, St. Andrew's, N.S.

"I read China every month and like it very much."

One of the Ottawa buds writes: "how about weekly Communion instead of monthly? That's what I'll do anyway, if no one else does." That's the spirit I like to see. I'm sure many of the buds do go to Communion every week, and I hope this suggestion will make others do likewise.

Frances O'Malley (Snooks),

171 Nicholas St., Ottawa, Ont.

"I would like to correspond with some Nova Scotian and Newfoundland buds."

Very glad to get your letter, "Bill" (Bernard Villeneuve, Box 234, Maxville, Ont.)

From 88 Wells St., Toronto, come three new buds: Mary Young (Bluebird); Helen Young (White Lily); and Barbara Young (Moonlight).

They surely picked beautiful pen-names, eh?

Naomi Smith, 15 Marjory Ave., Toronto, was the first one to choose "Shamrock" for a pen-name. I was surprised no one thought of it before, for I'm sure we have many an Irish member in our Garden.

"I can play the mouth-organ, accordion, and ukelele, all by ear. My favourite hobby is stamp-collecting."

Jack Black (Blackie), 14 Ann St., Galt, Ont., writes this. You know, buds, "Blackie" got a lot of new subscribers for "China" last summer.

Mildred Michaud (Morning Star), 21 Chapel St., Thorold, Ont., would like someone to write to her. Thanks for stamps enclosed, Mildred.

"Are the boys and girls interested in skating?" asks Miss Marjorie Longevin (Lindy), Chippawa, Ont. And how! Write to "Lindy," boys and tell her about your rinks and hockey games.

"I write regularly to about 15 of the buds. I think it is awfully nice."

The bud who wrote that lives in Toronto, and she was the first, I think, to receive one of the new Certificates and pins.

"Jo Wang" was the first of the boys to get a certificate and pin. By the way, Buds, I heard that "Jo" was out to the Seminary some time ago, and I missed him. And I heard it said that his Pin looked very neat, and he was proud of it.

"Rose-Marie," Box 376, Almonte, Ont., thinks all the buds would be glad to have Father Jim's picture in "China", and a back-view won't do this time, she says. Old "Beaver" got head of me with his picture last month, and so I fear all the buds will be spared from seeing me for a while yet.



HAPPY MEMBERS OF THE ROSE GARDEN

Left to right: Katherine Donovan (Dunnie), Walnut St., Fairville, N.B.; Agnes McGillicuddy (Isabell), Prospect St., Fairville, N.B.; Regina O'Brien (Brown Betty), Milford, N.B.; Joseph O'Toole (Joey), Fairville, N.B.; Miriam MacDonald (Mim), 57 Ready St., Fairville, N.B.; Mary Au Coin (Paula), Highland St., Dom. No. 4, N.S.; Rita Babineau (Will o' the Wisp), 103 Main St., Fairville, N.B.; Mary G. Comeau (Bunnie), Prospect St., Fairville, N.B.; Alfred Calvin (Dad's Helper), Box 152, Fairville, N.B.



I am very thankful for the lovely little story, and the jokes you sent me, "Dew-Drop" (Sheila Brennan, 389 Main St. W., North Bay, Ont.), but as you see there are so many new buds that I can't find room for your things.

A beautiful little poem came in too late for Christmas number from Olga Simpson (Jean), Penetang, Ont. She wants Rose, Anna Lamping, Betty Summers, and Agnes McMahon to write her. How about it, buds?

#### FR. MORRISON WRITES.

(Continued from page 9.)

Having developed a blister on my heel I was unable to complete the journey to Yunhwo in one day, so we slept in the boat that night, and early in the morning boarded a Chinese "Raft" and after a ride of three hours and a half arrived in Yunhwo City. Then we had Mass, but as the day was well advanced all the Christians were out in their fields at work. I remained here for a week and then returned to Chuchow.

This is the ordinary routine of Missionary work here in Chuchow. The harvest indeed is great. We are surrounded by thousands of pagans, pray that they may receive the gift of faith, and enroll themselves under the Banner of Christ our King and Saviour.

VINCENT MORRISON.

Since this letter was written, Father Morrison has been appointed Parish Priest of Sungyang, with Fr. Beal as his assistant. —Ed. Note.

#### FROM FR. BEAL.

On November 9th, the Parish of Chuchow City was relieved of part of its responsibility when Father Morrison and myself arrived in Sung Yang to take charge as pastor and assistant respectively. Our plans for arriving earlier were changed because of a steady down pour of rain for two days.

Friday, November 8th, the weather cleared and with the carrier we walked to Ngo Chi, some sixty-li — 20 miles, where we passed the night in a rented loft serving as chapel. At nightfall, dark clouds covered the sky which warned us to hire a boat for the morrow. The heavy downfall of rain made progress very slow over the rushing rapids. After 14 hours of hard rowing and pulling we arrived tired and cold in Sung Yang, but very happy. Our arrival was unknown to the Christians, and when they came to recite prayers on Sunday morning were indeed overjoyed to have two "Sing vus" to look after their spiritual necessities. Monday was spent in visitation of the parish and general outlay of the city.

The attendance at Mass numbers about fifty, there are ten more preparing for baptism. Roughly speaking there are 150,000 names in the district who are

still outside the fold. What a tremendous task we are undertaking. We hope our dear readers will assist us by their prayers and good works to gain these souls for Christ. Already one family has requested to be instructed in the Christian Doctrine. The harvest indeed is great, but laborers are few.

The very fact that Sung Yang has been erected into a parish shows the advance of the church in her conquest against the powers of darkness. The evil one will not give up his stronghold without a struggle. The people he has subjugated for centuries are now rising from their state of coma, and realize their error. China is in the throes of a civil reformation, and the spirit of Russian Bolshevism is trying to make an entrance. Everyone knows the absolute futility of a Bolshevistic utopia.

We pray that China will survive this struggle and obliterate the name of Sovietism, and that the infant church will grow and lead her millions who are still living in darkness, to the feet of Christ, her founder. That true peace will soon reign among all her people which can only be accomplished by the knowledge of the teachings of our Divine Lord.

With kindest personal regards and best wishes for the New Year.

Sincerely yours in Xt.

J. L. BEAL.



#### HERE WE ARE! BUDS FROM EVERYWHERE

Now's the time to choose your pen-pals, and send your own picture soon. Extreme left: Phyllis Harrington ("Curly"), 169 Nicholas St., Ottawa. Top row: Yvonne Catif ("Lady's Slipper"), 8 Marion St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Dorothy Callaghan (Kelly), Campbellford, Ont.; Margaret McLarnon (Bluebell), 2071 Cavillier St., Montreal; Mary Nicol (Snowdrop), St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Ont.; Claire MacDonald (Sunshine); Ruth MacDonald (New Year), both c/o Box 127, Antigonish, N.S. Bottom row—First Picture—Here's where the engraver played his tricks—see if you can guess who this is: Joe Kelly (Mickie), St. Gregory's, Oshawa, Ont.; Evelyn Clark (Violet), St. Gregory's, Oshawa; James Hallowell (Don), St. Gregory's, Oshawa; James Conlin (Irish), St. Gregory's, Oshawa. Extreme right: Donald Benninghaus (The Fence), 5339 Burlingham, Detroit, Mich.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

He: You remind me of the ocean waves.

She (jubilantly): Yes, wild and untamed.

He: No. All wet and you make me sick.

A boy was asked by his teacher to write a sentence with the words "analyse" and "anatomy" in it. He wrote:

My ana-lyse over the ocean  
My ana-lyse over the sea  
Oh, who will go over the ocean  
And bring back my ana-tomy?

—Selected.

Asker—What happened to that valet of yours?

Teller—I fired him for removing a spot from one of my suits.

Asker—But isn't he supposed to do that?

Teller—Yes, but this was a ten-spot.

## Why Girls Stay Home.

"Alice could have married anybody she pleased."

"Then why is she still single?"

"She never pleased anybody."—Tit-Bits.

A woman can drive nails like lightning—seldom striking twice in the same place.—Sault Daily Star.

Outlaws, says one editor, aren't like inlaws. The frisk you once and then quit.—Galt Reporter.

## Timely Advice.

"Stop and let the train go by—

It hardly takes a minute.

Your car starts out again intact,  
And better still you're in it."

"Is your wife a somnambulist?"

"No, she doesn't play any musical instrument."

"Uncle Robert, when does your football team play?"

"Football team? What do you mean, my boy?"

"Why, I heard Father say that when you kicked off we'd be able to afford a big automobile."

"How welcome are the notes of the bird," sings a magazine poet. Not the bird whose dad had to take up his notes in this town.

## The Morrow's "Due."

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me those lovely flowers,

they are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."—Humane Pleader.

## Flat Tire

Professor: "Your pneumatic contrivance has ceased to function."

Motorist: "Er—What?"

Professor: "I say, your tubular air container has lost its rotundity."

Motorist: "I don't quite—"

Professor: "The cylindrical apparatus which supports your vehicle is no longer inflated."

Motorist: "But—"

Professor: "The elastic fabric surrounding the circular frame whose successive revolutions bear you onward in space has not retained its pristine roundness."

Small Boy: "Hey, mister, you got a flat tire!"

## Why He Appeared.

Chairman of concert: "What do you want?"

Village Constable: "Somebody telephoned the station to say a man named Schubert is bein' murdered in here."

One of our "Half time" employees would like some assistance with his budget:

At the end of a week he drew \$13.75.

He sighed very heavily and gave his wife \$5.00 leaving \$8.75.

Next day he groaned and gave her \$5.00 leaving \$3.75.

Next day he ground his teeth and gave her \$2.25 leaving \$1.50.

In desperation he handed over the last \$1.50 leaving \$0.00.

Wild-eyed and wan, he is looking for that extra quarter. Where is it?

## STANDING FUND.

A new minister was scandalized to observe the old verger who had been collecting the offertory quietly extract a two-shilling piece before presenting the plate at the altar-rail.

After the service he called the old man to account.

The verger was puzzled for a moment, and then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that two shillings of mine? I've led off with that for the last 15 years!"—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Lost—An umbrella belonging to a woman with an ivory head.

Lost—A pen belonging to a man half full of blue ink.

He—Darling what are those?

She—My new dresses, don't mix them with your neckties.

Policeman—And whose little girl are you?

She—Mammy's this month.

He—Are you fond of moving pictures?

She—Yes dear.

He—Well, come in the attic and help me.

## Speed in a Tin Can.

The professor was trying to demonstrate a simple experiment in the generation of steam.

"What have I in my hand?" he asked.

"A tin can," came the answer.

"Very true. Is the can an animate or inanimate object?"

"Inanimate."

"Exactly. Now can any little boy or girl tell me how, with this tin can, it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed and power almost beyond control?"

One little boy raised his right hand.

"You may answer, Carter."

"Tie it to a dog's tail!"—Vancouver Province.

## An Epitaph on a Fiddler.

Stephen and Time

Are now both even:

Stephen beat Time,

And Time beat Stephen.

—Our Boys.

## A Stupid Request.

A young wife went into a grocer's shop and said:

"I bought three or four hams here about a month or so ago. They were very nice. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer, "there are ten of those hams hanging up there just now."

"Well," said the young wife, "if they are off the same pig I'll take three or four more of them."

Derivation of "Pedestrian," Pedes—walk; trian, try 'an do it.

—Toronto Star.

## Correct This Sentence:

"Can anything be sweeter," said the seminarian, "than the crisp morning air at 5.30?"



We gratefully acknowledge the following donations received from August 20th to December 18th, 1929:

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# CHINA

March

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VOL. XI.

... CHINA ...

No. 3.

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## REFLECTION

We are living in the "speed" age. Speed in travel, speed in production, short cuts to learning, speed in amusement, even in religion are the order of the day. Even the farmer speeds his plough by gasoline or electricity, and the fisherman reaps the harvest of the deep more quickly than of yore. This quickening of all human activity is a phenomenon of the last few decades. Surely it must have a corresponding effect on all human mind and character. Abbe Ernest Demret, in his popular book "The Art of Thinking" says that action does not make for deep, serious, original thought. The greatest thinkers and scholars of all time have sensed the need of solitude and silence. The fullest, deepest life of grand communing with the Eternal and Infinite is lived by mystics in the narrow precincts of a cloister. He who is most alone among men, yet who sees best the world in grand review, our Sovereign Pontiff, has just recently pointed to the greatest evil of our day. His vantage point is unsurpassed, his supra-rationality a fact, his international relationships most intimate. Viewed merely as a bureau of information the Vatican knows its world. It receives detailed and accurate reports from every Bishop and missionary from most remote portions of the globe. It has been receiving these for more than a millenium, and the nations too have given it their confidences. It has an unrivalled organization for sifting evidence and classifying facts, and best of all, we Catholics believe it has the guidance of the Holy Spirit in diagnosing and prescribing for the

world's ills. Our Holy Father has designated want of reflection as the greatest evil of our day. This absence of serious thought is due to the frantic pursuit of pleasure and the feverish activity found in every sphere of life. The great, serious, important questions of life that exact all human intelligence for their satisfactory solution are relegated by the world to a position of unimportance. Human reason alone, unaided by a Divine illumination cannot give a satisfying solution to the vital problems of man's origin, conduct and destiny. Having rejected this Divine revelation men are now experiencing the failure of human reason even to reach a consideration of these. They have built up a new and great material world lacking the solid foundation of correct philosophy and true spirituality. Achievement and progress are the slogans of the day, but the why, the whither of all this activity is seldom mentioned. Our Holy Father has not only diagnosed the evil, he has prescribed the remedy. Deeper reflection, more silence, solitude, retreat—simple prescriptions are these, but they require discipline and self-control for their adoption. Let us think for a moment. When Pius XI wrote thus he knew what he was writing about. He knew what he wanted. He was not amusing himself by literary gymnastics or piling up printer's fodder. He was giving counsel, advice that you and I sorely need. His wishes are commands for us, and it is for you and for me, in our own little sphere to heed the words and practice the counsel of Christ's Vicar. If we heed not this admonition, if we say that the Pope does not



understand our conditions, if we say his words do not apply to us, then we are surely "puffed up" by self-opinions. That "Encyclical" is for us to read and for us to practice. We all need more prayer, more study, more thought.

The reason why seminaries and novitiates exist is not far to seek. If men are to go forth as priests and missionaries to engrave the truth of God on the souls of others, how deep must not these truths be engraven in their own. The deepest and most ineradicable convictions of a living Faith must grip the soul of Christ's ambassador if he would proclaim them in the very teeth of world indifference and Satanic opposition. Young men are studying and meditating in this Seminary of St. Francis Xavier, in preparation for the work of the Chinese Missions. They need every moment of their long years of training that

they may become men of such a living Faith that they falter not even before the strength and wiles of Satan. They need your prayers, they need your sympathy, they need material assistance. By helping to maintain this work of God you allow these picked soldiers of Christ to make ready for the combat, you supply the material environment wherein the grace of God and man's good-will shall provide the higher essentials. More frequent retreats for priests and religious, and in particular retreats for the laity, days of monthly recollection are recommended by the Pontiff as an antidote to the thoughtlessness of to-day. What would the result be if every single community, if every individual in our vast Church just heeded the words of Pius? There would ensue a world transformation and a return to the Ages of Faith. Fiat.

CHINA has lost a very kindly and devoted friend, one who had been a subscriber from our very earliest days and whose sympathetic interest followed us through the years rejoicing in the success of our work as if it had been her very own.

Mrs. Elizabeth Corkery, of Lindsay, Ont., has passed to her reward. And she can do more for us now than ever before, intercede directly with our Dear Lord for the success of our efforts for souls. A dear, kindly, lovable soul whose simple faith was as resplendent after her eighty-nine years as on the day of her First Communion. Of such indeed is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Although confined to her home during the last eleven years of her life, the late Mrs. Corkery found time to interest herself in anything that could be helpful to those around her. We received a letter from her just a few weeks before her death and while she realized that she did not have much longer on earth to interest herself in the work to which she was so devoted even then she desired to interest others and to induce those around her to do all possible to further the work of the conversion of China.

"Please accept my sincere thanks," she wrote, "for sending me your valuable and much esteemed CHINA for so long. As I am in my ninetieth year and wish to give up some worldly

### R. I. P.



THE LATE MRS. CORKERY  
One of CHINA'S first subscribers and most devoted friends.

charges I have given it over to my great grandson who is nine years old. I always enjoyed the good news and the work done in China. I hope it will continue for many years and I still hope to be able to read your little paper. Please pray for me."

A few days later a subscription was received from her great grandchild, Master Joseph Vincent Burns. "Grandma says," he wrote, "that she is getting too old to take CHINA much longer but she would like me to take it instead of her. She says every

little boy should read it and learn about the little boys in China who do not know God." A simple, childlike letter that tells a simple childlike story. Yet between the lines we read of the love and solicitude of this truly Christian soul for all that pertains to the welfare of a work for the salvation of souls.

It was the great Pasteur who once confessed that he could envy the simple faith of a Breton peasant woman. And we must confess that we find ourselves disposed, not to envy the simple faith of our dear kind friend now in Heaven but yet to wish that we could but claim it as our own. In this age when we are confronted on all sides with the maxims of worldly wisdom we can appreciate the more the life of these good "old fashioned" mothers, whose simple devotion to duty and cheerful acceptance of every sacrifice from the Hand of God are so like the life of the Mother of Christ in the little home at Nazareth. May God keep in the hearts of us all that simple faith which so often seems to wither and die in the stifling atmosphere of modern sophistication. For if it but pass from us we cannot but feel that knowledge, whether of science or of theology, is but a pathetic substitute in the eyes of Him who has said, "Unless you be converted and become as little children you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." May the soul of our dear kindly friend rest in peace.



# So This is CHINA

By

*Rev. D. E. Stringer*



I will not forget my first Christmas in China very quickly. The world at the time of the birth of Christ must have been a lot like the world we find today over here. In the town of Chuchow here the day was no different from any other, excepting, of course, the celebrations held by the Christians. To one who had been born and brought up a Catholic and a Canadian there seemed to be something lacking, something that was more or less unconsciously looked-for. No snow, no familiar sights that are seen only at Christmas, none of the old-time tunes, no decorated trees—none of the countless little touches that mark this day from all the rest. The absence of these would lead one to think then of the cold, clammy thing called Paganism and of the degradation following in its wake.

Christmas Eve was a holiday for the school boys of the Mission. They started out early in the morning to prepare everything for the big day. The house

and the court-yard were swept and tidied by one group, another putting up decorations in the Church, still others hanging up large Chinese lanterns, all of them finally running here and there as only a bunch of kids can, when they are getting ready for a good time. By dinner time everything was ready.

It was during the morning that a little incident occurred that was very touching. I was talking to Fr. Fraser when two little boys came up and asked to be baptized. But you do not know the doctrine well enough," said Fr. Fraser. "Oh yes we do," they said, "every word of it." Both sides kept arguing it out. The little fellows were not to be put off. They kept on asking, pleading. That was all they wanted for their Christmas present—to become a real Christian. I wondered to myself how the boys and girls of our own country came to be so favored, having all the joys of Christmas, both spiritual and temporal. Life without Chris-

tianity must be a dismal, dreary, thing, very little true happiness here, and for the future,—nothing but fear.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a crowd began to gather, Christians and pagans. The boys were busy taking the latter around the church and explaining as best they could the meaning of the various pictures, of the different statues and banners. The centre of attraction however, was the Crib. They were all jammed around it, talking and asking questions, comparing this and that, then in silence looking at it. I wonder what were the first thoughts that passed through each pagan mind as he looked and listened. Sometimes the chattering became too loud and the boys would tone them down, or else some of the older Christians would explain to them that they could not conduct themselves as they would in a pagan temple. One fellow came in smoking but he soon got rid of his cigarette. We also were objects of curiosity



and careful scrutiny. All of us knew how to say, "How are you?" in Chinese and this resulted in the pagans thinking we knew their language. They would immediately start to talk and get through (what I judged to be a full paragraph) before we could stop them and give the remainder of our knowledge of the tongue which was, "I don't understand Chinese." Golly, the blank look that would come on their faces,—telling them in their own words that you don't know what they are saying. Fr. Wong saved us several times, and we were more careful with our "How are you's" after.

We went to supper at six-thirty and when we came out we saw the whole place lit up by the lanterns. It certainly was an unusual sight. The weather had become rather cold and the sky was clear, allowing the light of countless stars to shine on the whole scene. Groups of people were all over the place. A good warm fire blazed in the school, and many had congregated there. Most of them were warmer than they had been or will be again all winter, (so-called). Some of them were engaged in a Chinese game of skill, others walked about looking at the holy pictures on the wall of the classroom, while some more just sat and talked, enjoying the coziness of the stove. The children kept on the go all the time. It was a

gala event, and they were going to make the best of it.

About eight o'clock the bells were rung. (There are four of them; whether more than one is rung depends on the solemnity of the feast observed). Practically everyone went into the church to hear the sermon. The pagans were very attentive. One of them, however, who wanted to attract the attention of a friend of his, and not being able to get up to the front where he was just hollered out to him. I think he realized he had done something not quite according to form, judging from the looks he received. There was absolutely no malice in the act and no fuss is made over any such happening. They are all like a crowd of little children when it comes to religion, sometimes a little unruly, but all well-intentioned. After the sermon they all came out again and then,—fire-crackers. It seemed as though a little war started. They take as much kick out of this procedure as children out of a new toy. It is their way of showing honour to God and they don't take any half measures. I wonder what the pagans thought of the strange new doctrine they just heard. When the next sermon took place at nine o'clock there were just as many in the church. Evidently it was interesting if not wholly convincing, which last after all depends on the grace of God. As soon as this

sermon was over they had a recess until eleven-thirty, when they all re-entered the church to prepare for midnight Mass.

I have seen many midnight Masses with all their becoming ceremony and beauty, but the spectacle that met my eyes when I walked into the church about ten minutes to twelve was well worth coming to China to see. The interior was not brilliantly lighted, but the soft glow of the many-colored lanterns, of the tall candles on all the altars shed a sombre light on the kneeling congregation. Solemn Mass began; Fr. Wong and myself composed the choir. The church was cold enough—there's no steam heating here—but none of us felt it. Maybe in the externals we were just a wee bit closer to the original. The pagans remained quietly throughout the whole service, an evidence of the impression that was being made on them. All the Christians received Holy Communion and among them were several little chaps who had been baptized only that morning. This was their first Feast. Their clothes were rough and simple. No new clothes, nor clean, white ribbon on their arms. Their souls were white though, all prepared for this first meeting of Child to child. After the Masses were over they went out to have some buns and tea, and as I started my three Masses I could hear the din made by another salute of fire-rackers. Then there was silence. Several little figures remained kneeling while I said my Masses, hungry as they must have been. They went to bed the same way because everything was gone by the time I had finished my third Mass. They were soon asleep,—at peace.

On Christmas morning all the Christians returned for another Mass at ten. After it was over more fireworks were set off. They went home then until Benediction at two. All of us made out a real happy day of it. Our victrolas worked overtime as also the little organ. Several little parcels had come from over the sea and we had a real "banquet" with "buffet" service. That night we all gathered in my room and entertained ourselves until we turned

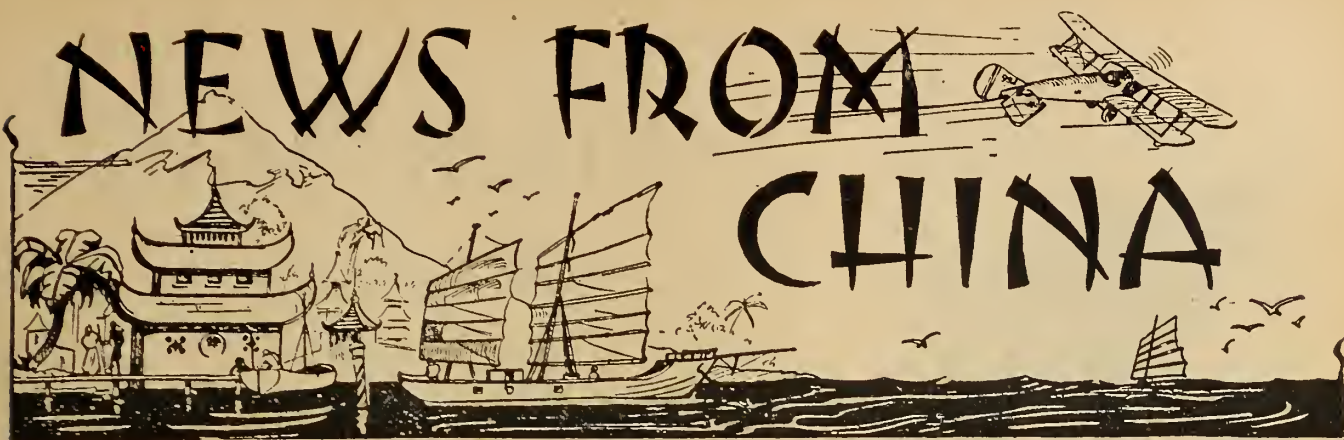


OUR NEW MISSIONARIES WITH FR. FRASER IN CHINA.

Front row, left to right—Fr. Boudreau, Fr. Fraser, Fr. Stringer. Back row—Fr. Gignac, Fr. Dunne, Fr. Sharkey.

(Concluded on page 31)





### Chinese Honor Pope.

The Golden Jubilee of His Holiness Pius XI, the "Pope of the Missions," was affectionately observed by the Catholics of China on December 20. Countless Holy Communions were offered for the Sovereign Pontiff throughout the Republic and a gift of \$10,000 gold was presented to His Excellency the Most Reverend Celso Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China, for His Holiness.

### Chinese Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Chu Chih-suan, convent school graduate and member of an old and distinguished family, to Dr. Oo-Kek Khaw, prominent Catholic and a member of the staff of the Rockefeller Hospital, at Peiping, recently, attracted great attention in the secular press, the North China Standard of Peiping giving four solid columns to its account. The presence of General Chang Hsiao-ming, with the Major and Captain of his official staff, gave military touch, while the five sisters of the bride, acting as bridesmaids, added a picturesque setting to the wedding. Father O'Connell, parish priest of Tung T'ang, officiated.

### Fifty-four Years in China.

Still working from morn till night despite his 80 years, the Right Reverend Monsignor Hubert Otto, of the Scheut Fathers, holds the record of 54 years missionary labor in China without having left the country since his arrival in 1875. A bishop for 29 years as Vicar Apostolic of North Kansu, the veteran resigned ten years ago and became a simple missionary in the little village of Siaotsiao-pan, in the Vicariate of Ningsia. Unknown to the outside world, his zeal and charity have made his name a household word among the Catholics of his district.

### A Proud Record.

One million, eight hundred and twenty-two thousand patients, a half million more than the population of city itself, were treated during the past 50 years in the Catholic Hospital of Hankow, Hupeh, China, which celebrated its golden jubilee October 3. Founded by the Canossian Sisters in 1879, in two one-room bungalows, the institution has grown until to-day it

occupies a full square block with a capacity of 180 beds, with construction in progress for 30 more. The jubilee celebration consisted in the blessing of the new chapel by His Lordship Bishop Eugene Massi, O. F. M., Vicar Apostolic of Hankow. Generous space in the secular press was devoted to the history of the hospital and to glowing eulogies of the self-sacrificing work of the Canossian Sisters.

The hospital is open both to Chinese and foreign residents, and is used extensively by missionaries of the three provinces of Honan, Hupeh, and Hunan. Modern in every detail, the institution contains five fully equipped operating theaters, X-ray, violet ray and artificial sunlight plants, and a large roof garden for natural sunlight treatment. The director, Father Colomban Clement, was recently nominated a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold by King Albert of Belgium.

### Chinese Seminary.

Another of the series of Regional Seminaries for China planned under the direction of the Apostolic Delegate, will soon be opened. It is situated in Kian, Kiangsi Province. Some months ago their Lordships, Bishops Fatiguet, Mignani, O'Shea, Sheehan, and Galvin met at Kuling and made final arrangements for the institution. This section of China, like many others, has had local seminaries for many years but the aim is to co-ordinate efforts. Present plans call for 15 Regional Seminaries for China, nine in the north, five in the centre, and one in the south. The Kian institution is one of the five in the center. Its territory is manned predominantly by Vincentian Fathers. In June, 1927, Kiangsi possessed 68 native priests and 56 foreign priests with 114 students in the seminary and preparatory colleges. Building operations on the new Regional Seminary for the south, situated at Aberdeen, Hong Kong, have already begun.

### Jubilee.

The Shanghai Convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls recently observed the Feast of Mother St. Philomena, who is 80 years old, 60 years a professed nun, and 58 years in China. In Shanghai since 1871 she is known

and revered by the Catholics and non-Catholics as one of the grand figures of the Catholic Sisterhoods in China.

### Martyrs.

The death of Sister Gabriel Lieu, of the Daughters of Charity, Shanghai, recently, after 42 years of missionary service, recalls the murder of her entire family by the anti-Christian fanatics in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. Her father, mother, brothers, sisters and relatives to the number of 18 perished. Sister Gabriel's vocation to the religious life in a community whose members she had never seen, sprang from the vivid accounts of the work of the Daughters of Charity by her grandfather, who had visited Peking. She journeyed to Peking at the age of 17, and labored as a "White Cornette" for the remainder of her life in the various hospitals of the institute.

### Some Statistics.

Some statistics presented at the Missionary Congress of Lisieux, during the celebration of the blessing of the foundation stone on the Basilica being erected in honor of the Little Flower, deserve special mention. The Provincial House of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary reported the marvellous work done by native sisters, especially in China and India. In China of 600 Sisters more than 200 are native; in India 150 out of 330, and in Japan more than half of the hundred there are native. For the work of St. Peter the Apostle for the education of native priests more than 65,000,000 francs have been received within the last ten months.

### Decorated.

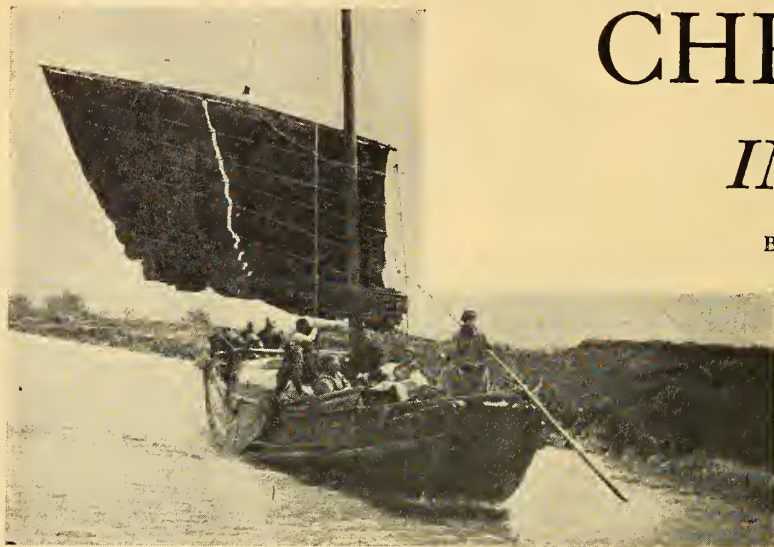
Once again a quiet Catholic nun, unknown to the world and lost in the distant mission fields, has been singled out for high honors by the French Government. This time it is the Reverend Mother Ursula of the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, who will receive the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in recognition of her 51 years of uninterrupted service in the hospitals of Martinique and the orphanage of Laos, Indo-China. Sister Ursula is the foundress of the latter institution and its superioress for the last 25 years.



# My First

# CHRISTMAS IN CHINA

By FATHER BOUDREAU



Alone with boatmen on the Chuchow River, deprived of the consolation of celebrating Mass on Christmas Day our youthful missionary spent his first Christmas in China under trying conditions. Yet he was happy because—well, read for yourself.

Here I am back in Chuchow in my little room—at home again. I was here but four days when I was given an errand to do down in Wenchow. I left with fond hopes of returning to Chuchow in time for Christmas, but the events proved contrary to my fond hopes. I was to leave Wenchow with a sacristan last Friday, December 20th, to arrive home the 23rd. But there was a severe storm which prevented leaving that day, so I waited until Saturday. It seemed because I was anxious to return, the very elements became my greatest enemy. The wind blew a terrific gale, the waves splashed high, sometimes into the boat. All the way from Wenchow to Wenchu it rained and hailed. The wind would suddenly slap against an angry wave which immediately sought revenge on the boat, making it swerve, and us also, almost to capsizing. However, we reached Wenchu—the place where the steamboat ceases towing, safe and sound. The ropes were loosened and the oarsmen began to row. They fought, for ten li or so, a mad wind and a mean gale; we would row five feet and back ten. While the rowers were fighting their way to a safety zone, I was sitting down at the bottom of the boat just about freezing. I had one of the blankets around my shoulders, which was soaked in

no time by melting hailstones. However, we did not make Tsing-Di, the proposed stopping place. One of the boatmen became exhausted and so we put up for the night at half distance. I was too cold to eat or sleep. The howling wind soon became music to my ears and the falling hailstones hitting the bamboo leaf covering, made a splendid accompaniment. As I could not sleep, I prayed and prayed. The next morning, Sunday, the 22nd, I managed to make myself understood I wished to say mass in Tsing-Di. I thought perhaps Father Serra would be there. When I left Chuchow, it was in a rush, so I forgot my mass kit. The boatmen started, and oh! how they groaned and mumbled; the storm had not abated one-tenth of a degree. They were cold also; but they rowed and pulled and pulled; they seemed to realize my anxiety. The distance was torture. We reached Tsing-Di in six hours. Ordinarily it takes three hours at the most, in fair weather, from the steamer to Tsing-Di; but it took us from 12 noon Saturday to 2 p.m. Sunday morning. So I missed saying mass after all, and Father Serra had not yet arrived. I had visions of a nice, warm, cozy room at the church there; but, to my disappointment, the stove was a fake—it smoked us out. My feet and hands were numbed with the damp cold. I tried to walk, but in vain, no re-

sults. The catechist brought me a lamp. I lit it and sought the fire with my hands. I did feel the heat then; soon I was drowsy and went to bed. I slept in spite of myself on a nice straw bed, with my clothes on, and blankets and straw over me. I awoke the next morning hoping to see a nice blue sky, but no, it was fierce and ugly-looking, the wind was still north-west. The sacristan and boatman came to tell me the wind was too bad for rowing. I looked at them and sighed, for already my vision of a happy Christmas in Chuchow was passing. I started to read my breviary for December 23rd. I began to feel weary, no mass kit, the Feast of Feast Days fast approaching. I felt the pressure of emotions against my heart, and continued my breviary. About noon, I ate an egg and some bread. I invoked St. Jude to calm the weather; then St. Rita and Little Therese. They all seemed to turn a deaf ear to my suggestions. I took my breviary—finished vespers and compline, and said a prayer to the Blessed Virgin, then suddenly as a flash of light the sun pierced a cold black sky, and all the clouds seemed to disappear all at once. I recited the *Salve Regina* and laughed with joy—the storm was over. Too late to start sailing up the river, so I took a chair, sat on the porch, and peacefully enjoyed the warm rays of the sun. My eyes closed and I was soon enveloped in



deepest reveries. I thought of Canada, the Seminary, the glad preparations for Christmas, the beautiful little crib, the seminar-ians practicing the Christmas hymns. Then I thought of Our Lord. His awful fate, Mary and Joseph trudging along on a cold wintry night, seeking shelter. How awful, dreadful was their situation compared to mine!

Alas, my Gloria in Excelsis Deo rang in my ears, the sacristan came in with smiling countenance to announce the glad tidings—to-morrow we sail. I slept well that night. I awoke in high spirits, too joyful to eat, and left Tsing-Di on the morning of the 24th—the Vigil. It was my lot to feel content with the little I did have. The 24th was a day of real retreat. I was all—alone with my thoughts—with God. I recalled the retreat given us by Father MacRae, on Death—the Dies Trae. It was so true what he said about the littleness of man—his presumption to feel big and strong when his final supremacy was his very Life or Death.

So here I was, my first year in China—my first real piece of work, and by myself! It was, I took it, my first missionary act.



The Pastor of Sungyang, Rev. V. Morrison. In the background is the entrance to the new mission residence built by Father Wm. Fraser. At present Fr. Morrison is greatly in need of assistance in the erection of a school. Will some kind friends come to his assistance?

I realized at once what was the essential requisite of a true missionary—prayer. Time and time again, our kind Rector, I remember now well, how he tried to impress upon us and to make us feel the utmost necessity of being a specialist in the art of prayer. That the prayer of the missionary must not be an ordinary prayer, but a deep, heartfelt, sincere prayer.

No, I was not to feel the joy of my first Christmas as a priest the missionary, like my confreres, but I was given a different joy and consolation—alone with God. My Christmas eve was a quiet conversation with Jesus, in a boat on the Wenchow river, near a Pagan town called Hi keuh. I recalled the first verse from "The Mysterious Voice":

What strange voice is this impels me

Near to God, in all I see!  
"Be thou faithful," thus it tells me.

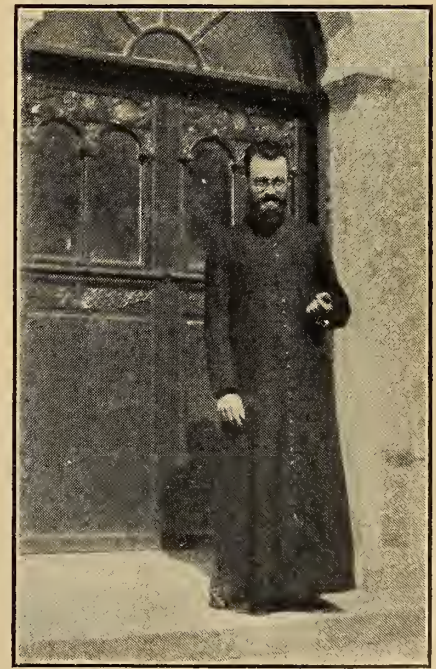
"God is ever near to thee."

As I lay at the bottom of the boat, through a hole in the covering I could see the heavens resplendent with stars, and foremost the North Star. How it did seem to twinkle and twinkle as though calling my attention that to-morrow, the Christ would come. I could hear the glad hosannas ringing vigorously in all the chapels of the world, the church bells calling the people for midnight, the Priest with jubilant voice intoning the Gloria. I was happy with my thoughts—alone. I was consoled for, true, far away from friends and home, I had Jesus with me. I was at home.

Ah! December 25th. The day was beautiful, the sun was shining brightly, life re-echoed all around me, "Merry Christmas, Boudie!" I said to myself. I said a prayer, rolled up my bedding, opened up a can of sardines and had breakfast. I signalled the sacristan to walk the mountain sides with, to feel of more fully the Christmas atmosphere. He understood and came along. I whistled *Adeste Fideles*, hummed *Minuit Chretien*, and to my surprise, the sacristan was also singing to my tunes. We would look at each other and smile. He grasped both his hands and greeted me. I did likewise. Again we

took up tunes and noised away. On the road, coming down a mountain side, we met two Christians who were returning from the festivities, for they also were singing Christmas hymns. We stopped and greeted each other, and passed. I was hungry, so I got into the boat again and finished the can of sardines—(rather enjoyed the turkey, didn't you?) nearer and nearer Chuctow all the time. Certainly I would arrive the night of the Feast anyway. So the boatmen rowed and pushed up the rapids, and I read my breviary and paused at every antiphon to fully and really appreciate the beauty of the day. Ah! I could see Chuchow. "Look," said my sacristan, "the church." Oh! we both jumped with glee. I felt like a "kid" again, I was so glad. We hurried ashore, and in no time reached the church. On entering the yard I was greeted by Father Wong and a group of youngsters. Then the other Fathers came. We all exchanged greetings and talked to the tune I dare say that night I made a of the babbling brook—no stops. wonderful impression in that dish of chicken.

So you see, Father, that was my Christmas. Though odd indeed,  
(Continued on page 31)



Three guesses! Yes, Fr. Beal himself, assistant at Sungyang. And boy, what a Van Dyke! And what do you know! among Fr. Beal's Christmas presents was a cake from Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, New York. Yes, that's "Al" himself.




# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by

## ROSE GARDEN

FATHER JIM



We will start this month's edition of our Garden news by giving a short poem that was sent in by a new member, Marie Burns (Freckles), of Mount Forest, Ont.

### "INSPIRATION."

Because there are two women whom  
I love  
More than mere words can tell,  
I sometimes try to write a halting  
verse  
And surging feelings quell.

One is my "Mother," she who  
Fashioned me and gladly gave me  
birth;  
And one, that "Mother" who alone  
could bring  
The Son of God to earth.

How are all the buds since I wrote to them last? I trust you are enjoying this great Winter weather, and having lots of fun skating and sleighing; and also, I hope you are all getting a great "kick" out of being members of the Rose Garden. It is simply grand to have so many letters from you all, and believe me, some of you buds surely write dandy letters. And now comes the "hard luck" part of the story. I absolutely have no means of publishing more than a small fraction of the very many letters received. Some of the buds inquired as to what they could do to help the Missions; well, I'm going to suggest to those whose names are not published that they offer up that disappointment to help the work

in China. Don't be too hard on me for not printing your name, because I would like to do so for every one who writes.

A fact that pleases me very much is to learn that so many of you have pen-pals. Why, what do you know about this? One of the buds asked me not to publish her address this month because she had already 20 pen-pals, and that was about all she could answer for a while. Some have asked what they might write when corresponding with other buds. Well, now, suppose you were to meet and talk with one of those buds, what would you say? Write what you would say in such a case; tell about yourself and what you do, and especially what you do to help out the work of the Missions, both in school and of your own choosing.

Quite a number took part in the Christmas story contest, and the winners were Marie Sims (Peggy), 281 Lottridge St. N., Hamilton, Ont., and Catherine MacLeod (Father Jim's Unseen Friend), Dunvegan, Inv. Co., N.S. I had a hard job to pick the winners, because all the essays were very good. In congratulating the winners, I want to thank also the others who wrote, and remind them that they have a chance in another contest, of which I will now tell you. One of our buds (a very faithful one) has suggested the subjects: either a short, original story, or a "description of your own pen-name". As this bud says, there is always a story behind one's pen-name. Prizes will

be awarded the best answers in this contest, and I hope a large number will try for them. And listen! I may ask the bud who suggested this contest to be the judge herself.

I would again remind all our members that they can do a great deal of good, not only for the Mission work, but also for one another, by their prayers and Communion. You know some of the buds have asked me to get the other buds to remember them and their intentions in prayer, and I feel sure that you will all be very happy to help one another like this. I think it is a grand thing to realize that our Rose Garden has members scattered all over Canada and Newfoundland who are united in such a worthwhile cause, and the letters I receive prove that the buds themselves are proud of the success of our Club.

What do you think of the pictures of our buds? Are they not just lovely? Oh, boy! who wouldn't be tickled to get nice letters from such pals? And old Father Jim (goodness gracious! I think I should have left out that word "old") certainly is always happy to be reading your beautiful letters. I only wish I could meet you all personally. Now don't be shy about sending in your own picture. We are all anxious to see YOU!

Well, I must say "so-long" for this month, buds. Meet some more new members, choose your pen-pals, and let your friends know about our Club that they may also write in for their beautiful Certificates and Pin. Don't



Meet some of our buds! Left to right: E. Joseph Poirier (Eddy), Dom. No. 4, C.B.; Honora Kennedy (Killarney Rose), 40½ Amelia St. Toronto; Josephine Au Coin (Addie), Dom. No. 4, C.B.; Lillian Bush (Lil), Campbellford, Ont.; Helen Etherington (Patsy), 22 Harcourt Ave., Toronto. Buds, wouldn't you like to see your own picture here next month? Just send along that snapshot now!



forget your duties of membership. Good luck, everybody! I'll be very glad to hear from buds at any time.

Yours to a cinder,  
FATHER JIM.

I'm sure it is due to the efforts of our buds that we have so many from Charlottetown, P.E.I. It surely is nice to have so many from the same city.

If the Canadian buds want to write to Newfoundland, Gerald Cain (Cherries), Spaniards Bay, Nfld., would be glad to receive their letters. I believe Gerald has two sisters already members of our Club.

Correspondence to Newfoundland can also be sent to Annie Powers (Tresa), Florence Doyle (Bright-eye), and Catherine Doyle (Rose), all from Avondale, Nfld., and also to Blanche Brazil (Narcissus), Spaniard's Bay, or to Winnifred Flynn (Peony), Brigus, C.B., Nfld. Mary Gill (Rose) is from Brigus, also.

Gertrude O'Connor (Trudy), 64 Adelaide St., St. John, N.B., has our thanks for stamps, etc.

Father Jim was delighted with the Valentine he received from Cecilia Peters, (Pansy), 96 Pownal St., Charlottetown. Pansy has two sisters already in our Garden.

"Jo Wang" says his visit to the Seminary confirmed the good description he gave to the buds about "Beaver". He says he hopes the day is not far off when he can become a Seminarian himself. Also he intends to make big efforts to see that Father Jim gives the buds that long overdue "front view".

A very interesting letter came from Mary Faulkner (Book-worm), 28 Fenwick St., Halifax, and following are some lines from it: "I'm interested in Jo Wang (note: how do you like that, Jo?—Fr. J.), he seems like a good scout; maybe he would write, if he doesn't mind girl correspondents. . . . The Rose Garden is the most interesting part of the magazine (Father Jim blushes, and coughs 'Ahem!'). If Father Jim put his picture in it would be the finishing touch. (Well, now, Mary, I hope

you mean that word 'finishing' in a good sense). My hobby is reading. I would like buds of high-school age to write me."

"One hardly ever sees a flower garden without a bumble-bee in it, so I choose 'Bumble-bee' for my pen-name." This is from Andrew Morris, Renfrew, Ont. Now, buds, Father Jim wants to make a very special request to all of you, and it is this: write to Andrew Morris. Why do I make this a special request? It is because Andrew has been, and is now, sick in bed, and he wants letters from others so that the time will not seem so long while he is sick. I hope a heap of letters will be received by "Bumble-bee", and it certainly would be a splendid act of charity for the buds to write to a sick pal.

I have had several letters from Annie Bilusich (Porky), 65 S. Court St., Port Arthur, Ont., and she wants about 25 corries. She writes nice letters, buds, so how about it!

Orma Tongue (Pansy), 276 Main St. W., North Bay, Ont., would like "Arnie" (Dom. No. 4) to write her. Orma has about 15 pen-pals, and enjoys answering them all. Her sister Mary has joined, and taken "Dew-drop" as her pen-name.

A story was sent in by Lillian Bush (Lil), for which I thank her. She has some corries, but wants more. Her address is Campbellford, Ont.

Honora Kennedy would write to Helen Carruthers if she knew her address. Which reminds me that I haven't Helen's address either, but would like to know it myself. Helen's pen-name is "Lily." Honora's is "Killarney Rose". Hope you didn't find your Exams. too hard!

Marguerite Chaput (Brown-eyed-Susan) asked me if I used to like winter sports when a boy? Well, I hope to tell you! And although I have referred to myself as "old" Father Jim, I still take a hand in winter games, but the years tell against me now. I hope that's not saying too much about myself. Marguerite wants the buds to pray for a favor she wants granted in connection with

her school. Her address is Box 774, Carleton Place, Ont.

Write to Monnie Kent (Daffodil) if you want to learn something about Iron Ore Mines. She lives at the famous Bell Island, Newfoundland, c-o Lance Cove P.O.. Philomena Dobbin (Rhoda) comes from there also, c-o West Mines P.O.

Agnes Botell (Little Pal) and Edith Botell (Maple Leaf) are two new Toronto buds, from 7 Marjory Avenue. They want lots of pen-pals.

Rose Auger (Rosaline), Marmora, Ont., sent in a subscription for "China". She complains that she wants a few pen-pals.

Little Jack Curtin didn't want his brother Eddie to be the only one in the house a member of our Garden so he joined up, and glories in the name of "Sunny Boy". Lives at 39 Elgin St. E., Oshawa, Ont. Eddie's pen-name is "Sunshine".

Viola Cottreau thinks our Garden is "great". She has "Violet" for her pen-name. She goes to the Sacred Heart Academy at Meteghan, N.S.

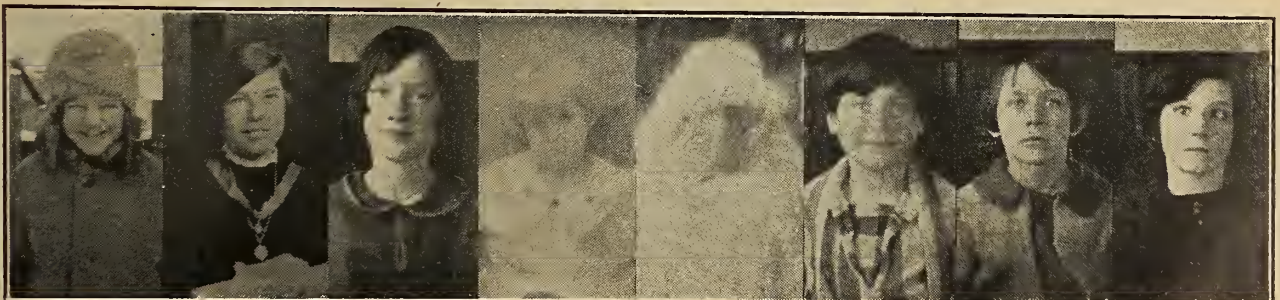
"Rose," "Buttercup," "Ningie," and "Dad's Helper" are requested to write to Mary Howorth, (Mirth), 49 Beaufort Road, Toronto. Mary sits next to another bud in school.

A nice letter came from Anna O'Handley, Bridgeport, C.B., but she forgot to choose a pen-name. Write again, Anna, and tell me what name you have taken.

Julia Nye (Jule), 83 Raymond Ave., Toronto, is a "Handmaid of the Blessed Sacrament", and she promises to answer all the letters she receives from other buds. Perhaps there are some buds who do not know what a "Handmaid of the Blessed Sacrament" means, and no doubt "Jule" would tell them if they write to her.

Dan W. Burns (Tailspin Tommy), Dom. No. 4, N.S., would like to hear from "Dad's Helper".

"I am going to follow the example of that Ottawa bud who suggested



Pals whom you will be glad to know. Left to right: Bertha M. Roberts (blue-eyes), 21 Livingstone St., Halifax; Rose McLernon (Snowball) 2071 Cuvillier St., Montreal; Mary H. McGillicuddy (Bonny), Prospect St., Fairville N.B.; Bernadeta Meagher (Lily), St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Ont.; Mary Sullivan (Irish Rose), St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Ont.; Agnes Lynch (Lily), St. Rose's School, Fairville N.B.; Dorothy Clark (Rosie-Posie), Ready St., Fairville, N.B.; Mary Agnes Dawson (Everlasting), Main St., Fairville, N.B.



weekly Communion . . . Before the Sisters left for the Missions they spent three days in Eganville . . . I would like to hear from Margaret MacMillan (Violet), and Dolina Boyd (Joy-bringer)." These are extracts from a very beautiful letter from Teresa O'Reilly (Lena), Eganville, Ont. "Lena" sent in the following joke also. (Notice her name is O'Reilly.)

1st Girl: I'm engaged to an Irishman.

2nd Girl: Oh, really?

1st Girl: No, O'Reilly!

I'm sure the Ottawa bud who suggested weekly Holy Communion must be happy to note that others are following her example. In writing to other buds, it would be nice to tell them little ways you know to help the Missions, and in that way you will be very pleasing to our Patroness, Saint Therese. You know, buds, when Saint Theresa was alive, it was her desire to be a Missionary herself. Pray to her under the title of "Patroness of Missionaries".

"I will gladly do anything I can to help our Garden," writes Marie Wedge (Sparkie) from Summerside, P.E.I., Box 303.

Hilda Brotherhood (Hal) wants Marie Simms to write her. Also any buds interested in music. She asks all the buds to say a prayer for her mother. Box 416, Summerside, P.E.I.

How many buds can guess the answer to this riddle sent in by Beatrice McCormick (Sunbonnet Sue), Mill St., Fairville, N.B.? Write your answer to Beatrice yourself. "What is as light as a feather, yet you can't hold it for five minutes?" Brien McCormick, her brother, has chosen "Little Atwater Kent" for a pen-name. Write to him, and he may broadcast the answer for "Sunbonnet Sue".

"I am going to act on the suggestion about weekly Communion. I got my certificate framed." From Clara MacNeill's letter (Dollie), Summerside, P.E.I., Box 91. Many of the buds have told me they framed their certificates. I am glad to know they value them so highly. If you have not yet received your certificate and

pin, write now, and join our happy buds.

William Payne, 80 Water St., Glace Bay, N.S., has taken "Tulip" for a pen-name. Pen-pals wanted.

Agnes Firth (White Rose) writes from 118 Mulcaster St., Barrie, Ont., and wants to know what is the "Corrie Box". Well, Agnes, that is the name we gave to the column containing a list of those who wanted others to write to them. That was when the Garden was new, and we had not so many buds. Now it would require many pages to list the buds in the "Correspondence Box". In fact, every bud wants others to write, but it makes me feel bad when I haven't the space to even give the name and address of hundreds of buds who write to me. I do my best, but some have to be among the unlucky ones. But whether their name appears in our pages or not, all receive their certificates and pins when they write to Father Jim.

Marmora, Ont., has two more buds; they are Katie Bedore (Mayflower) and Anna Shannon (Forget-me-not). I hear quite often from the Marmora buds, and always glad to hear again.

I was interested in Jean Morrison's letter. If Jean writes such newsy letters always, then the other buds have a treat in store for them. Pen-name, "Pansy"; address, Campbellford, Ont.

A Chinese name appealed to Raymond Maurice of Penetang, Ont. It is "Tein-Tsin". Donald McNabb, of 55 Mitchell St., St. Thomas, Ont., also liked the Chinese touch. His name is "Don-Wong". His brother, Fred McNabb, has the name of "Theophane". I suppose many of the buds have read about a saint bearing the name of "Theophane Venard". He died a martyr in China. "Don-Wong" and "Theophane" have a brother studying in the Seminary for the Chinese Missions, so they perhaps can tell you something about China. Write to them.

A very faithful Toronto bud suggested that a definite Sunday be assigned for the Monthly Communion of the buds, but I would rather leave

it to their own choice; to have a certain Sunday for our Club members would be a good way to keep them in mind of their promise.

Jennie Linkletter (Link), Box 493, Summerside, P.E.I., has ten pen-pals already.

Betty Summers (Rosalind), "Bunc-loddy," Pennywell Road, St. John's, Nfld., wants "Ningie" and "Snooks" to write to her.

New buds from Newfoundland include Mary Rowsell (Lilac), 6 Stewart Ave., St. John's, and Winnifred Crimp (Blue-bell), 52 Bannerman St., St. John's. From Bay Bulls, Nfld., comes Catherine Hearn (Pearl) and Anita Whalen (Blue-eyes). I think any of them would write nice letters and tell you something about their doings during a Newfoundland winter season, if you write them.

Helen Walsh (Rose), 143 Strachan St. E., Hamilton, Ont., promises to answer buds who write her.

Remember that last month I told "Heidi" to have patience, and she would hear from some buds soon? Well, I heard from her and she says she has many letters.

"Tell Rose and Fleur de Lys I am waiting to hear from them." Camille Graziano (Orchid), 3227 Yonge St., Toronto.

Paul Michaud (Buster), 21 Chapel St. N., Thorold, Ont. "I am a member of Holy Rosary Sanctuary Boys' Hockey Team. Father Wilf. Gavard is my uncle."

Monica Vasey (Morning Glory), Dornock, Ont., says that her teacher reads the "China", and all the pupils like very much the letters from the buds. That's the style!

I must congratulate the buds from Fairville, N.B., who were so good to send in subscriptions for "China". I hope they will always continue to have an interest in Catholic Mission literature.

Patricia (Aster) and Nora Lister Hyacinth) are two new buds from Durham, Ont. Thanks, Hyacinth, for the verses you sent in.



Oh, boy! look who's here! To the other buds they're saying "Hello!" Left to right: George Davis (Morning Glory) 221 Clina St., Oshawa, Ont.; Francis Kieffer (Dahlia), R.R. 1, Durham Ont. (Francis' cow got cut out of the picture); Maria V. Turton (Yvonne), Beverly Blvd., Scarboro, Ont.; Beatrice McCormick (Sunbonnet Sue), Mill St., Fairville, N.B.; Donald McNabb (Don Wong), 55 Mitchell St., St. Thomas, Ont.; George N'kolas (Westerner), Beiseker, Alta.; Joseph N'kolas (Alberta) Beiseker, Alta.; Frances Sybl Fraser (Syb), 112 Main St., Fairville, N.B. Last on the list is John E. Roberts, brother of Bertha, from Halifax, who will become a bud when he makes his First Communion.



## JUST 252 YEARS OLD.

Li Ching-yun, aged 252 years, having been born in 1677, is now living peacefully in Kaihsien, a town in the south of Szechuan Province, China, with his twenty-fourth wife, a mere child of 60 summers. Professor Wu Chung-chieh, dean of the Department of Education at the Minkuo University, has investigated the case, and is convinced that the claim is perfectly genuine. The old gentleman was born during the reign of the Emperor Kang Hsi, the second Emperor of the Manchu dynasty. In his youth he was a druggist, and during his search for medicinal plants on the mountains of Yunnan, he discovered the herbs which have, it is claimed, so remarkably prolonged his life. When Li, in 1777, attained the age of 100 years, his longevity was considered so extraordinary that the provincial authorities petitioned the Imperial Government for suitable recognition. The Government consented, and it is declared that the order for this action is contained in the dynasty records. But this was just a start. Li kept on living, and to the astonishment of his neighborhood, reached the second century mark. Once more the Imperial Government was petitioned for further recognition, and it complied when it had verified the old man's great age in the records. Li is said to be in good health, and, if it is true that the older a man gets the shorter the years seem, should reach his 300th year in short order. Li was born when Charles II. was King of England, and when Francis de Laval was first Bishop of Quebec. When Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo Li was a youngster of 138. If Li has a secret, it is noticeable that he has not shared it with any of his wives, seeing that he has survived 23 of them. Or perhaps they refused it. In the meantime Li Ching-yun is hale and hearty.

### IF I WERE A CHINAMAN.

"I have travelled from the extreme north to the extreme south of China," writes George A. Dorsey in "Hearst's International Combined with Cosmopolitan,"



Fr. Kam's brother and his bride, who were recently married at Lungchuan. His wife was baptized the day before the wedding.

"and nearly 2,000 miles into the interior; and always with one object in view—to try to see the world through Chinese eyes in order that I might understand the Chinese.

"In comparing the Chinese with other peoples of the world, I was always impressed by their possession of certain qualities which we in this country hold dear. They seemed to be people of great common sense. They seemed to know how to mind their own business. They seemed to have a complete philosophy of life. Problems which would seem insoluble to us were accepted by them calmly, dispassionately, as part of the day's work.

"Canton, for example, from our point of view, is an impossibility—there just can't be such a city; people simply cannot live as they live. A million people in paper gilt houses packed together like sardines in a box, with streets six feet wide; a quarter of a million of them passing their entire life from birth to death in tiny boats on the river or in the narrow canals!

"Everywhere one goes in China one finds conditions that seem quite hopeless. Yet they manage, they get along, they seem quite as contented and happy as any people on earth. Again and again I have been amazed at their industry, their perseverance, their pluck, their capacity to work, to

endure, to make the best of things. They are in many respects the hardest-boiled, level-headed people in the world.

"The average Chinaman is so reasonable. He is a patient listener, open to argument, willing to be convinced; and more often than any other people I know of he has what we usually call the "instincts of a gentleman," whether he is governor of a province, dealer in curios, or coolie for a rickshaw. In the best sense of the word he is a thoroughbred sport. Poker is a good test of character—and I have played poker with him in Peking and in Chungking. I never knew a Chinaman in a poker game to whine or whimper, nor could anyone at the end of a game, from anything anyone said or the way anyone looked, pick a winner from a loser.

"This attitude towards life, this philosophy of life that one discovers in China could only be found among a people with the history of the Chinese. No nation has endured longer, no nation's history is less marred by war or more honored by the arts of peace than China's. The Chinese have been trying things out for thousands of years, getting excited about things for thousands of years; they have settled down into certain ways which to them seem worth while, conducive to long life and happiness.

"If I were a Chinaman I should certainly feel that I had little to be ashamed of in the history of my country. I should be extraordinarily proud of the fact that five hundred years before the beginning of the Christian Era my country produced a Confucius, who spoke words of wisdom which have never been surpassed. I should be extraordinarily proud of the fact that the learned man in my country had always commanded respect above all others, and that the profession of arms was an outcast profession.

"If I were a Chinaman I should feel that apart from a few recent discoveries and inventions in the physical and biologic sciences, the West had nothing to offer my country in the arts of peace, in the arts of well-living, or in any form of honorable and decent behaviour.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

A. KEELOR

## How About a Cat?

Wanted: An experienced maid for mousework. (Ad in Toronto paper.)

## The Mere Man.

"Should a man keep anything from his wife?" queried the lecturer.

"Enough for lunch and carfare, anyway," said an interested listener.

## Come Home.

First colored lady: "Yo' husband's in de hospital. Ah thought he was jus' off on a holiday."

Second similar (with pride): "He was, Mirandy. He was, but ah interrupted him."

## An Ill Wind.

"Have you heard that our friend McFarlane became rich at a single stroke?"

"No, how come?"

"His rich uncle had it."

## Tough Luck.

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with the word 'fascinate'."

Johnny: "I have nine buttons on my shirt but I can only fascinate."

## The Vicar of Bray, Sir.

Wanted: A strong donkey to do the entire work of a country clergyman. (Ad in a country paper.)

## Seven Ages of Woman.

The infant.

The little girl.

The girl.

The young lady.

The young lady.

The young lady.

The young lady.

—Capper Magazine.

## Like Father.

Music Teacher: "Your daughter is improving, but when she gets to the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

Mother: "That's just like her dad. He made his money in the grocery business."

## The Ruling Passion.

"They say Boggs is crazy on the subject of golf and his wife is equally crazy over auction sales."

"Yes, and the funny part of it is they both talk in their sleep. The other night a lodger in the next flat heard Boggs shout 'Fore', and immediately Mrs. Boggs yelled 'Four and a quarter'."

## Resemblance.

She was the kind of woman who could be relied upon to say the wrong thing wherever she was. At a recent dinner she turned to her neighbor and said:

"Doctor, can you tell me who that horrible-looking man is over there?"

"I can," replied the medical man. "That is my brother."

There was an awkward pause while the woman racked her brains for something to say. The doctor was enjoying her discomfiture.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she stammered, blushing. "How silly of me not to have seen the resemblance!"—Vancouver Province.

## Fire Paintings.

Romantic Lady: "Do you ever see pictures in the fire?"

Embittered Art Circle: "No. But I've seen lots that ought to be!"

## Natural Mistake.

A man and his wife were having tea in a fashionable restaurant.

"Shall we dance, dear?" asked the husband, rising from his chair.

"That wasn't the orchestra playing," replied his wife. "The waiter dropped a tray of China."—Fort William Times-Journal.

## Now, You Know.

"Pop, what's a monologue?"

"A monologue is a conversation between, let us say, Mr. and Mrs. Jones."

"I thought that was a dialogue."

"No, a dialogue is where two persons are speaking."

## Religious.

An old negro was brought into a police station charged with vagrancy.

"Law, mistah, I ain't no vagrant! I's a hard-workin' religious man. Look at dose!" And he pointed proudly to the large patches ornamenting the knees of his trousers. "I got dem f'om prayin'!"

"How about the patches on the seat of your breeches?" asked a policeman.

The negro looked sheepish for a moment, then:

"I reckon I must have got dose backslidin'," he said.

## Efficiency.

"How are you feeling, ol' man?" inquired the ward doctor of one of his patients.

"Not so bad, doctor," replied the

patient, "but my breathing troubles me."

"Well," assured the doctor, "I'll see if I can stop it to-morrow."

## For Office Workers Only.

The Pursued: "Hide me! My pursuers are on my trail."

Office Man: "Jump into the files. No one will find you there."

The Bore: "I passed by your place yesterday."

The Bored: "Thanks awfully!"

## The Superlative.

"This is a good restaurant, isn't it?" said the customer to the waiter who had brought his order.

"Yes," replied the waiter. "If you order a fresh egg, you get the freshest egg in the world. If you order a cup of coffee, you get the best cup of coffee in the world, and—"

"Yes, I believe it, I ordered a small steak."—Tit-Bits, London.

## When Bossie Broods.

Housewife—"Don't bring me any more of that horrid milk. It is positively blue."

Milkman—"It ain't our fault, lady. It's these long, dull evenings as makes the cows deprest."—Missouri Outlaw.

## Buy Stocks.

Father: "You really want to marry him, eh? What are the young man's prospects?"

Daughter: "Well, Dad, he has a very rich uncle who lives in Chicago."

## Ups and Downs.

"At least once in my life I was glad to be down and out."

"When was that?"

"After my first trip in an aeroplane."—Lethbridge Herald.

Mother—"Now, do you know where bad little girls go to?"

Molly—"Oh, yes—they go almost everywhere."—Everybody's Weekly (London).

## Where's Mr. Edison?

Fountain-pens now have every needed improvement except a contrivance to bark when they are placed in the wrong pocket.—Portland Evening Express.



## CONTRIBUTIONS

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations received from Dec. 18th, 1929.

## Over \$10.00

Rev. M. O'Brien, \$15.00; Rev. J. T. Kelly, \$25.00; Miss Elizabeth Neville, \$20.00; Mother Sup. and Students, Sisters of Charity, Mt. St. Vincent, \$30.00; C.C.S.M.C., Sudbury, \$50.00; Student Nurses, St. Joseph's Nursing School, Glace Bay, \$12.00; Jos. Winkelreid, \$20.00; St. Joseph's School, Halifax, \$17.00; F. M. Roxberry, \$67.00; Mary Dion, \$25.00; Sodality, Halifax, \$12.00; St. Joan of Arc School, per Rev. J. J. Crothers, \$19.51; House of Providence, Peterboro, \$12.00; Mite Box, St. Dunstan's, Chatham, per Rev. J. A. Murphy, \$42.00; Miss Monaghan, \$15.00; Daisy I. Buckley, \$25.00; Sacred Heart League, \$28.00; St. Mary's Convent School, Peterboro, \$17.00; Mrs. S. Gibbons, Fredericton, N.B., \$17.00.

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Friend, \$4.50; Miss Elizabeth McCarthy, \$2.15; Mary Devine, \$2.00; Mrs. Rita Daniels, \$2.00; S. P. Dairon, \$3.00; Rev. W. M. Roberts, \$2.15; Leonard's Mite-Box, \$3.00; Mr. Rd. Myron, \$3.00; Mrs. E. Brown, \$2.10; Robbie Waites, \$2.50.

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Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

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Alex. M. MacDonald, West Mabou Harbour, N.S. .... 4.00

## SO THIS IS CHINA.

(Concluded)

in, tired but in the best of spirits.

All this took place within the four walls of the Mission Compound. Outside life went on in the same everyday way. Our Mission was a Bethlehem. Maybe in "thirty years" time, it will have spread over the whole city. It certainly stands in great need of it. Why such conditions exist after two thousand years of Christianity is a mystery. Some day it might be said of our western civilization, that if in China had been done the things that were done for us they wouldn't have neglected to pass on the Faith. Our Catholic people stand in need of a greater education concerning the missions.

## MY FIRST CHRISTMAS IN CHINA.

the consolation was beyond me. It is just to say that no matter where you are or with whom you are, joy is always there to him who seeks it.

BERNARD BOUDREAU.

## MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

"To-day," writes Father Morrison, "a marriage is being celebrated in one of the neighbouring houses, and they are making a terrible racket with their so-called orchestra, which consists of Chinese bagpipes and a frying pan. They have four notes, only, and these they continue to play to the delight of their invited guests and disgust of their foreign neighbours. We took a look in. The "orchestra" was seated on stools, and the guests were all talking and shouting at the top of their voices. Such music is too much for the dogs, who shriek and howl in piteous unison with the weird sounds they make."



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# CHINA

April

1930





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# EDITORIAL PAGE CHINA

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... CHINA ...

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## ENDURANCE

Boy, you talk of endurance! Did you ever hear the story of our bank account? During the past ten years, with varying success, it has been putting up a heroic struggle for existence. So long now have we watched the ebb and flow of its tide of life that our very familiarity has dulled our appreciation of its stamina, of the heroic stand of that thin black line of figures against the tireless onslaughts of butcher, baker and coal man.

"There you are" we hear some of our friends exclaim. "Couldn't stand the pace. Knew they'd have to lower the high tone" (ahem) "of CHINA'S editorial page by a reference to filthy lucre". But now it must be told.

How that account survives so long is a perennial mystery. Just now, however, it hovers unsteadily on the brink of a dizzy and fatal overdraught. How long can it last? That is the question. If the coal man appears, bill in hand, all will be over. But, somehow or other, we are hoping against hope that it will hold out until the arrival of a few more registered letters provides the wherewithal for a life giving transfusion. Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see any coming?

Isn't it marvellous after all! We are so accustomed to seeing "Smitty" (our mailman) trudge in each morning and evening with that old mail bag that we forget the wonder of it all. But that old bag has kept us alive, literally, for many a year. Some days there are ten letters, some days thirty. In one you will find a renewal to CHINA, in another, in each of many others as a rule, a cheque "to help the good work along". Occasionally—but, oh, so rarely—a notification of a bequest. Then there are the times when a CHINA returns home ignominiously, battered and

torn, with "refused" scrawled across its back. Happily such a homecoming is rare.

And through it all we have often wondered just what it is that keeps that little stream of correspondence moving along with such regularity. Why does it not sometimes swell to a torrent or sometimes run dry? But no; always at the same old rate, never enough to enable us to lay anything by for a "rainy day"; usually sufficient to pay the monthly bills and keep the ever vigilant wolf at a respectful distance from our door.

We have not wearied you with appeals, dear readers, have we? We know (how could we feel otherwise as we glance over our past history?) that a Kind Providence will inspire you to come to our assistance as the needs arise. You have heard of the communities of poor religious who ring a bell when the larder is empty so that kind neighbours may come to their rescue. It would not help much in our particular environment so we must only let you know through CHINA when the larder is getting dangerously low. There is no scarcity of vocations. Next year will see this Seminary filled to capacity. The following year we shall have to build—something. Without any guarantee that the morrow will see us solvent we go on accepting students endowed with the necessary qualifications, seeing to their training and education, feeding them well, because we are firm believers in the "mens sana in corpore sano" principle, especially in seminaries. And now we thought we had better report to you on the condition of that bank account. We feel that you can and will help us do something about it. We should really like to see the mail bag a little heavier for the next few days. A letter from you to-day would help us tide the crisis over.



### A MUCH APPRECIATED GIFT.

Most of our readers have heard of the disaster in Newfoundland last year, the great tidal wave that followed an ocean upheaval, and in many settlements along the south-east coast carried stores and houses right out to sea. From Lamaline, one of the sections which suffered very greatly in that disaster we have just received a letter, with an enclosure of \$21.94, from the pastor, Rev. Wm. Sullivan.

We are deeply touched by the charity of the good people of Lamaline, who find time to think of us and our needs at a time when they are but slowly recovering from the effects of a grim disaster that left death and desolation in its train. Rarely have we met with a more touching example of charity and trust in Providence. May God bless the kindly pastor of Lamaline and his good people and speed the day when the parish will have completely recovered from the effects of the terrible material damage resulting from last year's upheaval.

### FRIENDS OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

Many letters to our missionaries have passed through our hands of late from the various Crusade Units who have adopted them, letters laden with cheerful news from home, with generous spiritual bouquets and also gifts for the missionaries.

St. Peter's and St. Mary's School, Toronto, have been very thoughtful in this regard, the former to Father Gignac and the latter to Father Stringer. We hope that by now they have received answers to their letters, but we wish to remind our kind young friends that it sometimes takes three months to get an answer from our district in China. The address, CATHOLIC MISSION, CHUCHOW, CHE., CHINA, will find any of our priests, as letters will be re-directed from there to those on the missions.

We cannot say how deeply grateful we are to our young friends for their great kindness. Imagine how welcome their cheery letters will be to the missionary in far-away China. We

took the liberty of perusing some of the letters as they passed through and found them most interesting. Perhaps Fr. Stringer (he's from Ottawa you know) and Fr. Amyot (he hails from the Capital too) will not be so tickled when they learn the details of a victory by the Maple Leafs over the Ottawa professional team, but they will be glad to get all the news, mark my words.

In our Seminary chapel on Monday, February 24th, the feast of Saint Matthias, Rev. A. J.



REV. A. J. MacDonald,  
who was ordained to the Priesthood in our  
Seminary Chapel on February 24th.

MacDonald was ordained to the holy priesthood by His Lordship, Bishop McDonald. The event was the occasion of many blessings and a great privilege to our institution, since it was the first time that the ceremony of ordination took place in this Seminary. Assisting His Lordship were Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector of the Seminary, and Rev. Father P. J. Kennedy, of St. John's, Nfld. Rev. Father G. Cabana, Professor of Liturgy at St. Augustine's Seminary, was Master of Ceremonies, with Mr. Alphonsus Chafe, of our Seminary, as his assistant. The Chapel was filled to capacity with priests and Seminarians, also relatives and friends

of Father MacDonald. Among the latter were Rev. Father R. J. MacDonald, a cousin, and Rev. Father Gauthier, his parish priest. Father MacDonald will be CHINA'S circulation manager, so from now on watch for bigger and better service.

No doubt many of our readers would like to know what our Seminarians do during their periods of recreation, so it may be interesting to give a very brief account of one form of their recreational activity during recent months. Students, like everybody else, must have their 'physical exercise to preserve that "sound mind in a sound body" that is so much to be desired, and when classes are finished each day, they enter into their "sports" with zeal. A splendid open-air rink, measuring 185 feet by 80 feet, gave lots of scope for exercise since the beginning of December, and what with snow-shovelling (not inconsiderable this winter) and hockey games, physical exercise was not lacking. We are only a few hundred yards from St. Augustine's Seminary, and our students participate in the organized games of that Seminary. "China" entered teams in both their Senior and Junior Hockey Leagues, and after an interesting series, our Seniors carried off the League honors. The soft weather interfered with the play-off for championship, but not before two play-off games had been played, and both resulted in close tie-scores. Our Juniors were not so fortunate, but lost out to superior players at St. Augustine's.

Don't imagine this hockey, as played by Seminarians, is a "soft" affair, with none of the thrills of real hockey. Opposing forwards know from experience that defence men on a Seminary team can "step into 'em" as hard as anyone else, and the games between the various teams were always hard-fought. Hockey is a great game, and we can assure you that Seminary students enjoy their recreations exceptionally well when a game is occupying their attention. The season on the whole has been very good, but the trusty blades and pads have now been stored away, and our rinks are awaiting conversion into tennis courts.





# Here and There in CHINA

By

REV. H. SHARKEY.

China! Shanghai! With my heart in my mouth, I heard the whisper go round, and I made for the upper deck. Sure enough, there it was: the long gray skyline of towering buildings, the famous bund. At last our long ocean trip was over, and we were in the country of our adoption. With a silent *Deo Gratias*, we met Father Fraser and went ashore. (Father Sharkey then gives a beautiful description of the trip down the coast, but as this has already been written up in CHINA, we take the liberty of interrupting the narrative to re-join him on the trip up the Wenchow River.)

After a stop of a few days in Wenchow, early one morning we set out with all our luggage for the river. It sure was some parade, about eight rickshaws, all told. We were to go up the river by sampans, two of which carried our trunks, the other two ourselves—three to each sampan. The sampan is a neatly built and neatly kept (?) boat, much like a large flat punt, roofed over with a rounded covering of bamboo. It is propelled by a large paddle at the stern and a smaller one at the bow, and if the wind is favorable, they have a sail. For shallow spots (of which the river has many), a long bamboo pike-pole is used. And do they lean on it?

The trip from Wenchow to within a short distance of Tsing tien (pronounced Ching dee) is very fine, for all the sampans are towed that far by a larger boat. But from some distance below this city to Chuchow, the river, if river it can be called, is just a chain of shallows and rapids, and progress is slow. Many and many a time the lau-da or boatman is forced to wade into the icy cold stream up to his waist, dragging the boat over shallows or guiding it up rapids. Often, too, it is pulled by bamboo rope, by a man walking along the shore. On most sampans there are two or three men, and on ours there was a bright young lad of 14, whose strength and endurance were a marvel to us all. Father Fraser invited him to attend our school, but no doubt his pagan parents would count their financial loss too great.

The whole district is mountainous, with here and there a plain. It must indeed be very much like Palestine in the time of Jesus. "And He went up to the temple" is a very suitable quotation here. But, sad to say, it is not **the** temple, but **a temple**, and there is no shekinah there.

With what great joy of heart we entered our own district! Temples, pagodas, idols and

thousands of pagans—a corner of the Master's Vineyard it was, but weed-choked and overgrown with the devil's cockle—and he had called us, the least of his servants, out of the fertile fields of Catholic Canada to redeem it. We reached the city and stepped out on home soil. At the chapel we were met by the catechist, and after a nice hot supper (which Father Des prepared), we made preparation for as comfortable a sleep as possible. First of all, we had to chase a bat out of our room, Father Stringer and I, and what did it do but fly into the room occupied by Father Fraser and Father Gignac! When I went in to see the fun, both of them were hitting everything in the room except the bat. They had coats for weapons, and nearly succeeded in putting the lamp out. Finally the bat died with fright, just died because they never hit him. And then blessed silence reigned.

We arose early the next morning to say Mass before starting out, and there in that dim, dusty, rickety old chapel at Ching Dee, open to every breeze that blew, we leaned over the Little White Host and performed that most beautiful, most sublime act which the golden, jewelled temple of Herod was not worthy to have enacted within its holy of holies.



Against the sordid background it stood out more powerfully, more gloriously.

Adverse winds prevented us from leaving Ching Dee, so Father Gignac and I made an excursion into the hills. It was a fairly warm day but we did not mind it. Walking is my favorite pastime. And to see anything you must walk in China. No matter where you go there are cobblestone paths, so that makes it easy.

I don't know how many steps we climbed up that mountain, but I do know that we climbed about 700 feet, and even then we could see the steps, far, far above us, a regular Jacob's ladder. But at 700 feet we quit. And what an entrancing scene it was as we gazed below! The mountains rose high on every hand. From foot hill to summit they were all terraced, one terrace receding back from the other, neatly cultivated and walled in. To me it was a feat of labor that could vie with the amphitheatre of Rome, or the pyramids of Egypt. I had heard of cultivated hills and fields

but never of cultivated mountains. In the catalogue of China's vices there is no place for laziness. Slow they may be, but they surely work and work hard.

Another interesting experience at Ching Dee was our visit to an old Taoist hermit up in the hills. There he lives alone, like an anchorite of the desert, murmuring prayers to heaven, his deity. He lives in a natural cave in the rocks, sheltered from wind and rain. Our Catechist tried to tell him that heaven was not God, but we could not convince him, so we left him to the mercy of that Lord Whom he did not know.

At last the wind cleared and we left Ching Dee. We stopped at night in a pagan village (there are no Christians there) and Fathers Fraser, Gignac and myself put up at a pagan inn. We rose early (4 a.m.) and said Mass on a little table there was in the room. My hands got so cold I could hardly hold the host. Strange it was indeed—Mass in a pagan house, in the darkness of early morning. Little did the

pagans sleeping below know how great a personage had deigned to enter into their little home! Silently Christ came and went, though doors and windows were shut, came and went as in the cenacle. The next night we stopped at a village where there was a Christian family. The husband kept a store and the old cronies met there to talk and smoke. They were very kind to us and just before leaving the inevitable cup of tea was proffered. Father Fraser said Mass there early next morning, but some of us waited for a late Mass at Chuchow, which we were to reach within a few hours.

We stopped the boats a few li ( $\frac{1}{2}$  mile) before we got to the city, and some of us took a shortcut to the mission. The school boys met us with their bows and greetings just in front of the mission residence. Home, at last, among our fellow-priests. What a grand and glorious feeling! Father Serra and Father Wong met us, Fr. Amyot (now be-whiskered), who came down to Shanghai while we were there, had remained behind to finish up some business. It was nearly noon, so we hurried and said Mass, thanking God for our safe arrival. All along the way we had heard rumors of bandits and some had tried to dissuade us from making the journey, but we did not encounter any danger.

After our baggage arrived we were given our rooms and we soon had things ship-shape. Fr. Gignac and I are on the lower floor. Things are very comfortable, for I have a stove in my room. The boys were just in for a little music and have just left. I bought a portable Columbia and we sure enjoy it. We are the jolliest band of missionaries that can be found. It seems to be the light-heartedness and gaiety that God always gives to those who have not or who once had and gave up the pleasures of the world. It was thus that St. Paul could say, "Gaudete in Domino semper-iterum dico gaudete." There is plenty of work to do, plenty of **the grandest work on earth**, so come along boys, the more the merrier.

H. F. SHARKEY.



Pupils of the girls' school, at Chuchow, attired in their "very latest" schoolgirl costumes.



# Father Venini's Letter

(Concluded from a previous issue)

## What They Eat In China.

Rice is the staff of life here in our district. What the Chinese cannot make from rice or bamboo is not worth making. Take these two articles out of China and there will be nothing left but the mountains and rivers. The rice is simply boiled until properly cooked, and really constitutes the whole meal. The number and variety of the other dishes will be strictly in accordance with the pocket book. Pork is the most common meat, though even it is not seen very often on many tables. Beef may be had at times, though it is nearly always very tough, as the cows are not raised for their flesh or milk but are used as beasts of burden. Horses there are none, though occasionally a tiny Manchurian pony may be seen, or rather discovered, under the robes of their riders. Goats are fairly plentiful, as well as chickens, ducks and geese, though they are beyond the ordinary budget. The Chinese are good truck gardeners and have many varieties of vegetables, which are always boiled, never eaten as salads. This is quite as it should be, given the local methods of fertilizing the fields. On festival occasions, such as marriages, national holidays, etc., many extras, ranging from birds' nests to sharks' fins, may be added, always, as is natural, varying in quantity and number, according to the financial standing of the family. The number of the dishes prepared from wheat and rice flour is legion. Next Hallowe-en, instead of ducking for apples in the washtub, give the members of your party a pair of chop sticks and a bowl of spaghetti, the spaghetti being at least two feet long. The Neapolitani have nothing on their brothers of the Celestial Empire. When you reach the end (and perhaps long before that) of this article you

will be tired and hungry. Try a pair of poached eggs, drowned in sweetened rice wine.

## Help Needed.

Are any of our readers of an inventive turn of mind? If so I would be ever so grateful if they could succeed in working out some kind of an auxiliary stomach that I could conceal under my soutane. The Christians must think that we priests have at least as many stomachs as a cow. The minute we cast our shadow on the threshold of their homes, the lady of the house makes a bee line for the stove, and shortly afterwards we are invited to grace their board with our presence. Were the homes of the Christians five or more miles apart this would be perfectly O.K., but when there are from one to five families living under the same roof it is time to consult the ways and means committee. It is absolutely useless to try to convince them that if one or more vitamin slips down you are going to be sick. Up to date I have discovered only one way out of the difficulty. Apparently the local code of etiquette requires that when you invite someone to have a snack you are to let him eat in peace, because I notice that after the first two or three whirls of the chop-sticks we are left pretty much to ourselves. Now it is my opportunity. By this time my boy (why did I ever grow up) has yodled about two-thirds of his dish away, so after a quick glance to see if the coast is clear, I quickly slip the best part of my lunch into his bowl and then we yodel a duet to victory. It is surprising how quickly my boy learned his part of the act.

The local boards of hygiene are not nearly so strict as they are in some distant lands. The family tooth brush is not discountenanced, in fact, on the

coastal steamers from Shanghai to Wenchow they even have international tooth brushes, and no extra charge.

But now to get back to our half-way village. There is no chapel so we must stop at the home of one of the Christians. There are several babies to be "supplied" here. There should also be one old lady but she was afraid to come. She was seriously sick some time ago, remaining in a coma for several days. The coffin was ready to receive her as they held no hopes for her recovery. One of the Christians thought he would obtain a free pass to heaven for her so he baptized her. However, she fooled them and "came to life again". The coffin was resold, but the indelible mark of baptism is there to stay.

## Processions.

I do not think there is anything (after his rice) that a Chinese likes as well as a procession. Here comes a wedding procession. It is headed by a calf bedecked in red streamers, followed by a number of carriers bearing the gifts, and finally the bride in her sedan chair. I hope she is a good sailor. If not she is surely going to be terribly sea sick. The six men carrying the chair are certainly giving her a rough passage, deliberately rocking and swaying the chair, nearly to the point of overturning it. Perhaps it is to prepare the fair maiden for the many storms she may expect on the matrimonial sea.

## A Funeral.

Here comes another procession. To judge by the music, the fire crackers and the tam-tams, it would seem to be another marriage procession, but no, this time it is a funeral. The cause of the procession is being carried along in his massive coffin, by eight men. The relatives are clothed in sack cloth and their white mourning clothes. White is the color of mourning here. Paper money, simply common wrapping paper, with twenty-five holes punched in each piece (each hole representing one cash) is being distributed freely as they wend their way slowly over the cobble paths. The money is to defray the expense incurred by the defunct on his



journey across the Styx. The party has no objections to posing for me while I "shoot" a snap. The person whose funeral procession we have just passed may have died months or years ago, and is only now being buried, either because the family, at the time of his death, had not the wherewithall to provide a fitting funeral, or perhaps they have waited for some relative living at a distance, or perhaps the soothsayers have decided on this day for the burial. In the meantime the body, enclosed in its coffin, will have been resting in a nearby temple. In some cities they have, or had, a special building in which to place such coffins. The father of my boy died some years ago, but his body still lies in a temple near the home. The boy's people are pagans. The mother intends to keep the coffin unburied until her death, so that they may be buried together. Faithful unto death.

#### And Still They Come.

Finally, just at dusk, as we are entering the city of Tsing-tien, we meet our third procession. This time it is an "ex voto" procession, an annual affair. It is made up mostly of children, accompanied by an older member of the family. These children have been sick during the year, and the parents had promised the idols, or the devil, or somebody, that if the children recovered they would carry them in this procession. Many of the youngsters are taking a purely physical part in the whole proceedings as they slumber peacefully in their gaily-decorated chairs.

#### Rough Treatment.

There is a fairly good chapel in Tsing-tien, though the place is sadly in need of repairs. If any of the Canadian ball teams need any spare pitchers, they might send a couple of their scouts over here, because, judging by the number of broken windows in this chapel, there are many good arms going to waste here in Tsing-tien; and sometimes these stones, projected by the aforementioned arms, are not always directed solely at the windows, but the foreign gentleman; or, to use the boy's own words, the yang kwei tz (foreign devil) also comes in for his share.

#### Hard Going.

The visitation of Tsing-tien completed, our via dolorosa begins. From here on we shall have to be alpine climbers, for mountains to climb there will be aplenty. However, there is always one consolation in climbing a mountain—the joy of going down the other side. Our final objective will be Wong da, a fair-sized town, distant several days, as we poor humans walk, but only about sixty miles, as the crow is supposed to fly. There are several chapels to be visited enroute, but the routine will be already described.

#### Beautiful Scenery.

The spring scenery to be enjoyed as we pass through these mountains amply compensates us for the energy and shoe leather consumed. There are many pretty bridges crossing the numerous streams, some of them no mean engineering feats. Near Wong da there is a water-fall, fully, in my estimation, one thousand feet high. Unfortunately, at this season there is very little water coming over it, but after a heavy rain it must be a very pretty sight indeed. We clambered down a rocky goat path to the pool at its base, and by the time we arrived at the road once more, I was more inclined to put the height down at five thousand feet.

#### Wong Da.

We arrive at Wong da tired but happy, at the end of a perfect day. The inner man satisfied, we take to the hay for a well-deserved rest, but it is only too true, there is no rest for the wicked. Hardly had my head touched my pillow of straw when, rap, rap, and please Zung vu, but there is a sick Christian who fears to die, and will you please come and anoint her. Luckily the house is quite near, so we manage to push our weary legs along for another hour. Next morning a child is sick in the same house, so now they are sure it is the devil who is getting after him, so there is no help for it. Zung vu must come and read the prayers for the sick, assisted by a number of the Christians. The pagan members of the family are also convinced that his satanic majesty is the cause of

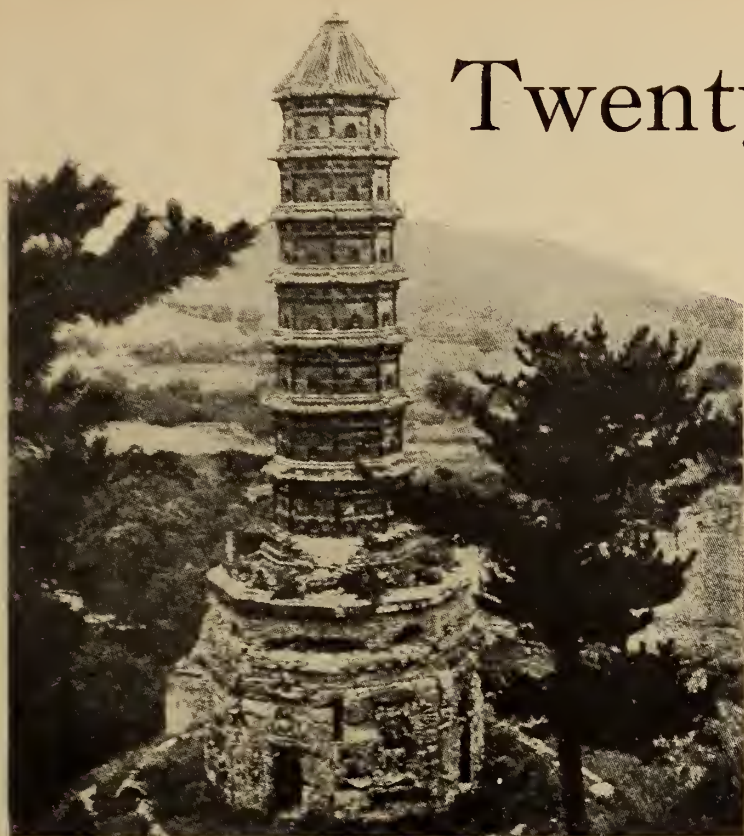
all the sickness, so they are busy with their superstitious practices. On our way back to the chapel we notice a wooden peg, upon which is written a superstitious omen, planted outside the gate. The catechist sent it sailing down the tiny creek that flows by the house.

We shall remain at Wong da for a week or two, to rest our weary bones, and also to visit the Christians whose homes are scattered far and wide in the mountains surrounding the village. From Wong da we shall strike over the mountains by a different route for "home".

Dear friends, have you enjoyed your trip, or are you weary and rather inclined to ask what it is all about? "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold. Them also must I bring and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." It is all about these "other sheep". Dear friends, let us never cease to thank the good God for the wonderful gift of the Faith that he has gratuitously granted us. Have we ever really considered what this Faith means to us? Have we ever reflected that were it not for this Faith the entire world would be sharing the sad plight of China? In vain do the "enlightened" ones of our day, as those of the past, try to prove that the regeneration of corrupt humanity owes nothing to the Faith; in short, "that Christ has nothing to do with it," as one recently dared to blaspheme. The twelve set out from Jerusalem some two thousand years ago, to conquer what we are endeavoring to conquer to-day; they, two thousand years ago, found what we find to-day, a world sunk in paganism. Were St. Paul living to-day we could well address his letters to the Chinese, or other pagans, as he addressed them to the pagan Romans or Corinthians. The Apostles, too, had their "enlightened" ones who maintained that the Word was intended only for those of the Law. "We ought to obey God rather than men," was the intrepid reply of the Chief of the Apostles. Clearly had God commanded: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"

(Concluded on page 47)





# Twenty Three Days With BANDITS

By

REV. ULRIC KRENTZEN,

O. F. M.

"Franciscan Missions"

November 8th was cold. Just a few days before a change had come, bringing along the first cold snap of the season. The cold was penetrating—the damp cold of the Yangtze Valley always seems to freeze the marrow of the bones and makes you want to hug the stove. I arose as usual that morning, about five o'clock. Soon after, rifle firing began in the direction of the headquarters of the local garrison. I thought it was a mere scrap between the home guards stationed there and paid no attention to it. In fact I went to the church to make my preparation for Mass, thinking that the matter would be settled in a few moments.

But the shooting did not cease and soon I realized that it was coming closer to the Mission. Just about the time that I made up my mind that affairs were more serious than I first believed, my boy came running in, turned out the lamp, and told me to hide. Instead I ran to the door and looked towards the mountains, and there I saw the file of bandits coming towards Wei Yuan Kow. Some were already in the city.

At once I returned to the church, consumed the Blessed

"I left God a year ago—" said one of Father Ulric's captors. Small wonder then that life isn't worth a penny to them and that honor is unknown.

The following account of Father Ulric's capture by bandits gives a good picture of the methods used by Communist-bandits to secure money and loot for themselves. To Father Ulric's story there is appended an account of the efforts of the Mission to secure his release.

Sacrament, gave Holy Communion to my boy and purified the ciborium. By the time I had finished, I heard pounding at the back gate—the mission compound was surrounded. There was nothing else to do but let them in, so I told the boy to open the doors while I prepared for the worst. Kneeling down in the church, I waited. Soon four bandits came in, took hold of me and told me to follow them. Two ran through the house looking for

loot. Not a hair of my head was harmed and the only thing taken was a broken watch—my mother's watch. In a few minutes we left. My boy refused to be parted from me and the bandits took him along.

We were led through the back gate of the mission-compound into the main and only street of Wei Yuan Kow. Bullets were flying about in all directions. It was miraculous that none of us were struck as we marched through the street. The guard of four conducted me to the outskirts of the village. As we walked along, I saw the bandits looting the homes and shops of the villagers, especially carrying off bolts of fine cloth which later would be converted into money.

Outside of the city we halted. Men were counted and one was found to be missing. Four of the home guards had been killed or wounded — the rest had escaped. Turning and looking back at the village, I saw men carrying tins of kerosene and soon the garrison headquarters was in flames. Orders were issued and we two solitary captives followed the train of loot towards



Da Wan Dien. Then I noticed a group of local men, all Communists and armed with either battle-axes, knives, or swords. These men had led the bandit-soldiers to Wei Yuan Kow.

After we had travelled about half the distance to Da Wan Dien, the bandits halted and seved breakfast — cold boiled rice. While they were eating (I refused it), one of the Communist leaders named Ko approached me and began a conversation in English. He claimed that he had been educated in America, but judging from his manner and talking, I think that he must have acquired his knowledge in a Chinese laundry. He made me understand, however, that I was being held for a ransom of ten thousand dollars. Then he gave me a piece of paper and pencil and instructed me to write to the mission authorities in Wuchang, informing them of my capture and the demand for ransom. This short letter was given to my boy to be taken to Wuchang. At first he refused to go, but the bandits insisted and he was compelled to go.

We arrived at Da Wan Dien about two o'clock in the afternoon. Here the bandit-soldiers and Communists gathered and a speech was given them by one of the leaders touching on the good points of communism. Meanwhile I sat on a rock nearby looking on, my mind a prey of wild imaginations. After the speech, which lasted about twenty minutes, we marched into the town and were lodged in the municipal building, the headquarters of the local Communists. Here the second meal of the day was served—cold boiled rice and canned preserves and pineapple—loot from the morning's raid. I had no appetite and did not eat.

We again moved on after the meal. But our journey was short this time. We came to a Chinese hotel and here we rested until six o'clock in the evening. About this time I was taken to a sub-office of the communist headquarters, a vacant Chinese public school. A consultation was then held by the bandits. It was decided that the hotel was not a good place for me since it could easily be identified, so I was

taken to the house of a "friend" where I was assured of good care.

However, the bandits were not satisfied. Soldiers, spies, no doubt, came in and out. Finally I was taken back to headquarters where another consultation was held. About a half hour afterwards I was told that we were going to the mountains of Kiang Kiang San.

Six guards went before me and six came behind. It was a difficult journey. The paths were steep and rocky and the night pitch black. I could not see a foot in front of me. After a long and tedious climb we came, about midnight, to the house of a pagan. The bandits pounded on the door, but the only answer was a sleepy grunt. After they had pounded for fifteen minutes an old woman opened the door. Without so much as "by your leave" they pushed the old woman aside and entered the house. Room, rice and a bed were immediately demanded though not too readily given. Later I learned that by delaying in opening the door, the old woman had given her two sons sufficient time to escape from the house.

I slept that night only fitfully. That, of course, was to be expected even though I had travelled all day and was exhausted. About three o'clock the next morning an officer and a group of bandit-soldiers arrived. I learned that they had slept at our Mission at Kiang Kiang San which had become their headquarters in the mountains. But later in the morning the officer and the bandit-soldiers moved off and I was left in the home of the pagan, under guard.

That morning I had visitors. An old popo (an aged woman) and three other women came to the house. I was sitting in a chair trying to realize my position when they came in. They looked at me and shook their heads in sorrow. "Poor senfu," one said, "he does not understand the dangers he is in." Then for quite a while they held conversation among themselves, debating, no doubt, what chances I had for getting out alive. As for that, well, I had written to Monsignor Espelage that I was in God's hands. After all it is

best to keep one's self there no matter what happens.

That same evening a pagan came to the house. After looking around and studying the house he ventured to suggest that the guard remove me to the house of a Christian nearby, for accommodations here were very poor. No doubt the guards were thinking of themselves when they consented. At any rate I was taken to the home of that Christian. There I remained three or four days.

One night after I had retired (about ten o'clock), I was awakened by the guard and told to prepare for another journey. Our destination was Lo Dzan Er, a small village on the opposite side of the valley. Then it was that I realized how impossible it would be to try to escape. The entire district through which we passed was well guarded. Frequently we were halted by the cry of a sentry. Then one of the guard would advance, give the password, engage in a short conversation, and then forward again we would march. All who live in that neighborhood are registered as Communists though many are so registered out of fear, not through conviction.

As we approached the opposite side of the mountain, I saw a man waving a signal lantern. Immediately he disappeared into a house that was lighted up. As soon as he closed the door all the lights went out. About fifteen minutes later we came to this same house. The guard pounded at the door. The door was opened, by whom I don't know, for I saw no one. The lamps were lighted. In the soft glow of the lamps the house revealed itself to be a Chinese inn. All about the place people were apparently sleeping. Not a word was spoken. Tea and cigarettes appeared as if by magic. The guard then looked about the place and decided that there was no place to sleep, nothing to eat, and therefore we should move on. A little distance away we came to a school house.

Shortly after our arrival, the bandits brought in some straw and placed it on a table. This, I was told, was my bed. But I couldn't sleep; I was too upset. The mysterious air of that Chinese inn, the sudden extinguishing



of all the lights, the apparent slumber of the guests, and the absolute silence impressed upon me the abject fear in which the inhabitants of that district hold the bandits. About half an hour afterwards all the guards departed except four.

I was kept in the school house for a week. Every night I heard firing of rifles as the bandits raided homes nearby. The misery of the people in this district is unbelievable. Communism, real, red communism, rules the district. One must join them or be despoiled of everything, perhaps even killed. Owing to the mountainous nature of the land, the bandits feel secure, for it is almost impossible to pursue or capture them.

After a week had passed, this place was decided no longer safe. Soldiers of the Regular Army had been out scouring the neighborhood but did not find trace of us. The leader of the Communists then came to me and told me to inform the mission authorities that if the soldiers continued to harass the bandits and attempted to secure my release in this manner, I would be killed. After I had written this message I was again removed.

It was a terrible climb up the mountain. When we arrived at the top I was taken to a pagan temple. One bonze was the sole occupant besides the many gods and goddesses that lined the walls or stood upon the altars. Judging from the number of idols it must be a famous shrine for the people of that neighborhood, but in these days of communism, the temple was being used as a place to store dried straw which was to be used as fuel.

Here I also remained one week. There was no thought of escape. The bandits kept constant guard over me. I was not ill-treated or abused in any way, but naturally the scarcity of food (I was given a small bowl of rice three times each day) was wearing away my strength. After my release I learned that several packages of provisions had been sent to me by the Fathers and by the Sisters of Hwang Shih Kang and of Safang, but all that I received, though the bandits had promised to give me everything, was two

tins of salmon, a tin of corned-beef, some spoiled boiled ham, and some coffee. All the good cookies, the cigarettes, and the other provisions were kept and used by the bandits themselves. I did get some of the crumbs and the cookies, but when the bandit placed them in my lap he also sat down beside me and helped me to eat them. Such is life among the bandits.

On Saturday, November 30th, I was told that we were to descend the mountain. How I ever got down that mountain in the dead of night I don't know. Surely the angels helped me. When we arrived at the bottom, I was led to the school house where I had been detained previously for a week. Then I was told that on the next day I would be set free. Of course, I didn't believe it.

I stayed at the school house that night and the next day until one o'clock in the afternoon. I didn't have a bite to eat all that time. At one o'clock some meat was brought to me, but thinking that it was Friday, I refused to eat it. I had lost all count of time. Instead of being Friday it was really Sunday. Shortly after an old woman approached to see what was going on and offered me two sweet potatoes. I ate half of one and became sick.

Shortly after one o'clock we started towards Tayeh city. In the distance I saw three men approaching. As they came closer I tried to recognize them. They, however, seemed to have no interest in our group. Soon after the guard called out to them, but they gave no answer. He called twice more, but both times there was no answer. Evidently this was a pre-arranged plan, for after calling the third time, the guards changed places with me and put me in front of them. When we were within about ten feet of the three men, I recognized Hwa Giang, one of the messengers used by Fathers Maurice and Austin in dealing with the bandits. Then I first believed that I was to be released.

The guards and the three men entered into conversation and immediately after one of the guard departed to call a chiao tse, a sedan chair, merely a board slung between two poles. I was ushered

in and then carried to a public tea-house about a mile away. The guard, now only three in number, followed behind, but when we reached the tea-house, one more of them left. The two remaining guards then accompanied us to the house of Hwa Giang a short distance away. Then they left us. I was free.

Perhaps you can imagine how fervently I thanked God. Perhaps you can imagine how tremblingly happy I felt to find myself once more a free man. Now I had but one desire—to get to Tayeh, to put as much ground as possible between the bandits and myself, but Hwa Giang thought otherwise.

We entered the home of Hwa Giang, the finest Chinese home I had ever seen in this part of China. Evidently it is the chief house of his clan. I asked Hwa Giang if he was the proud owner of this spacious and richly-furnished house. He assured me that he was the sole possessor. Of course I believed him. I had to in order to save his face. Hwa Giang had acquired "big face" during my captivity.

Hwa Giang at once became Master of Ceremonies and the Senfu's faithful valet. He was to serve a banquet. He would call a barber, for Senfu's beard was three weeks long. He would obtain fitting clothes for Senfu. He served tea, he brought cigarettes. But then I called a halt. "Hwa Giang," I said, "Senfu must go to Tayeh at once to say Mass."

Although it was getting close to nightfall, Hwa Giang was struck with this idea and agreed. Pagan that he is, he did not realize that it was too late to say Mass that day. At once he called a covered chiao tze. I protested against the use of this conveyance for the distance to the canal where we would take a sampan to Tayeh was just a stone's throw away. But Hwa Giang had to save "face." He saved it. I took the chiao tze.

Five minutes later we reached the canal. Three men approached us, one of whom spoke to Hwa Giang. After a short conversation, this man left. The second proved to be the sampan man; the third—my loyal boy.

(Continued on page 47)



# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by

## ROSE GARDEN

FATHER JIM



"You may gain life's greatest honors;

And the world's approval won;  
But the Lord will judge you only  
By the good that you have done."

My dear "Buds":

I can't write a long letter to you this month. You may ask why? Well, it's the old story. The more space I take up, the less space there will be for the letters from the buds, and I'm sure you would much rather prefer reading their letters than mine; and honestly I have more than ever this month. Why, within the past few weeks no fewer than 130 new buds joined our Club. That's mighty fine, you'll admit, but the sad part of it is that only some can have their letters printed. However, I want to remind you all to make the Holy Season of Lent a time of special prayer and work for the Missions. I am tickled at the fine way the buds are living up to their conditions of membership, namely Monthly Communion for the intention of Missionary vocations, and the saying every day of the Prayer for the Conversion of China. If you could read some of the letters I received you would be inspired to do even more. But here I am now writing a whole lot, so I must quit by encouraging you, every one of you, to keep up your fine Club spirit. Keep your "Chinas" each month, and you will have a fine collection of pictures of your pals.

Yours for a bigger Garden,  
FATHER JIM.

"As one of the buds is known as "the Fence", I hope he won't contest my laying claim to "the Gate" as my pen-name." Joseph Dobbin, West Mines, Bell Island, Nfld.

Gladstone (Bud) Murphy, and Bill Murphy, of St. Mary's School, Mt. Forest, Ont., sent me nice letters which they typewritten themselves. Both of them are members of St. Therese's Unit in Mt. Forest, and they tell me that the members wear their Rose Garden pins when making their monthly Communion. I am glad to hear that. Gladstone, besides being a "bud", is also a Boy Scout "Cub",

and Bill belongs to the Boy Scout "Wolves".

Sheldon MacDonald (Mac), "Pine Hurst", Green Valley, Ont., is a new bud. "Mac", James Conlin's address is 318 Division St., Oshawa. I hope you will write to him.

I'm sure buds will be pleased to have two such enthusiastic workers in the Garden as Madeline Kennedy (Lilac), and Allen, her brother, (Big Boy), who helped their father in the great work of preparing almost 7,000 Nfld. stamps for the Missions. Their address is 25 Boncloddy St., St. John's. Nfld.

Judging from the number of requests I receive from the buds to publish my picture in our column, I'm beginning to think most of you are really anxious to see my homely phiz. But I have yet to meet the photographer who is willing to risk his camera at the job. Aileen Bennett (Colleen), Box 22, Westport, Ont., writes: "I am sure you are not old at all," yet another bud addresses me as "Uncle Jim." Anyhow, keep on thinking well of me, and perhaps some day that now-famous "back-view" may be turned round—and you'll get a fright!

Anyone who likes fancy work and knitting has a pal in Florence Flinders (Sharon Rose), Hastings, Ont. Florence is 14 years old, and would like to hear from other pals.

Many of the buds told me they were very interested in the letters from the Priests in China. Well, that's just fine. You know that's what we expect of all our members, that they will be interested in our Mission work, and remember our priests and the poor Chinese people among whom they work in their prayers. Evangeline Boucher (Verbena), 430 Mary St., Pembroke, Ont., says she liked Fr. Boudreau's letter very much. She wants some Nova Scotia bud to write to her.

Little Albert McDonald of Northfield, Ont., writes to say he intends

to make his First Holy Communion in May, and has signed up in our Garden with "Apple Blossom" as his pen-name.

Austin Sweeney, of Durham, Ont., is another "Lily" amongst us. Glad to get your letter, Austin.

"Bridal Rose" (Josephine Drohan), has gotten her sister Loretta (Bluebell), to join our Club. Their address is 5 Marjory Ave., Toronto.

Howard Kane, 548 Masson St. Oshawa, wants "Don-Wong" to write him. Howard says he likes Arithmetic best of all his subjects in school.

Gladys and Reta Doucette, 68 Great George St., Charlottetown, P.E.I., are two new members.

"Curly Blonde" is the name chosen by Gertrude Gallant, of 49 Ferry St., Sydney, C.B.

Kathleen Needham wishes the Club every success, and wants someone to write to her. Address: "Marigold", 649 Front St. Pembroke, Ont.

A "shower of letters" is what would please Georgie Perry, Box 631, Summerside, P.E.I. She is 14 years old, and would like to hear from buds of her own age.

"Build a little fence of trust  
Around to-day.  
Fill each space with loving work,  
And therein stay;  
Peer not through the sheltering  
bars  
At to-morrow,  
God will ever help thee bear what  
comes  
Of joy or sorrow."

These beautiful lines were sent in by Pauline Kane (Fairly Slipper), St. Gregory's School, Oshawa. She wants to hear from Sunbonnet Sue.

I want to thank the many buds, loyal and true, from St. Mary's School, Mt. Forest, Ont., who wrote and sent bits of poetry. Sometime, when there is more space, I may be able to publish them. Buds from St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, and St.



Rose's School, Fairville, N.B., are all very faithful correspondents, and I certainly appreciate their beautiful letters.

Pearle Corcoran (Daisy), Lot 4, Piusville, P.E.I., asks Frances S. Fraser to write her.

"When I was four years old I was ill in hospital, and the nurses gave me the name of 'Mary Sunshine'. I must have been very sunny and cheerful then." Thus writes Mary Finotti, Box 1156, Midland, Ont. I'm sure Mary still is very cheerful, and would be willing to scatter some of her sunshine in letters to other buds. No doubt she would be able to tell you something of the Shrine of the Canadian Martyrs at Midland.

You will remember, buds, that Marie Simms was one of the winners of our Christmas contest. Well, I think she really deserves another prize for being so faithful to writing other pals. She has 21 already, and she wants Monnie Kent, Lillian Bush, Annie Powers and, Cecilia Peters to write to her, promising to answer promptly. Marie tells me that all the pupils in her school save their candy money during Lent and put it in a China Mission mite-box. Her address is 281 Lottridge St., Hamilton, Ont. She sends her "Chinas" to a friend in Dublin, Ireland.

Evelyn Sulpher says she is going to act on the suggestion of weekly Communion. She wants the members of our Club to pray for her, and would like also to hear from some others. Address: "Forget-me-Not", Box 712, Renfrew, Ont. Another Renfrew bud is Florence Clemen (Dot), Box 1075.

The unusual name of "King Tut" was chosen by James Staunton, 136 McNab St., N. Hamilton, Ont. "King Tut" would like to make the acquaintance of "Sunny Boy". How about it, "Sunny Boy"?

Madeline Nighbor says she is now reading the story of the Little Flower's mother. Buds, if you ever come across a copy of that little book, I hope you, too, will read it, and I'm confident that if you do you will love St. Therese's mother as well as you do St. Therese herself. Madeline's address is Hamilton's Field, Pembroke, Ont.

Barbara and Helen Hickey are two new buds from Peterboro, Ont. Address, Box 794.

I want to thank the many buds who remembered me by sending Valentines. I forgot to acknowledge them before. I suppose many of you had lots of fun that day.

I hope Josephine (Jerome) Burns has not forgotten her pal, "Buster", Bernice Pautler.

Newfoundland buds are increasing in number daily. Following are only some of those who joined since last month. I'm sure they would like to hear from some Canadian members.

From Saint John's, Nfld.:

Nellie Buckley (Literary Lou), 59 Bannerman St.

Margaret Emsley (Wild Rose), 22 Young's St.

Margaret Rolls (Sunshine), 5 British Square.

Jimmi Dunne (Clover), 20 Coronation St.

Lizzie Mullett (Queen of the Meadow), 26 Pennywell Road.

Mollie Maynard, Thorburn Road. From Cape Broyle, Nfld.:

Madeline O'Brien (Ramona), Hill View.

Loretta O'Brien (Daffodil), Hill View.

Geraldine Walsh (Marigold).

Susie Martin (Dewdrop).

May Whalen (Star of Bethlehem).

Bridie Rice (Forget-me-Not).

Lucy O'Brien (Lollypop), Cross Roads.

Mary A. O'Brien (Sunflower), Cross Roads.

Kathleen Hartery (Apple Blossom), Carter's Hill.

Betty Hammond, (Snowdrop), Box 39, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

Stephen Hammond (Auburn Steve), Box 39, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

Frances Wall (Snowdrop), Holyrood, Nfld.

Rosie Gates (Tulip), Holyrood, Nfld.

Bride Curran, (Hyacinth), North River, C.B., Nfld.

Bride Maddox (White Lilac), King's Cove, B.B., Nfld.

Mary Mulloy (Fern), Bay Bulls, Nfld.

Rupert Shannahan (Sea-Lark), Ferryland, Nfld.

Vincent Dobbin, (Diver), West Mines, Bell Island, Nfld.

Stamp collecting is a hobby of Mary LeBlanc, 1171 Victoria Road, Sydney, N.S. Her pen-name is "Forget-me-not". Mary keeps all her "Chinas". She is in Grade 9 at Holy Redeemer Convent.

Three new buds from Dornoch, Ont., are Wilfred Heft (Cosmas), Agnes Heft (Agie), and Margaret Heft (Hepatica). We know "China" is a welcome visitor at their home.



Well, I guess when the April "China" reaches our young readers, there will be a greater number than ever joining our Club, for who could resist joining up and becoming pals with those whose pictures appear above. Meet them! From left to right (top row) they are: Helen McQuinn (Hyacinth), Mt. Forest, Ont.; Miriam MacDonald (Mim), 57 Ready St., Fairville, N.B.; Bessie Prescott (Lily), 75 Woodmount Ave., Toronto; Olive Neill (Ollie), Campbellford, Ont.; Mildred MacAdam (Mary), 53 Victoria St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Delphine Plouffe (Blue-eyes), Waubashene, Ont.; Patricia Hickson (Dahlia), 559 Isabella St., Pembroke, Ont. Bottom row (left to right)—Freda Maurice (Lily), and Helen Maurice (Marigold), both from Penetanguishene, Ont.; Louis M. Murphy (Teddy), 16 Mill St., Fairville, N.B.; Pearle Corcoran (Daisy), Piusville, P.E.I.; Muriel Carver (Midget), Box 566, Summerside, P.E.I.; Helen McNeil (Lottie), Box 91, Summerside, P.E.I.; Rupert Shannahan (Sea Lark), Ferryland, Nfld., and Raymond Maurice (Tein Tsin), Penetang, Ont. Now, then, you other buds! How about letting us have a look at YOU? Send in your snap NOW. Stand by for more pictures. Just watch 'em!



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

Human nature doesn't vary, and doubtless there are people who boast of playing golf with the champion flag-pole sitter.

## THE COURSE OF DEVELOPMENT.

A young Lieutenant was visited in camp by a fashionable friend, and the latter was inclined to be jocular over the tiny sitting-room which the young officer occupied. "Well, Charles," he said on leaving, "how much longer do you mean to stay in this nutshell?" "Oh, until I become a kernel!" replied the Lieutenant.

The electron has been measured and is a millionth of a millionth of an inch thick. This relegates the ham in a drug store sandwich to second place.

## CAUSE FOR DOUBT.

Rastus was dead! A wonderful funeral was in progress. The preacher talked at great length of the good traits of the deceased brother; what a good honest man he was; what a good provider for his family; what a loving husband and father;—

The widow grew restless.

"Johnnie," she whispered, "Go up and dare to look in dat coffin and see if dat's your pa."

The tariff sharks are wondering whether a rabbit is meat or game. Well, the sealskin part is game and the chicken salad part is meat.

## BROKEN PROMISES.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Betts. Oh, I say, I saw Mrs. Budd this morning and she told me the very same news I asked you not to repeat to any one because I promised Mrs. Sprig I would not tell."

"But Mrs. Budd promised me she wouldn't tell I'd told her."

"Oh, well, never mind. I told her I wouldn't tell you she had told me you had told her."—Passing Show.

## LIGHT APPETITE.

Wife—I'm going to give you a piece of my mind.

Hubby—Just a small helping, please.  
—Missouri Outlaw.

## THE RESULT.

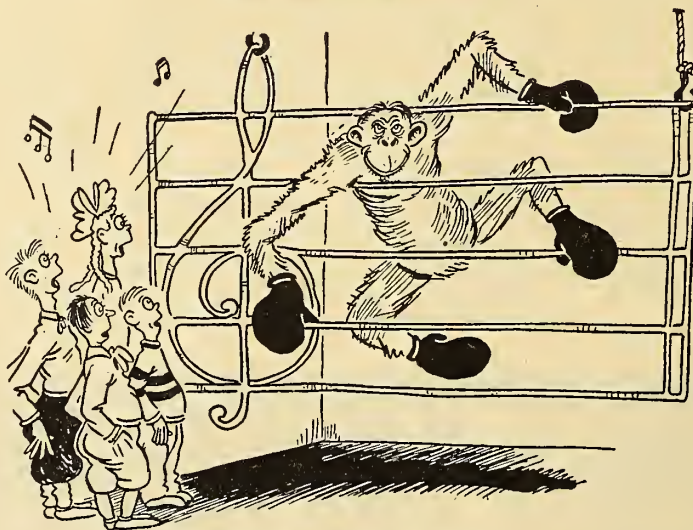
A farmer, who wished to investigate the alleged "huge profits" of the middleman, sold a consignment of eggs to a London firm. On one of the eggs he wrote: "I received three halfpence for this egg; how much did you pay?"

Some months later the farmer received a reply written upon the note paper of a theatre:

"I received your egg absolutely gratis."—Tit-Bits.

## FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD

Dedicated to the Scholar.



## READING MUSIC AT SIGHT

A sight-reading work-out, now popular in Hungary, is the "Kriemnz Method," illustrated above. An ape wearing black gloves is allowed to clamber on the bars of a hanging "staff." Each child follows a glove and sings the notes as fast as indicated. (A lively ape can create 34,000,000 new tone combinations in the space of an hour).

—Life.

## AERONAUTICS.

Of all the poisons in the world, this new "airplane" poison seems to be about the worst. One drop, we hear, is usually sufficient.

## CURIOUS.

Little John went into the drawing-room to see a visitor who was with his father.

"Well, my little man," said his father's friend, "what are you looking at me for?"

"Why," replied the boy, "daddy told me you were a self-made man, and I want to see what you look like."

"Quite right," said the gratified guest. "I am a self-made man."

"But why did you make yourself like that?" said John, with considerable surprise.

No wonder the birds can afford to winter in the south. Old Man Robin isn't required to buy peacock feathers for the Missus.

## YESSIR, YESSIR, YESSIR.

Lieutenant (roaring at steward): Who told you to put those flowers on the table?

Steward: The Commander, sir.

Lieutenant: Pretty, aren't they?—Pelican.

There were 10,187 new books printed last year, thus affording material for about 800 more best-book-of-the-month clubs.

## HOW DOES YOUR LIBRARY GROW.

Mrs. Newlywed: I'm going out to buy a book.

Her Friend: A book!

"Yes, my husband bought me the most adorable reading lamp yesterday."—The Ottawa Citizen.

"I came near selling my shoes to-day."

"How's that?"

"I had them half-soled."

## HE HAD A NERVE.

A kind-hearted doctor promised to treat a patient free of charge.

"There," he remarked, "take this prescription to a chemist; he will make it up for you for

75 cents.

"Thanks, doctor," said the patient. "By the way, would you mind lending me the 75 cents?"

The doctor looked at the patient.

"Give me that prescription back," he said.

It was handed back, and a deletion was made.

"There," said the doctor, "you can get that made up for a dime. The drug I crossed out was for your nerves, but it seems to me that they are pretty healthy!"



**FR. VENINI'S LETTER.**

(Continued from page 40)

The Apostles obeyed this command, even to the shedding of their blood. We to-day are enjoying the fruits of their sufferings. Let us be grateful for the benefits we have received from this Faith handed down to us at such a cost. Let us prove our gratitude in a practical way, by doing all that lies in our power to spread this Faith, the source of our happiness, amongst the millions who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

REV. JOSEPH VENINI.

**TWENTY-THREE DAYS WITH BANDITS.**

(Continued from page 41)

How glad I was to see him. He had proved very faithful to me when we were taken by the bandits. Only through threats would he leave me and then it was to serve me. That he had nothing more to do after carrying the first message to Wuchang was due to the fact that he has a wife and child and that the Fathers would not permit him to expose his life by carrying messages to the Communists.

But I was anxious to get off. We all climbed into the sampan and soon we were crossing the Tayeh Lake towards Tayeh city. When we landed at Tayeh the first whom I met was Father Austin. Father Maurice hearing of my approach, ran to the lake to meet me, but the sampan man according to directions of the communists made landing at a different place than usual. It was a bad moment for Father Maurice, for when he arrived at the lake and saw no trace of me, he thought that he had been deceived and that I had not been released.

Going up to the church I found Father Francis and the Christians of Tayeh gathered there. Later Father Maurice joined us. We entered the church and offered a solemn thanksgiving for my release after spending twenty-three days with the bandits.

Thanks to the Sacred Heart, to our Blessed Lady, St. Anthony, and the Little Flower of Jesus. I had promised publication of their favor should I be released.

I wish to make that publication now.

Thanks also to the Fathers of the Mission who worked untiringly for my release. Thanks to the Sisters in the Missions and to all my friends who prayed so ardently for my release.

There is no doubt in my mind that a special grace was given me by God to bear with the privations of the captivity and sufferings of mind and body. Today I find myself none the worse for my experience. I am ready to go back to Wei Yuan Kow and continue my work there.

**Observations.**

When Father Ulric was being held in the school house at Lo Dzan Er, one of his guards offered him a book to read. You could not guess in a hundred chances what book it was—Robinson Crusoe. It was the first time that Father Ulric had ever read this memorable work of Daniel Defoe. But what a time to read Robinson Crusoe!

The following is a true translation of one of the letters received from the bandits.

The Headquarters of the 5th Detachment of the 5th Red Army, Wei Yuan Kow, to the Reverend Espelage, Care of the Catholic Mission, Wei Yuan Kow.

November 14, 1929.

Dear Mr. Espelage:

Your letter has been noted. The reason for our asking Mr. Kreutzen to be with us temporarily is a shortage of funds to meet salaries and wages and our desire to borrow some money from you which will be repaid in the future. Naturally the treatment we extended can not satisfy Mr. Kreutzen; particularly he experiences great difficulty in travelling. In the nearest future this army will move towards Kiangsi. If you do not hasten to settle this account, when our army is further away day after day, the misery and bitterness he will suffer will increase. I am afraid it will not be easy for us to approach each other; therefore I send this letter (through the kindness of your mission) to request that you come to settle this

question within one week. Your request for a reduction of the amount may be granted. Now I have decided to reduce \$2,000, leaving \$8,000. I must ask you to do your best in this matter and to pay me this sum. Otherwise it will be ugly in connection with "face," and you will not complain that I have not given you advance notice. The articles needed by Mr. Kreutzen, you are at liberty to send here. I will surely deliver on your behalf to him for use, and will ask Mr. Kreutzen to give you a receipt therefor, in order to show that the articles have been received in order. This army assumes full responsibility for the safety of the life of Mr. Kreutzen. It is best that you will not worry him.

Having not written what I desire to say, I shall communicate with you further.

Signed: Headquarters of the 5th Detachment of the 5th Red Army.

The amount of the ransom was subsequently reduced to \$6,000 and again to \$3,000. But no money as ransom was paid. After three weeks of ceaseless negotiations, of proposals and counter-proposals, and a bit of strategy on the part of Father Maurice who spread rumors of the coming of soldiers to scare the bandits, Father Ulric was released on payment of his board-bill while detained with the bandits and a little "face" money. While the Mission earnestly sought Father's release and willingly would have paid a larger sum to secure his immediate release, to pay any sum as ransom would have been nothing short of inviting the bandits to call again. The life of every missionary in this part of the Yangtze Valley would have been jeopardized.

("Franciscan Missions")

**GENEROUS HELPERS.**

The children of St. Joan of Arc School, Toronto, held a candy sale to help our priests in China, and have just sent us a very substantial sum. We are very grateful to our little missionary friends for their zeal in our behalf.



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of worrying over the safety of your investment. And you will have the consolation of knowing that the Missions will benefit by your foresight and charity.

### *Cut Out and Mail Today*

To Rev. J. E. McRae, Rector,  
St. Francis Xavier Seminary,  
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Dear Father,

I am interested in the St. Francis Xavier Seminary Annuity Plan and should be pleased to have full information.

Sincerely yours,

Name .....

Address .....

**St. Francis Xavier Seminary**

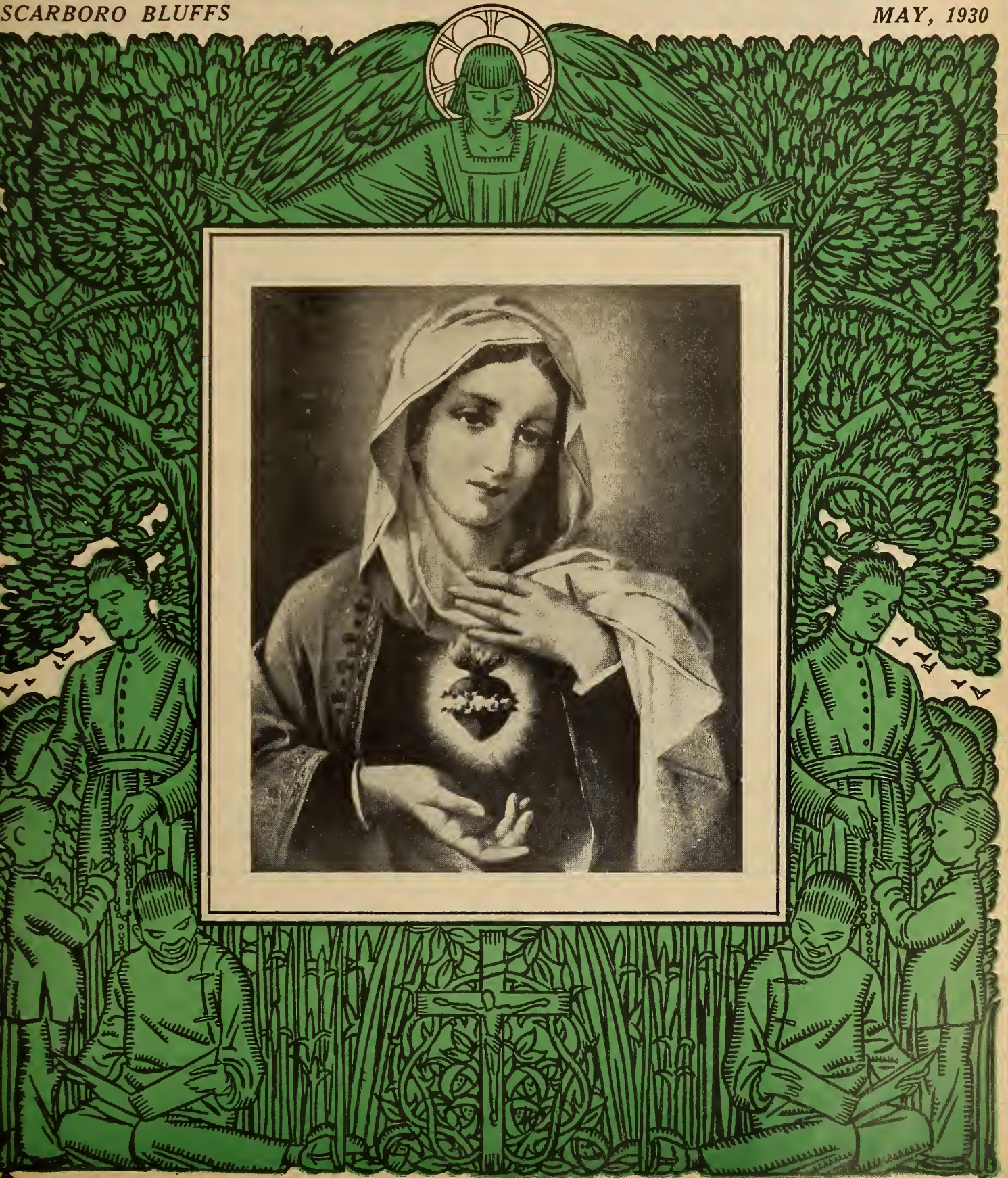
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# CHINA

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MAY, 1930





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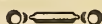
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# EDITORIAL PAGE CHINA

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... CHINA ...

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## CHINA AND THE WEST

"I cannot see this idea of sending priests to China." It was a friend of the Western Missions who was speaking. "We certainly have too great a need of men in the West and I think it is time enough to attend to China when we have set our own house in order."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is much better, I think, to send priests to the Foreign Missions," said a friend of China. "The people in the West at least have had the faith. If they have lost it, it is through their own fault, whereas the poor Chinese have never had a chance."

\* \* \* \* \*

Why do so many people insist on believing that we are running a sort of opposition camp to the work of the Western Missions? And why do friends of China deem it necessary to condemn the one while they uphold the other; to feel that they cannot defend the work of the Foreign Missions without decrying the necessity of supporting our Missions at home?

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the thoughts that most saddened the heart of the suffering Saviour in Gethsemane was that good people—His trusted friends—should be so good and not be better; that they should suffer their zeal to be dwarfed and their charity strangled by insisting on doing God's work, not in God's way, but in their own. And it certainly is not God's way to set up a dividing line between the work of the Home and the Foreign Missions, for in the sight of God these are not two works, but one.

\* \* \* \* \*

The terms "Home" and "Foreign" are misnomers as far as the Catholic Church is concerned. Her home—it is the whole world. No part of it is foreign to her any more than it was foreign to Him who died for our salvation. Who has created this dividing line? Certainly not the Son of God who died for souls the

world over, in China and Canada and India and Africa. No, not God, but the pettiness of men; not zeal, not charity, but selfishness disguised as apostolicity; the desire to witness the success of the particular work in which we are engaged, not because it is any more precious in the sight of God than any other work for souls, but because its success is more flattering to our own vanity and self-love.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have little patience with those who insist on proving to their own satisfaction that one work is more praiseworthy than the other or more deserving of support. We recognize no such distinction. If their so-called arguments were carried to their logical conclusion it would follow as the night the day either that all priests should go to China or all priests should stay at home, that their chief object in life should be to win friends of one work over to the support of the other as if there were not room enough in their hearts for both.

\* \* \* \* \*

God has called some of us to labor in one portion of His Vineyard, others in another. If our immediate activities centre around the section where Divine Providence has placed us, God forbid that our interests and sympathies should be circumscribed by any imaginary dividing line.

\* \* \* \* \*

The more our friends are also friends of the Western Missions the greater things shall we all accomplish for souls in China and souls "at home." God will not be outdone in generosity, and do not fear that anything you may do for the Missions of the West will redound to the detriment of our work. We pray that God may bless abundantly the labours of our zealous co-workers in Western Canada and that many generous young souls may be called to devote their lives to a noble work for souls, a work as dear as our own to Him who died for all.

### BIG WORK AHEAD

We are now planning the erection of a large additional wing to our Seminary. Next year will see this building crowded to the limit, and then—we must build—or refuse to accept more students. We need not ask which course of action you would advise. Room must be found for those who are willing to give all—to give themselves in the cause of the Master. We know we can rely upon the assistance of our readers.



# Sharks' Fins

## *à la*

# Mode

By

REV. B. BOUDREAU



Father Boudreau's knowledge of Chinese etiquette was very limited and he had to watch his step. And here he gives some very valuable tips for the amateur.

The cold weather has left us, and once again we are enjoying Spring weather. Yesterday we placed the thermometer in the sun and it registered 101½ degrees. We later placed it in the shade and it registered 73. So you see it is getting rather warm. I know the youngsters are feeling the heat, for already they are going around in their lighter clothes, and even at that the perspiration is just pouring off of them in large drops. Another thing I have noticed that is a real mark of the warm weather, and that is the shaved heads. When the sun shines down on these it reminds me of a billiard ball . . . so smooth and shiny. Indeed the warm weather is a great consolation to the poor. For they have suffered immensely the whole winter long. Not only with the cold but also with sickness . . . frozen feet and legs, seriously infected chilblains on the feet, legs, arms, even the ears and face. I never knew that chilblains affected the upper part of the body. The poor creatures! How I did pity them. To see the sigh of relief on their faces, when I would be through fixing them, was a treat and a joy. It made me aware of the fact that even though you are deaf and dumb, you can do some good. How

often Father Fraser would say, "Thank God, next year the Sisters will be here." Yes, indeed, for the good they will do in helping out these poor people will be unlimited.

I must tell you that I was present at a banquet given by the Mandarin, at which all the notables and Government representatives from Nanking were present, I had the privilege of meeting the General of the 4th Nationalist Army. The banquet took place at Mr. Jing's home in his large private dining room. The Mandarin is a graduate from Harvard College, and is well acquainted with the Textile School in Lowell (the city of my boyhood days), where several Chinese students are studying. He was acquainted with people I knew well in that section of the world, so you can imagine we had quite a conversation. I also mentioned to him that some of the Government students were staying at my Aunt's in Lowell. My! how that did please him, and the more so when I told him and their names and he said he was acquainted with them. So now there is a sort of friendship between us. He speaks English well. Next week I am to go to his home here. He is very anxious that I meet him there.

These were the personages at the banquet; the leaders of the Kuomintang for this section, the Judge and leading lawyer for this territory, the general of the 4th Nationalist Army, delegates from Nanking and Hanchow who were here on a mission, the college president, the middle school principal, and some of the teachers. Mr. Jing, the Protestant minister, all told, there were forty-five leaders there. Father Fraser and myself sat at one of the two head tables. The Kuomintang leaders were next to Father Fraser. The Mandarin remarked to me, while we were in the garden before the dinner: "To-day is a fine day. The leaders of the people are all associated for once." He remarked this also to the General who retorted. "Yes, leaders in every way." And so it was true, as you see. The Mandarin also remarked: "To-day I am with all my friends and these my friends are your friends also."

We proceeded shortly after to the banquet tables. At each place was a little red ticket with the name on it. And I am glad to remark that there was also beside my plate a knife, fork and spoon. I can handle the chop-sticks all right, but not in a proficient way . . . I would never get there first. I might also get mixed up in my



signals and use the wrong ends. We all sat down in our appointed seats and commenced the proceedings. There were several little side dishes around the table. There was no one taking anything from these dishes so I took them to be forbidden fruit for the time being. The first thing brought on was Chinese wine. Only for the taste of this wine I would say it was delicious. It was quite sour. I just took a sip of it at first, but that little sip was costly as it was soon replaced with more. Ah, the first course came on. I grinned in spite of myself as I was quite hungry. It came in a large steaming pot. My! but it looked grand. One of the gentlemen realizing my helplessness with the fork volunteered to help me in my predicament, and took my plate to fill it, I took it back and laid it where it was before and waited for the others. Another little sip of wine, and one of the guests said "ching," the pass word for ready-go with the chop-sticks towards the centre dish. I started also, Oh, luscious, luscious, that little bit certainly needed no coaxing. It was some kind of chicken mixture. Then the dish was taken off and we all began to talk. Opposite me was Fr. Fraser, and along side, the Minister. They were all right; they spoke Chinese. I was like an innocent lamb between two magistrates and a school principal. Every time they would smile I would too. They would shake their heads in acquiescence and I would also. What they were saying I knew not, but I could see it was humorous to them by their laughter and facial expressions so I would join them and laugh too. I hope now that was all right. The second course came on. It was small slices of ham. I was served some of it. Once more "ching", and everybody dug in. More talk again, and off goes that dish for the next one. I managed this time to get a word or two across to Fr. Fraser and the Minister. The latter extended an invitation to me to visit him. Ah, here comes another large dish, oh, a steaming one this time. I followed it with my eyes to the center of the table. It was a real Chinese dish this time, as I had never seen the like of it in America. However, I was given my helping. Another little sip

and "ching." I performed the deed of a "Brave" and swallowed without a twist in my neck. I was sorry after though for this was one of the best courses, and I missed its thrill. By this time I was getting pretty hot, and the silence was getting on my nerves. I made a resolution then and there that some day in my spare time I would start the composition of "Rules of etiquette for the dumb at Chinese banquets." It might come in handy for the other fellow. Father Fraser whispered across to me that the young fellows on my left spoke English. "Fine," says I. I turned around and said to him: "This is indeed a grand dinner we are having," he looked at me in a half blank stare. Then I immediately thought I had spoken to the wrong fellow. I was relieved from that thought at once, when he said: "It is fine outside." I spoke of the banquet and he spoke of the weather. I took it for granted the long silence I had kept had effected the operations of my tongue due to perhaps a slight attack of temporary paralysis. However, I tried him again. "Where did you learn to speak English?" Again he looked at me in a half blank and said: "You like China?" Goodness gracious! My articulative powers must be worn out. I gave it up as a bad job, and resumed my silence. What's this now? Ah, red hot mushrooms and meat. My delight. Sip and "ching" again, and the usual attack on the new quarry. Oh me, or my! exceedingly delicious! It gave me added stimulus to try my English again on this fellow who is supposed to know English. Oi, oi, I speak of the weather and he answers me about the big meal. I was so certain I had struck in the line of his vocabulary and there he goes and side-tracks unawares. Ye Gods, and little fishes he was trying to read my lips and I was not wise enough to catch on. We just smiled at each other after that episode.

Make way, here comes some more, wait, let me see, just what is this. I scratched my head several times for this one. It looked like bean sprouts and tasted like macaroni, and still it didn't. The stuff was in long narrow strips, about four inches long and one sixteenth of an inch in diameter, it was glossy and rather brittle, it

had a color of red and yellow when you looked at it one way, and when you looked at it the other, the cross-eyed way I presume, it was green and blue. Ye gods! Shark's fins. I received my helping and when they "chinged" I downed it with success. My movements were quick yet I had time enough to taste it on its way. It had a rather sweet taste, almost like Wing's tapioca pudding without the cream. The cigs came round, and I whiled away the time between courses with these this time. They were "Kiu Foh's" which means the Nine felicities. Between puffs I would take a glance at the table next to ours where they were having a merry old time at the finger game. I had never seen them in action before at this game so I was much interested for a while. I also noticed that the dishes around the center dish that I thought was forbidden fruit were diminishing in size. Very peculiar, I had not seen anyone reaching for them. The only delicacy in them that I was in any way acquainted with was the orange. So that gave me something to muse on in the next spare between-course moment. Speaking of these little dishes, the reason I was watching them so closely was that I did not know whether they were taken before, during or after courses, and I did not want to blunder before the whole crowd and have a "black mark" against my name in the social register for table ignorance. Oh here comes a real heavy dish this time . . . he seems to be dropping it . . . the waiter has fifty different wrinkles around his mouth. It is either the weight or the dish that is burning his fingers, causing him to blink and squirm as it were. It is nice chicken chopped up fine with a bit of ham mixed in here and there, and lots of gravy. I had a good helping of this as it was very good. This over, I watched the little dishes. I saw the Kuomintang leader go for a green looking stick as it were. I had had some of this before, but I forgot for the time being what it was and how to eat it. But some queer impulse made me go for one too, to my regret, I watched the other fellow to see what he was going to do with it. I saw him bite it but did not notice what he

(Continued on page 63)





### BEATING THE DEVIL.

According to a report from Hongkong, motorists in China are suffering from severe nerve shocks caused by the antics of peasants trying to "cut out the devil." One of the best ways to shake off the "old boy," they say, is to run in front of a speeding automobile and escape by inches, the devil thus being cut out by the car. The narrower the escape the happier the jumper, for then he is quite certain that the devil was caught. People in small boats do the same trick in front of large steamers, much to the anxiety of the captain. Sisters in the Catholic Hospital of Hongkong relate that patients about to leave make an appointment with their relatives to call for them, say at 11 o'clock the next day. From long experience the Sisters know that they will come two or three hours earlier, so that the devil, who overheard the appointment, will be "left in the lurch."

### FAMINE.

Recently a priest was sent by His Lordship Bishop Chang to a neighboring province to purchase grain and clothes, in order to keep the Catholics of the Vicariate of Tsining, on the confines of Mongolia, from starvation and to protect them from the intense cold. He succeeded in securing the grain and some old military uniforms. The uniforms were refused rail transportation while the grain, taken by train to the end of the line could not be brought the remainder of the way, because pack animals were lacking; the hungry population had consumed all their beasts in order to keep alive.

### TO CONVERT BY PRAYER.

The Trappist in his mountain fastness or the Carmelite in her cloister suggests the very antithesis of the stormy life of the apostle. Yet men who know what things are wrought by prayer appreciate the important role the monasteries of contemplation will play through a world-wide movement launched in Belgium to organize the co-operation of contemplatives for the spread of the faith.

The movement had its start at the Benedictine Abbey of St. Andrew, Lophem-les-Bruges, Belgium, and is called, "Contemplation and Apostolate." It has a double goal, to secure monasteries in the homeland which will "adopt" territories in the mission field and plead for them in

prayer. Secondly, to encourage the establishment of monasteries of contemplation in mission lands.

A beautiful picture is presented by the recent report of this movement which has already arranged over 150 "adoptions," of missions by monasteries in Europe and America. It is interesting to the English-speaking world to note that 43 houses of contemplatives in England, Ireland, the United States, and Canada have promised to offer up their prayers for definite mission fields. The linking of these houses of prayer with far-off apostles evinces a gripping panorama of the universality of the Church.

Twenty-four monasteries in Canada likewise have promised to pray for particular mission fields.

### NEW BISHOPS.

Father Noel Gubbels, O.F.M., has been named successor to Bishop Trudo Jans, Vicar Apostolate of Ichang, Hepeh, China, murdered on September 9, 1929. The communist brigands, who killed the venerable bishop and two priest companions, still go unpunished, and in the months which have intervened since the crime, outbreaks have grown bolder and more frequent. The world will regard with admiration this Franciscan who calmly accepts the leadership in this stricken area.

Father Justin Albouy, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, has also been named bishop. He will be Vicar Apostolic of Nanning, Kwangsi, China.

### MISSIONARIES LIBERATED.

Word has been received from Shanghai of the liberation of Bishop John A. O'Shea, C.M., and the ten American Lazarist missionaries by the lifting of the Communist siege of the city of Kanchow, Kiangsi, China.

Communist antagonism has been the lot of Kiangsi for the past two years. Father Young, an American Lazarist, was taken captive in January, 1929, but was later released. Schools have been closed, missions burned and looted and the priests are in daily peril.

### THIRTY YEARS A BISHOP.

On April 14, Bishop Prosper Paris, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, and thus bishop for the territory which embraces Shanghai, observed the thirtieth anniversary of his consecration.

His Lordship has ordained 151 priests of whom 103 have been Chinese and 48 European. He is aged 83.

### THE "PIG-TAIL IS GONE"

With the death of To-met, the faithful sacristan of the Hongkong Catholic Cathedral, the last queue in the modern city of Hongkong disappeared. To-met persevered in retaining the long "pig-tail" of his ancestors in spite of the dictates of the new republic and in face of ridicule and even threats of death for treason.

### CHINESE SISTERS.

A congregation of Chinese Sisters, the members of which wear no distinguishing habit, has been founded in the Vicariate of Hangchow, Chekiang, China. The Sisters come from the better families of the section, make their novitiate and profession as usual and then take up the apostolate. Wearing a modest black dress of no special design, the Sisters travel in groups of three, the superior taking care of the house, the second Sister teaching school and catechism, and the third caring for the sick. The congregation, under the title of Daughters of the Sacred Heart, counts 36 Sisters and 10 Novices.

### CHINESE BISHOP DIES.

The Right Reverend Bishop Louis Chen, O.F.M., titular bishop of Atuda and Vicar Apostolic of Fenyang, Shansi, China, who died last March, is the third to die of the Chinese prelates consecrated by His Holiness Pope Pius XI in October, 1926.

As Vicar Apostolic of Fenyang, Bishop Chen ruled an area of 32,000 square miles with a population of 2,039,000. The Catholics total 16,476. The territory is entirely staffed by native born priests, who number 19, while 70 students are preparing for the priesthood. Two months before the death of the bishop the first vicariate synod was convoked in the Cathedral.

Bishop Chen's death reduces the original six Chinese bishops consecrated by the Holy Father to three. The first to die was His Lordship Bishop Philip Chao, Vicar Apostolic of Suanh-wafu, October 14, 1927, and the second was His Lordship Bishop Odoric Cheng, O.F.M., Perfect Apostolic of Puchi, November 13, 1928.



# JUBILEE GIFT

by  
Faith  
Ellen  
Smith



ARTHUR  
KEELOR

Mother Agnes came down the men's free ward of St. Philip's hospital on quick, capable feet.

Sweet face just beginning to be softened by the wrinkles of age. Traces, under the white linen of her coif, of golden hair turned softly gray. Brown eyes that had the great gift of humor and the greater gift of sympathy. Large, strong hands that were both able and gentle. The picture of all a nurse should be.

Lips set tight in lines of suffering parted to smile at her, and eyes, bored and weary, brightened as they rested upon her. A human ray of sunshine, Mother Agnes. All the hospital loved her.

At a bed near the door she paused. "You feel better to-day, Ah Lee?" she asked brightly.

Ah Lee's face, yellow against the whiteness of the pillow, was expressionless, but Ah Lee's eyes were eloquent of gratitude. "Velly sick," said Ah Lee, which was not particularly gracious, but all that Ah Lee could say. For one

thing, his knowledge of English was limited. For another, Ah Lee was "velly sick." There was a strong probability that he would never, in this life, be anything else.

Mother Agnes leaned over the bed, adjusting the pillow at a more comfortable angle, wiping the yellow forehead with a damp cloth, doing little, unimportant things that somehow made Ah Lee feel better. On an impulse, she detached a small pink rosebud that had been nestling in her girdle and placed it on the pillow near Ah Lee's yellow nose. Then she moved on.

Down the ward, Mike Kelleher, chafing under the burden of a broken leg healing slowly in a plaster cast, mumbled under his breath. Five minutes later, when Mother Agnes passed beside him, his mumbling became audible.

"Nothin' but a dirty Chink," said Mike. "Lyin' here with decent Christian men. An' you make a pet of him!"

"Now, Mike," said Mother Agnes, "we've discussed this thing before. You're all my children here, black or white or yellow. As long as you're suffering, I'm going to do what I can for all of you."

"He's a heathen," said Mike gruffly.

"And you're such a good Christian that the only way you can prove it is by talk like that!" said she with mild irony. "Suppose you were sick and alone—in China."

"I wouldn't be," said Mike stubbornly.

"Suppose then," said Mother Agnes, temporarily cutting off the possibility of further argument by plunging a thermometer into her patient's mouth, "you were Ah Lee, and you were sick here. Suppose you had heard that the religion of Christ was a religion of love—yet every presumably Christian man in the ward looked at you with eyes of hatred. What would you think of Christianity then?"



Mike smoked his thermometer in disgusted silence. Someone down the ward groaned. Someone else coughed. Mother Agnes, removing the thermometer, taking note of its record, automatically shaking its mercury back to zero, sighed. Sometimes, in the midst of a busy day, a moment came to her when she seemed to see clearly through the outer semblance of things as they were deep into the beauty and sadness and significance of the life of which she was a part. She saw now, with a quick tugging at her heart, the drama of this room where men of all ages bravely fought a grim battle with the hosts of disease. Many of these men were without friends, all of them without money. Those who, like Mike Kelleher, were young and basically healthy, were not too greatly to be pitied. They would be well again, with the possibility of starting afresh and making up for past mistakes. But those of them who had neither youth nor the possibility of health—

She turned away quickly, shutting her eyes for an instant upon this scene of suffering, lest to the sufferers her eyes should tell too much. She would be twenty-five years a professed religious to-morrow — and twenty-five years a nurse. But she had never grown calloused to the tragedy her work brought constantly before her.

Outside in the corridor the chaplain gave her a pleasant good morning. "How are they?" he asked, looking through the door into the ward.

Mother Agnes' eyes brimmed with the tears that she had been so bravely keeping from them.

"There are two of them that aren't any better, Father. I don't think old Mr. Svenson can live until night. Doctor wants to try a blood transfusion for Ah Lee. You'll stop and see him, won't you?"

The chaplain nodded. He was a placid old Australian, who had spent his youth as a missionary in the Orient.

"Yes, Mother, I'll stop and see him. He doesn't say much, though I imagine it sounds good to him to hear his own language. Come, come, my dear child. You must not grieve over them.

"No, I mustn't," she agreed obediently. She knew that death was not so tragic as life for many of the poor derelicts in the ward, but every time it visited one of her children, she suffered as she had suffered the day, almost twenty-five years ago, when she had seen her first patient die.

"Another thing." The chaplain dropped his voice mysteriously. "They are planning a surprise for you tonight—in honor of your jubilee. You will be very surprised, won't you, and you will be sure to come in after prayers. Their hearts would be broken if you didn't come, or anything turned up to spoil their little party."

"I shall come, and be quite as surprised as if I had not known all about it for a week," she promised.

They parted with the smile of fellow conspirators. The routine of the hospital took them, swept them along to the rapid tempo of clanging bells and flying moments, overful of duties. Mother Agnes gave alcohol rubs, took temperatures, weighed babies, gave ether, bullied a reluctant young lady in Private Room 212 into taking her eggnog, teased a spoiled child in Private Room 820 into having his throat swabbed, reprimanded a young probationer for forgetting to administer a patient's medicine, comforted an old woman dying in semi-private Ward Three . . . Dashed from the sublime to the ridiculous and back again to the sublime. Forgot that she had been twenty-five years a religious and twenty-five years a nurse. Forgot that old Mr. Svenson was dying and Ah Lee very near death in the men's free ward. Forgot herself and forgot the prevalence in her world of suffering and grief in the blessed relief of ministering to suffering and grief.

Back in the men's free ward, where all the moments were leaden-footed with inactivity and pain, the patients, with the exception of old Mr. Svenson, lying semi-conscious in his bed, old Ah Lee, lying inarticulate in his, and Mike Kelleher, who was breaking all precedents by maintaining a stubborn silence, planned their party.

Busy nurses were sent on strange errands:

"There's a dollar bill pinned in the pocket of my suit in the locker, Miss Regan. See if you can get the Sister to let me have it—tell her it's very important."

"I haf no money, but mein watch she iss a good watch. Would you, maybe, Miss Price, take her the pawnshop over the street by and see once what she brings?"

"Hey, Kittie, call up my brother, will you. Tell 'im I gotta have one buck. I'll pay it back when I'm woikin' again. If he can't come wid it himself, let him send over one o' the kids."

So, amazingly, in that place of poverty, a little fund grew into a sizable sum, for Mother Agnes' jubilee.

"It ain't much," they said as Pop Haley, appointed treasurer, wheeled in his invalid's chair from bed to bed. "I wish it was ten times as much." "She's got it comin' to her—she's a saint on earth if ever there was one."

Pop Haley halted at the bed where Mike's plaster cast made a grotesque lump under the bedclothes. "Hey, Mike. Wake up. Come across for the party."

Mike only grunted.

Somebody said, "Say, you with the tin ear! Where's your money?"

Somebody said, "Give 'im a poke, Pop. The lazy dog's gone to sleep on us."

Somebody said, "Come across, buddy. Don't you owe the Mother somethin' for ail she's done for you?"

Then Mike spoke: "If I hear any more of this confounded nonsense I'll get up on me well leg and paste every mother's son of yez in 'the eye!'"

Pop Haley wheeled himself precipitately away from the bed. The ward sank into a momentary horrified silence. And Mike Kelleher, whose tough young heart Mother Agnes' kindness had thawed to a warm and glowing flame of devotion, shut his eyes and pretended to sleep, while he knew the extremest depths of vigorous, unavailing self-loathing. For the simple and bitter truth was that he had nothing to give to the fund. Nothing he could sell. Nothing he could pawn.



Nothing he could borrow. Nothing, even, he could steal.

Minutes went by. The ward awoke from its moment of stupor. Voices spoke. Someone said that some people were too mean to die and it was no wonder they were getting well. Someone said it was the limit, the kind of no-good bums you got in a place like this that passed themselves off as human.

Mike kept his eyes closed and gave no sign of resentment. They couldn't say half as mean things about him as he was thinking about himself. Twenty-three years old and not so much as a nickel to give to the woman who'd been kinder to him than his own half-forgotten mother! Could you beat that, or even tie it? Broken leg? The deuce! Broken neck was what he should have had. Somebody oughta have come along and drowned him at birth, like a crippled puppy!

The murmur of voices in the ward died. The chaplain and the head doctor and Mother Agnes herself were entering the door.

The conspirators looked as ultra-innocent as children caught at the cookie-jar, but for once Mother Agnes had eyes for only one person in the ward. Gravely talking with the head doctor she passed between the rows of beds to the one nearest the door. She drew a screen around Ah Lee and herself and the chaplain and the head doctor. Behind the screen her dear voice was heard for a time speaking in a tone so low that words were not distinguishable. Then there came the murmur of the head doctor's voice. Then the chaplain spoke, loudly and carefully though somewhat haltingly, in the strange language of grunts that was Ah Lee's native tongue. Then Ah Lee himself spoke—a mere thread and whisper of outlandish sound.

After a little the head doctor came around from behind the screen and up to Mike's bed. He sat down. He said, "Kelleher, the Chinaman's a very sick man. He's due to pass on any minute unless we can do something for him. There's one thing we can do. It may not work. I think myself that it won't. But it's

the only chance. Do you know what a blood transfusion is?"

"Sure," said Mike indifferently. "You put somebody else's blood in his veins. I remember when you did it to Pop Haley. But who'd give his good red blood to a heathen like him?"

"The doctor says that there is just one man here that could do it. Your blood is the only one that is in the same class with his."

"So that's why they stuck a needle in me arm yesterday!" said Mike. "Well, I won't do it, and that's all there is to it."

The head doctor meditated for an instant upon the cruel, ineradicable prejudices of the uneducated. He got wearily to his feet. No use to try to reason with this stubborn young giant. No use whatever!

"Well," he said listlessly, "it's up to you, of course. If you won't, you won't. By the way, the hospital would pay you two dollars. I suppose you know that."

"Two dollars!" Mike Kelleher's eyes came open. Why, two dollars would bring the jubilee fund up to fifteen dollars, if he had figured the amount collected aright while he had pretended to be sleeping! It was more than any single contribution so far. "Two—Say, when would I get it?"

The head doctor took two worn one-dollar bills from his pocket. "The instant you say you'll do it," he said.

Mother Agnes helped the surgeons fasten the thin old yellow arm and the powerful young white arm together. "God bless you, Mike Kelleher," she whispered to the scowling young white man. "May the dear Lord who gave His blood for all races of mankind reward you for this."

Mike only said, "Aw, it's nothin'."

He lay scowling up at the ceiling while the red, life-giving stream passed from his arm into the body of the man he so unreasonably hated.

When the small operation was over, Mother Agnes made time for a visit to the chapel.

It was very quiet there, very peaceful, very beautiful. Divine compassion seemed to fill the small room as water fills a well. Kneeling before the white marble altar where great bunches of red roses filled the air with their sweetness, she talked of her suffering children to One Who she knew felt far greater pity for their sufferings than did she. Old Mr. Svenson and the old woman in semi-private Ward Three; the selfish beauty in Private Room 212; the spoiled child in Private Room 820; the strong young giant, Mike Kelleher; the stupid little probationer—one by one she dropped the names into that limitless, listening compassion. And having done this, she came to the very heart of her prayer—and the heart of her prayer was the yellow man, the heathen, Ah Lee.

Back of that prayer for Ah Lee was a history that only herself knew. A young girl's dream of the foreign mission field; a young religious' prayer that, through her, one soul who had never known Christ might be brought to Christ. A middle-aged woman's realization and secret sorrow that never, in all of twenty-five years of self-sacrificing service, had that prayer been granted.

True, there had been conversions in St. Philip's—the memory of them ran through the back of her thoughts like a thread of gold. But never the sort of conversion she had dreamed of—the bringing to the light of Christ's love a soul bred in the utter dark of paganism. And very probably there would be no such conversion now. Whether the blood transfusion saved Ah Lee's life or failed to save it, the Chinaman was stubborn in his unwillingness to accept the Christian doctrine. So much the chaplain reported. The yellow man seemed to have closed his heart to all pleading on that score. He listened courteously—and kept his thoughts to himself.

God, Mother Agnes thought gently, loved Ah Lee as He loved all the race of mankind for whom His Son had died. He would, she felt sure, have pity on the poor old man who had lived, doubtless, according to his own dim lights. Yet—



"Let him learn to know You, dearest Friend of the friendless," she prayed. "Let him learn to know You quickly, before he dies in a strange land and alone. For if he knows You he will love You. Surely no human heart can do otherwise."

The chaplain had been commissioned to buy the gifts for the men's ward. He obeyed orders implicitly, for, as he thought with some amusement, these purchases belonged to the men. They were their gifts. They should be as the men wished them to be—expressions of the donors' tastes, not of the recipient's taste or of his own.

So he bought an immense box of cheap candy that he knew Mother Agnes would not eat, and a large bottle of cheap perfume that he was certain she would not use and a frothy novel-of-the-moment that he felt positive she would never read. And finally, with two tattered bills that had been pressed into his hand at the last moment by the young giant Kelleher, he bought a box of scented correspondence paper, pinkish in hue, that he could not imagine her ever writing upon.

Then, burdened with his purchases, he trudged back to the hospital, and once within its portals was swept instantly into its busy life—for several very important and unexpected things were happening there.

That afternoon was one of the busiest of all Mother Agnes' experience. She was called upon to assist at two emergency operations, and a dozen smaller but no less insistent things came up to keep her away from the men's free ward. The time for the community's evening prayers passed, while she was still unavoidably detained. Nine o'clock came, nine-thirty, before she was free.

She went slowly down the stairs to the free ward then, conscious of weary feet and an aching back. She would be on her knees alone in the chapel for half an hour before she could go to bed—to rise at five-thirty to another day of constant hurry, a day which other celebrations of her jubilee would make even more complicated and hectic than her days normally were. But before

she said her night prayers and went to bed, she must visit her children in the ward. Somehow her weary feet must take her there. Somehow her tired lips must continue to smile while she stayed.

She stood in the door of the ward and looked down its length. Old Mr. Svenson's bed was empty—she had known that it would be. The bed nearest the door was empty, too. That must have happened while she was in the operating room. Poor Ah Lee! In her weariness, tears that she could not restrain came into her eyes. She blinked them back and they ran saltily down her throat. Poor heathen old Ah Lee, dying alone in a strange land, a stranger to the Friend to Whom she so ardently had prayed for his salvation.

"Surprise." "Surprise!" "Surprise!"

Voices came from the apparently sleeping forms in the other beds.

"My goodness!" she cried, giving her best simulation of surprise, swallowing those salt tears, forcing her lips and her eyes to smile and her tired body to move forward joyously—giving, as she always gave, the best of her self to her suffering poor. "My dear children, what in the world is this?"

A little flowering azalea in a pot on a table in the center of the aisle between the beds (the chaplain's contribution!) and around this, many packages. Eager eyes watching from pillows, here and there someone able to rise dragging himself to a sitting posture. The chaplain materializing from a dark corner and beginning to make a speech. . . .

She unwrapped the packages. "Why, what a lovely box of candy! Whoever guessed that I had such a sweet tooth?" Self-conscious grins proclaimed the donors.

"And perfume! My, my, how could you know that heliotrope is my favorite flower scent?"

"You told us, Mother. That day we got you talkin' about gardens!"

"And a book! What is it, I wonder? 'Mr. Martin's Seventh Wife'! Now, whoever thought of that?"

"Aw, it ain't much, Mother, but my girl friend read it an' she says it's swell, see?"

"And all this paper! I'll have to write letters to all of you!"

A voice came out of the shadows saying hoarsely, "I'd like to give you somethin' that'd amount to somethin', but I only got—I mean, I didn't have much money, an' I didn't have much time to think about it."

She wanted to go over and pat Mike Kelleher's head. He was such a baby for all his twenty-three years and his great size.

"It's—lovely!" she said, but her voice was near breaking, and the chaplain, taking pity on her, interrupted.

"I've something very nice to tell you, Mother—part of your surprise. The others know it—or at least know part of it. Poor Ah Lee is—gone. But just before he died, he requested baptism and received it. And when I asked him why—this is the part that the rest do not know—he told me, as nearly as I can translate it, this:

"Your honorable religion teaches that God died to save all men, and that all mankind are brothers and sisters. I see many Christians who hate each other. I see that most Christians hate me. So I say that your honorable religion must be false. Yet to-day a young man has given his own blood to try to make me well. If one follower of your Christ does that, I can believe that your Christ Himself is as merciful and loving as you say He is. If He is as you say He is, I cannot help but love Him. Therefore, I too, would be one of His poor disciples."

The chaplain stopped speaking and blew his nose. Mike Kelleher's voice said, in accents of shame, "Why, gee, I never thought o' that!"

Mother Agnes stood for a moment in silence, too deeply moved for speech. The ward, filled with human misery, human suffering; the poor, funny gifts on the table; these men, so forsaken, so hardened, many of them, to all the finer emotions, yet such children at heart. It seemed to her that a glory shone over them all, as if the surface of life as one ordinarily sees it had been torn

(Continued on page 63)



# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by

## ROSE GARDEN

FATHER JIM



Hello, Buds!

Are you all glad that Summer is coming? Sure thing! The Summer, you know, is the time when gardens grow and look very pretty and are most useful, and our "Garden," we hope, is going to have a great Summer, too. The things that grow in our Garden depend on the way you all fulfil your conditions of membership, and I think that's sufficient to urge you not to forget your prayers and Holy Communions. Especially now, during this Month of Mary, I want you to be very faithful "buds," and to pray to the Blessed Virgin under the title of "Queen of the Missions."

Again I have to report a whole lot of new members have joined up, and the letters come pouring in every day. Many of them are most interesting. One of them even contained a suggestion that "China" be enlarged in order to give our Club more room, in order to publish more stories and poems, etc., from the buds. I certainly appreciate all the nice things that are sent in from time to time, but I'm sure it is only right that we get to know each other first through printing the letters and names of the members in our Column. It is nice to know that the buds are wearing their badges and framing their certificates, because it shows that they like the Club and are proud to be members, and many have joined by learning of our Garden from others. That shows a fine Club spirit, and I want to thank you all for being so good.

The results of the competition about "a description of my pen-name" are as follows: 1st prize, "Clover," Theresa St. Hilaire, R.R. 5, Trenton, Ont.; 2nd, "Aster," Patricia Lister, R.R. 2, Durham, Ont.; 3rd, "Daffodil," Monnie Kent, Lance Cove, Bell Island, Nfld., and 4th, "Paul," Vincent Bassi, 543 Victoria Park Ave., Toronto, Ont. The buds would be delighted, I'm sure, if I could let them read those essays; believe me, they were excellent, and it goes to prove that we have a lot of clever writers among our members.

And now, listen to this! So many requests have been made for Father Jim to "show himself," that at last I am going to "give in." On this page

### DREAMIN' DAYS.

Dreamin' days are comin'  
Comin' pretty soon,  
Mother Nature's gettin'  
Ev'rythin' in tune.

See the laughin' features  
On the croonin' sun,  
Lullabyin' winter  
Now his days are done?

Feel them rays o' sunshine  
Wooin' mother earth,  
Whisperin' it's springtime  
Braggin' of this worth?

Hear the winds a singin'  
Singin' words o' cheer,  
Tellin' hibernaters  
Spring will soon be here?

See the trees a-wavin'  
Wavin' to the breeze  
As they start their dressin'  
For the birds an' bees?

Oh my heart's a thumpin'  
As I write this rhyme  
Fer I know it's comin'  
Good old summer time.



### HE CAME CLOSE

This Father Jim is a hard man to catch. The photographer thought sure he had him this time, but only got his hat. But better luck next time. And now, write and tell us what you think Fr. Jim looks like. A prize for the best description.

you will find my hat, (the photographer missed the rest of me) and I want all you buds to write a description of Father Jim as you imagine him to be, and the buds whom I think describe me most correctly will get prizes. Your description can be as you wish, and I won't mind if you describe me as something "awful" or "sour," or a "bald-head," or—well suit yourself! Here's your chance, bud's, to get even with me for not finding space for your letters. Oh yes, before I close this month's letter, I want to ask you, what do you think of a bud who wanted to know if "Father Jim" was my pen-name? Well, well, well!

Send along your picture before long, buds! Wouldn't you like to be among this month's group? Best of luck till I write again, and here's wishing you all a very happy Month of Mary.

FATHER JIM.

"Of 22 girls in our class, 13 of them belong to your Club. I have 11 pen-pals already, and never fail to answer their letters. I don't see why you don't put your picture in the China, when so many of the buds have their's in. I would like Dolores Knechtel to write to me."

These are only some of the sentences from a very nice letter received from Margaret MacNeill, Box 458, Summerdale, P.E.I. I'm sure "Peg O' My Heart" enjoys being a "bud," and I am glad to see so many from the same class are members of our Club. P.E.I. certainly is well represented in our Garden.

Florence ("Dot") Clemen, Box 1075, Renfrew, Ont., says she is willing to do all she can to help along our club. She has learned the "prayer for the Conversion of China" by heart, and says it often each day. Other buds also have told me they do likewise, and I am glad to hear it.

You will remember that last month Joseph Dobbin, West Mines, Bell Island, Nfld., hoped "the Fence" (Donald Benninghaus, 5339 Burlingham, Detroit, U.S.A.) would not dispute his claim to be called "the Gate." Well, Donald sent a nice letter to me since then, saying that he was glad



someone choose "the Gate," as "a fence is not very good without a gate." I hope Joseph and Donald will write to each other.

Thanks, "Jo Wang," for your suggestions, but I hope you realize what I am up against in having such a limited space for our activities in "China."

Pen-pals wanted by 12-year-old Edith Kelly (Mickey), 374 Main St., North Bay, Ont.

20 or 30 pen-pals is all Gertrude Shortall (Emerald), 8 Kimberley Row, St. John's, Nfld., wants. Gertrude says some of her classmates are going to join our Club. The more the merrier!

Just to show that our "buds" come from the extreme east, and the extreme west, I introduce a new bud from Vancouver, B.C. Meet Jean Mulvaney, from 828 E. 22nd Ave. Pen-name is "Bleeding-Heart."

Margaret Hickey, Mill St., Fairville, N.B., is doing her share as a member, and wants Hilda Brotherhood to write to her. She likes music, and has a name to suit her: "Humming Bird."

I want to thank the many buds who kindly sent me cards for St. Patrick's Day, and also those who sent me Easter Greetings. Those things show we get along well together, but then, no one could help but like all the buds.

Penelope Morrison (Mayflower) offers many prayers and Masses for the Missions. She lives in Bridgeport, C.B. N.S.

From Cape Broyle, Nfld., came two letters from Mary Esther Dalton (Orange Blossom), and Gertrude Dalton (Wild Rose). They are interested in our Garden, because they have a cousin who is studying for the Priesthood for the Chinese Missions. Canadian pen-pals wanted.

Christina McIntyre (Rosebud), Caledonia Mines, Pitt St., N.S., wants "Snooks," "Rose," and "Sunbeam" to write to her. Christina says her prayer for China from memory every day.

Practically every one of our buds from Summerside, P.E.I., is interested in music. We have a lot of buds in P.E.I., and following are the names of some from Summerside: Isabel MacNeill (Scotty), Box 458; Mary Hogan (Mickey), Box 194; Faustina Gaudet (Tena), and Frances Gaudet (Bunnie), Box 192, with their sister, Dorothy (Dot), sometimes play a trio at the piano. Lorraine Arsenaut (Betty), Box 2; Helen McPhee (Betty), Box 118; and Mary (Angela), Helen (Lottie), and Clara (Dollie) McNeil, Box 91. "Dollie" and "Lottie" have written me some very nice letters, for which I thank them, and "Dollie" says she has 21 corries. Lately she read the life of the Little Flower, and thinks all the buds should make an effort to do likewise. Nellie Kuz (French Rose), 548 Front St., Oshawana, Ont., has asked "Dollie" to write to her.

From Charlottetown, P.E.I., come Helen Costello (Primrose), 10 Bayfield St.; Henrietta Somers (Lily), 32 Spring Park Road; Dorothy Duffy (Violet, aged 10, sister to Ruth Duffy), 7 Park Terrace; and Ida Brown, Revere Hotel (who has not yet chosen a pen-name).

I must introduce the buds to a few more of our members from the Sister Dominion, Newfoundland. I always like to welcome young boys and girls from Newfoundland into our Club, because I know the Mission spirit down there is certainly growing rapidly, as is shown by the fact that several of our students here come from Newfoundland. From Saint John's we have: Lottie Walsh, (Orange Blossom), 55 Cookstown Road; Bessie Connolly (Morning Glory), 92 Carter's Hill; Margaret Broderick (Blossom), 20 Prospect St.; Kathleen Crimp, 18 Georges St., (no pen-name chosen).

From Brigus, C.B., Nfld.: Angela Lambe (Lily); Margaret Flynn (Bleeding Heart); Mary Gene-

vieve Fowler (Lillie); Pauline M. Fowler (Violet); Doris Fowler (Apple Blossom).

And also: Tessie B. Metcalfe (Georgina Rose), West Mines, Bell Island, Nfld.; Marie Brown (Caribou), Box 102, Grand Falls, Nfld.

### To Mother, My Pal.

No friend half so near to me,  
No comrade so true;  
No pal half so dear to me,  
Mother, as you.  
No love half so sweet to me,  
No heart half so fine  
As the love and the heart of you,  
Mother of mine.

This beautiful little poem was sent in by Patricia Rheame (Sunbeam), 370 McIntyre St., North Bay, Ont. It should be of particular interest to Leonard Joy (Mother's Pal), 149 Barnsdale Ave. N., Hamilton, Ont., and Marie Cullinan (Mother's Helper), 24 McKeil St., Fairville, N.B., and Edesse Perrin (Mother's Dish Washer), 477 Darcy St., Pembroke, Ont.

The buds who write to Monnie Kent, (Daffodil), Lance Coe, Bell Island, Nfld., are sure to get nice letters in reply. Monnie, the address of "Dad's Heper" is Alfred Calvin, Box 152, Fairville, N.B.

Joseph G. Murphy (Rex), 16 Mill St., Fairville, N.B., tells me he read the letters in China and is delighted with them. "Rex" asks for lots of pen-pals. The other "Murphy" boys in the Club should write to him.

Life on a farm pleases Emma Pineau (Easter Lily), Lot 4, Alberton, P.E.I. She says she would not be without the "China" for anything.

Here is a nice "pair" of members, cousins, both aged 13. Winnifred Cowan (White Tulip), and Winnifred Connolly (Red Tulip). They live at 9 Riverdale Ave., Toronto.

Since all her girl friends joined, Anastasia O'Neil thought she should fall in line, and so Bridgeport, C.B., adds another to the long list of buds. Pen-name, "Rose."



HERE WE ARE! BUDS FROM EVERYWHERE!

Left to right—Agnes Lafrance (Kay), 712 Front St., Pembroke, Ont.; Evelyn Baker (Pansy), Campbellford, Ont.; Blanche Lafrance (Nancy), 712 Front St., Pembroke; Dorothy Bathye (Baby Rambler Rose), 183 Munroe St., Pembroke, Ont.; Gertrude Dalton (Wild Rose), and Mary Esther Dalton (Orange Blossom), Cape Broyle, Nfld.; Greta Heggarty (Sunflower), New Annan, P.E.I.; Omer Gauthier (Jack in the Pulpit), 489 Darcy Street Pembroke, Ont. Unfortunately, some of the snaps are not clear enough to make good reproductions.

SEND IN YOUR PICTURE TO-DAY. THE BUDS WANT TO SEE YOU.



Boys and girls 16 or 17 years old are requested to write to Olive Deschamps, Box 393, Penetang, Ont. She has chosen "Boots" as a pen-name.

From Kinnmount, Ont., came an interesting letter from Madeline Askey (Lily of the Valley). She says that Father Gillogly, her pastor, presented those in the Catechism class with "China" as a gift. Madeline has been to the Martyrs' Shrine, and says she has great faith in the noble Canadian martyrs. She wants "Mary" and "Forget-me-not" to write her.

Easter Sunday is a nice day for a birthday, and this year it marked the 12th birthday anniversary for Doris "Pansy" Nolan, of 7 Oakland Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Thelma Heggarty (Honey Bunch), Mill St., Fairville, N.B., wants the buds to guess "where was the first potato found?" Write her your answer if you are good at guessing riddles.

"I wish your club every success," writes Margaret Merkley (Peggy), Westport, Ont. Thanks, Peggy.

Here's a bit of news for you, buds, that I was almost forgetting. There are two buds in Brigus, C.B., Nfld., who must be happy members of our Club, because they received a letter right from one of our priests in Chuchow. It happened like this: those two buds wrote essays for the Christmas contest but addressed their letters to Father Jim in Chuchow, China. A few weeks ago I got the letter back, and with it a letter from Father Amyot for the two buds. Father Aymot (who went to China two years ago) said to tell you all how delighted the priests over there were at the great work the members of the Rose Garden were doing for the Missions, and he wishes all the buds every blessing for the future. You know the missionaries in China read about you each month, and they all want to thank our buds for the interest they are taking in the Club by their prayers and Communions.

A priest was telling me the other day of two little girls who were ask-

ing him about our Garden, and a few days later along came a nice letter from them, asking to be made members, and sending along stamps for the Missions. They live in Cooksville, Ont. "Shamrock" is Mary Bonhomme's pen-name; she would have liked to take "Gardener" for her name, but added: "I can't take that because you, Father Jim, are the gardener." You know, Mary, and buds, I felt as proud as a peacock when I read that, because I really think I am the most favoured "gardener" in the world to have such very beautiful material in my Garden, and I want you to feel that I am very happy in tending to my "buds," and willing to do anything I can to help them become real missionaries in spirit. The other little girl is Monica Bonhomme, and her pen-name is "Ivy."

"A Gay Caballero" is the fanciful pen-name chosen by Thomas Decicchio, 175½ McNab St. N., Hamilton, Ont. Thomas is very interested in our Club.

Ten-year-old Camilla McEachern is a new bud from Bridgeport, C.B. Pen-name, "Bluebell."

Some of Loretta Letherland's classmates are members of our Club. Loretta lives at 81 Dagmar Ave., Toronto, and has "Sally" for her pen-name. She tells me she has finished reading the life of the Little Flower, and was delighted with it. I think all our buds would enjoy it also. "Sally" wants "Sharon Rose" and many others to write to her.

"Smiling Eyes" is the nice pen-name chosen by Rita Bastarache, of Grade VI, St. Rose's School, Fairville, N.B. She promises to answer all letters promptly.

Thomas Burke, 19 Mulberry St., Hamilton, Ont., says he "listens in" on "Amos 'n' Andy" every night, and has taken "Kingfish" as his pen-name.

Any buds interested in music will be "right in it" if they write to Dorothy (Dot) Gaudet, Box 192, Summerside, P.E.I. All the family are musicians, and three of them are buds.

Andrew Morris (Bumble-bee), wrote a nice letter of thanks to the buds who remembered him when he was sick. I was very pleased that the buds wrote to Andrew when I asked them.

"I would like to hear from a bud in Quebec," writes Chrystal Leeney (Columbine), of 522 Isabella St., Pembroke, Ont. Quebec buds please take notice!

"Would 'Bookworm,' Fenwick St., Halifax, write to another 'bookworm,' please?" Rosemary Byrne Shamrock), Box 168, New Waterford, C.B., N.S., makes this request.

"What bridge can we never cross?" is a question of Rita Lynch (Ivy), 33 McKiel St., Fairville, N.B.

"A shower of letters from buds my own age (13)" asks Madeline Moore (Daffodil), Kenilworth, Ont.

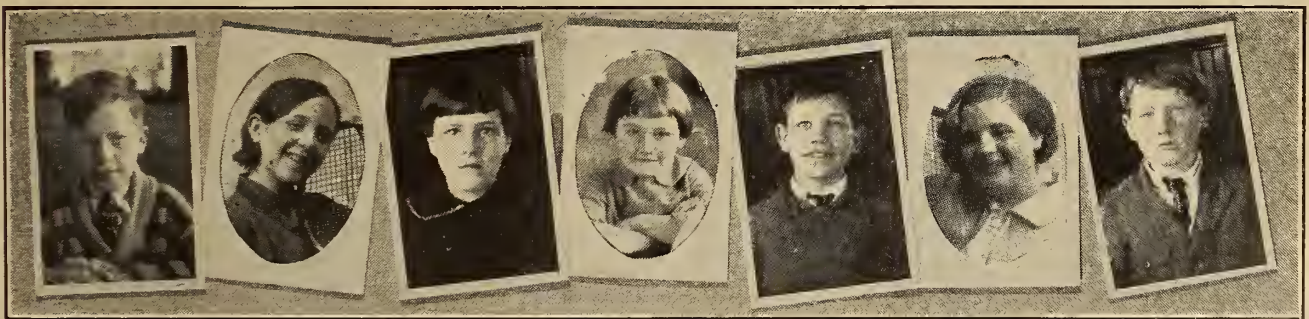
One new bud, signing himself "Your little friend, Laurence Battye" says: "You must be a busy man, Father Jim." Yes, Laurence, you're right, but I always find time to read every line of every letter from every bud, even though so many are disappointed in not having their names printed. The pen-name chosen by Laurence is "Sam," and he wants George Baker (Billy), of Victoria Mines, to write to him, because "he could tell me all about coal and fish." How about it, George?

Edesse Perrin would like to hear from Margaret C. O'Keefe, St. John's. (447 Darcy St., Pembroke, Ont.)

Another Western bud is Josephine Martin (Tootsy), from Portage La Prairie, Man. P.O. Box 443.

Anna Buckley (Bubbles), Mt. Forest, Ont., is anxious to hear from other buds. Isabella McIntyre, Pitt St., Caledonia Mines, has the same pen-name. "Bubbles" is 15 years old, and goes to St. Anthony's School.

Aileen Bennett (Colleen), Box 22, Westport, Ont., wants boys and girls to write her. She is 14.

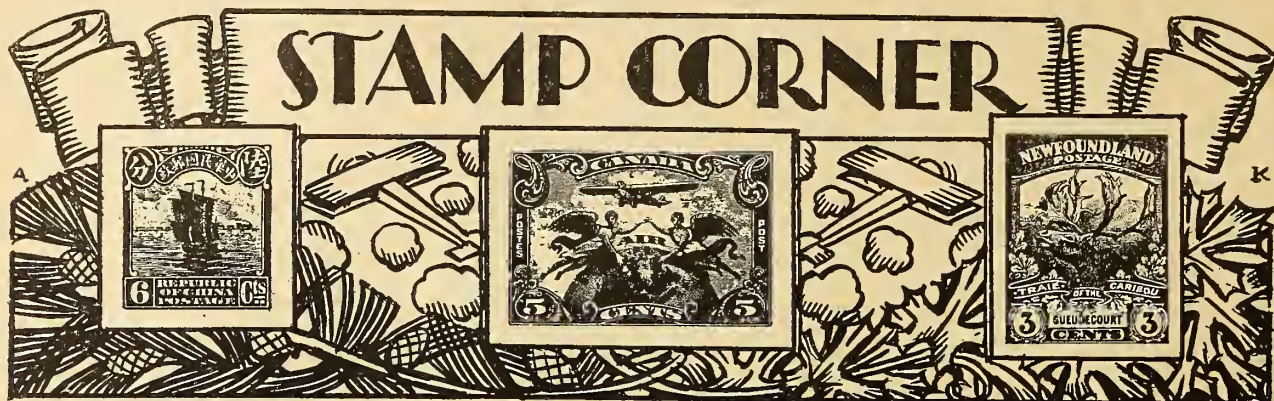


MORE HAPPY MEMBERS OF THE ROSE GARDEN.

Left to right—Fred. McNabb (Theophane), 55 Mitchell St., St. Thomas, Ont.; Winnifred Connolly (Red Tulip), 9 Riverdale Avenue, Toronto; Josephine Babineau (Smiling Joe), 103 Main St., Fairville, N.B.; Chrystal Leeney (Columbine), 522 Isabella St., Pembroke, Ont.; Leo Clark (Trixie), McKeil St., Fairville, N.B.; Winnifred Cowan (White Tulip), 9 Riverdale Ave., Toronto; Joseph M. Kane, 2 Hill St., Fairville, N.B.

THE BUDS WANT TO SEE YOU. SEND IN YOUR PICTURE TO-DAY.





## BEAVER SAYS



No. 815—50 Airmail—75c.



No. 800—50 diff. Birds and Beasts—40c.



No. 2036—100 diff. Austria—10c.



No. 886—50 diff. Greece—40c.



No. 974—100 diff. French Colonies—35c.



One of our interested readers wants to know if Beaver has hibernated. No. But I was out hunting up some bargains for the Stamp Corner, especially in Newfoundland stamps, and I think these offers are pretty hot.

You know "CHINA" is getting too small for our needs and this month we are crowding out the joke page. But I had to show you some of the offers, and next month will have more to say. Look over this page which takes you to so many parts of the stamp world and if you write us be sure to address your letter to

BEAVER.



No. 202—6 diff. St. Pierre—10c.



No. 2066—6 d.f. French Sudan—10c.



No. 802—50 d.f. Portraits—25c.



## SPECIAL NEWFOUNDLAND BARGAINS

Readers of the Stamp Corner can benefit by our special offer of Nfld. stamps at prices which simply cannot be obtained elsewhere.

PACKETS—HERE THEY ARE—SETS 15 different, 10c; 20 different, 20c; 25 different, 30c; 50 different, \$2.00.

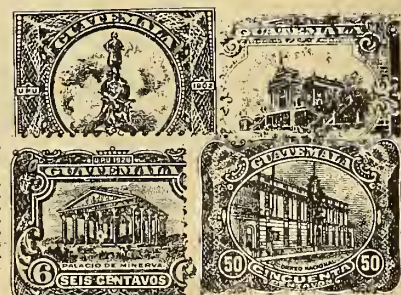
## SETS AS FOLLOWS

Caribou (1918) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 & 10—10c  
Pictorial (1923) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 & 10—5c  
Publicity (1929) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 & 10—10c

Here's your chance to fill spaces in your Newfoundland page.



No. 2004—50 diff. Bavaria—10c.



No. 2071—10 diff. Guatemala—10c.

SEND FOR OUR FREE ILLUSTRATED HONOR BILT PACKET LIST



## JUBILEE GIFT.

(Continued from page 55)

a little apart and one saw something of the majesty that lies beneath it. The moment seemed to hang, unmoving, in time, set apart from all the moments of her greatest wish come true.

"Perhaps," she thought humbly, "I had a little to do with it—I've tried to tell that very thing to Mike so often."

But because the head doctor never told her the story of the two dollars she never knew just how much she had had to do with it—or in just what manner her influence had helped to work the miracle.

—Extension Magazine.

ST. MADELEINE SOPHIE  
BARAT BURSE.

Besides the Burses listed in the columns of the Catholic Record, there are several others which have been opened at the special request of friends. Chief among these is St. Madeline Sophie Burse, very thoughtfully and appropriately suggested by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, Halifax.

Already \$922.00 has been contributed, \$802.00 by College St. School, Halifax; \$115.00 by the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, and \$5.00 by a friend.

The children of College St. School have long been friends of our work for China, but their magnificent record in contributing to this burse stands as an achievement unsurpassed.

It would be impossible to say how deeply we are indebted to our generous young friends throughout the schools of Canada and Newfoundland, schools too numerous to mention in a brief note. But we know they will all be proud of the fine record of College St. School.

## SHARKS' FINS A LA MODE.

(Continued from page 53)

did with it after. I started to bite mine, too, Oh, boy, I bit and I bit hard, but I did not even dent it. I tried again, and put one foot around the leg of the table and held on to the chair with my left hand, and renewed effort plus the strength of a Samson, I bit like a Trojan. I got it, but my poor tongue. It got in the way and got it too. All this time the rest of the folks around the table were

watching me and enjoying it immensely. I looked at them sheepishly and smiled, at the same time chewing for dear life. Do you know what it was? Sugar-cane stock, cut and trimmed for raw eating.

When you arrive at the banquet room, always find out where you are going to sit before you sit down. Do not drink your wine all at once for you might be sorry after. It is better to sip it cautiously. The waiters are always behind you and it takes them half a second to fill your cup. Take very little of everything, as there are so many courses you may be filled up at the third or fourth one. Keep away from raw sugar-cane until you know how to eat it. Be very slow to take watermelon seeds, as they are a very hateful thing to try to crack with your teeth. It is better to practise on these for a while before you make a show of yourself; and don't swallow the shell of these, or the sugarcane when the juice is out of it. If you do, well . . . you have my sympathy. Don't dig in with your fork, because it will only go to the bottom of the dish and you are liable to lose it. It is better to train yourself to chopsticks. Observe these and you need not worry about your next move. When in doubt always watch the fellow next to you through the corner of your eye. Smoke "Kiu Foh's" and you will always be happy.

BERNARD BOUDREAU.

We Gratefully Acknowledge the Following Donations Received from Feb. 8th, 1930.

Over \$10.00.

St. Mary's School, Peterboro, \$17.00; St. Columbus Church, per Rev. R. J. Macdonald, St. Columba, P.E.I., \$12.69; A Friend, \$20.00; Allan Island and Lamaline Meadow, Newfoundland, \$21.94; Rev. J. T. Eagan, \$20.00; St. Isidore's Parish, South March, Ontario, \$12.00; Friend, \$100.00; Paulon Club, Toronto, \$15.00; Friend, St. Andrews, \$20.00; Per Rt. Rev. Monsgr. Blair, \$19.00; Friend, St. John's, \$50.00; Austin F. Hall, \$15.00; Mite Box, St. Peter's School, Peterboro, \$34.00; St. Vincent's School, Toronto, \$20.00; Friend, Soo, Ont., \$15.00; Sunday School Children, St. James' Parish, Toronto, \$18.90.

\$10.00.

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\$5.00.

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\$1.00.

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Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.



# AFTER VACATION?



## WILL YOU FOLLOW CHRIST THE KING? OTHERS WILL DO SO— WHY NOT YOU?

If God is calling you to the Mission Fields of China, you will never find happiness elsewhere. If you are wondering, thinking, above all, praying to decide your vocation, rest assured that the devil is working with untiring energy to keep you away from the Missions. If he can prevent it, you will never save those thousands of souls in China who may be depending upon you alone for their salvation.

Our own students went through a period of anxiety such as may be yours now. But they won. They gave themselves, generously, and God did the rest. Difficulties, obstacles, discouragement—all these things vanished once the decision was made. And they will vanish in your case, too. And if you wish to judge for yourself how happy they are, and how happy you will be,

COME AND SEE———THIS SEPTEMBER.

*Write now to*

**Rev. John E. McRae, Rector**

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.



# CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS

JUNE 1930





# CHINA

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which will serve as a school, orphanage and hospital. They are prepared to receive in their Novitiate young women who wish to labour for God as

## NUNS IN CHINA

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# EDITORIAL PAGE CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by  
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VOL. XI.

... CHINA ...

No. 6.

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Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallon, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

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## HEROISM

The world applauded when Carl Ben Eilson, hero of a hundred flights, dauntless young pioneer of air travel in the North, gave his life in an attempt to rescue the passengers of a ship ice bound in the Arctic. The world was thrilled and cried "bravo" when Raold Amundsen, veteran explorer of Arctic wastes, perished in the attempt to rescue a brother flier from icy death. Nobody ever dreamed of suggesting that flying be abandoned, that aeroplanes be scrapped. None would fasten chains to bind to earth the intrepid souls of gallant young eagles of the air. As well suggest that the onward march of science be stayed until every element of danger had been eliminated.

During the past year, in unhappy China, a far greater number of lives have been sacrificed to a cause whose glory surpasses the glory of material science as Heaven surpasses earth, time eternity. In that country alone twelve priests have laid down their lives, not in the attempt to rescue a marooned flier—praiseworthy though that attempt may be—; not to hasten the deliverance of an ice-bound freighter in the Arctic, but in the attempt to rescue from eternal death immortal souls for whom the Eternal Son of God suffered and died. Little difference will it make in eternity whether or not man succeeds in wresting from stubborn nature all the secrets of the dreary Arctic; but great difference whether or not souls for whom Christ died will have come to know the power and sweetness of His Saving Name.

But what says the world at the sight of this holocaust in China! What could the world be expected to say, the world which ignores eternal values and prizes only the worthless dross of earth! The world which cried "On with the conquest" over the frozen bodies of those heroes of the air can see no purpose in continuing the struggle in China. So little has the Passion and Death of Christ come to mean in a so-called Christian world to-day and so callously its purpose ignored that on all sides the missionary idea is decried, missionary heroism is misunderstood; those brave young souls who quailed not before the sword of the ruthless communist in China have been set down as

fools—yes, fools for Christ's sake—with none so poor as do them reverence.

Early death! Is it then such a tragedy?

Of our acquaintances and friends those whom it was most worth while to have known have been cut down by the grim reaper while on the very threshold of life. You could name so many of them now and so could I. One in particular comes to my mind. Father Stephen Ryan, the late brilliant young editor of the Northwest Review, undoubtedly one of the greatest intellects among the younger clergy in Canada and a man whose Christlike charity was known throughout the whole of the West. But, dear readers, are such deaths to be deplored?

There is a beautiful thought expressed in sacred scripture, that the death of the young is not an accident, not a tragedy. "A spotless life is old age" (Wis. 4.9). "He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul" (Wis. 4.11).

And so in regard to China. It is not only the world which has lost its sense of the value of Calvary. From many sides during the time of trouble in that unhappy country we have heard even from good Catholic people expressions of regret that so many brave young missionaries should have been permitted to sacrifice their lives. But above all the plaint and whimper of timid souls there sounds the clarion call of the Holy Father "Let all missionaries remain at their posts." And the missionaries, true soldiers of Christ that they are, thank God for the command as they prepare to face danger and death.

Here in the Seminary we have young students preparing for China, young men who might easily have singled out for themselves a career in the world. Step by step they are advancing towards the goal of their desires, the Priesthood and missionary life in China. Nothing else would ever satisfy them, because Christ has spoken in their hearts and bestowed upon them the unspeakable gift of a missionary vocation. The thought of the death of any one of them would be a sad blow to us all, yet not so saddening as the thought of a lost



vocation with the consequent loss of immortal souls. Over and above our merely natural feelings we know that if God should demand the sacrifice of any one of them, He would give that great overpowering grace without which any weak mortal would quail before the danger of death. The success of a missionary in China is not measured by length of years. One flash of that perfect charity which would enable him to accept death for Christ's sake would purify his soul for Heaven and draw down from the loving Heart of

Christ graces that would soften and render fertile the stubborn arid soil of paganism. That is the one thing Christ desires, the love of our poor human hearts, love that will be faithful unto death. And such love in the martyr who bows his head for the death stroke will avail more for conversions in China than all the hectic feverish activity of hundreds of merely active-minded men. It was such love that converted the world in the beginning. Only such love will convert it now.

But we need not flatter ourselves and imagine that we are singled out for martyrdom. Few, indeed, to-day will receive such a great grace and favor from God. But meanwhile we thank Him for those pure, brave, generous souls who have been found worthy to approach more closely to Calvary and whose glorious deaths will make possible much of the success that will attend our own half-hearted efforts for souls.

# All About the



## “HWO DAH”

(Big Fire)

By

REV. W. K. AMYOT

Hail, hail the gang's all here! Another year is almost over and you are all one year closer to your final goal. Go get it. Hang right in there with the old spirit (I don't mean hooch). Where there's a will there's a way. A good finish usually means the race. Drive right into those exams. We are with you in spirit and ask God's blessing for you all, so you do not fight alone.

This is just going to be a note as I am still busy trying to catch up in my correspondence. There is no time here to be lonely. The trouble seems to be to find time to do what you need to do, let alone what you would like to do. We are still plugging along at the Chinese.

I was just preparing to write this last night when—bang! bang! clang! Gongs started going and one could

hear the patter of feet along the streets and excited voices shouting “Hwo Dah! Hwo Dah” (Big Fire). I looked out the window. The sky was red, so no letter last night. Out and away with the crowd at the double. Here you are then. EXTRY SPSHAL. All about the big “Hwo.”

'Twas almost 8 P.M. with not a breath of wind. Hatless I ran out the gate and up to the “Ma Jah San” or public park close by. A beautiful sight spread out before us. Away towards the north end of the city the fire was raging, no bonfire either, but about 50 to 70 yards across the base with huge livid flames dancing and leaping far into the sky, topped by a high rolling pillar of whiteish smoke, studded with numberless sparks like tiny stars. Large trees and the higher buildings were silhouetted against the flames.

Yes, it was spreading. The large three-storey building was catching, the flames licking hungrily around the corners. On—on and see what is doing. Two more “li” (Chinese miles) through winding, moonlit, almost deserted streets I went, led on by that crimson torch. Here and there in every open space or point of vantage were a small group of old men and women, looking fearfully at the monster. “Will they get it under control? Is it coming this way? Is our home doomed?” As I passed the barracks the police were being sent out in small squads to guard the rest of the city. The numbers of people were increasing as we drew closer. Each house had a door partly open, with women and children huddled close. The streets were almost as light as on a winter's day, because of the full moon that looked down serenely on this.



scene of confusion, the struggle of man against relentless elements. Now the refugees begin to pass us going the other way, carrying the smaller and more valuable pieces of property to safety. The crackling of the burning timber, the hissing and roaring of the hungry flames drown out most of the shouts and lesser noises. The streets are wet and slippery as a result of the activities of the "bucket brigade." Masses of people scurrying everywhere, laden with all kinds of household effects that ranged from cooking utensils, beds, bedding, tables, chairs and grain in baskets, to fanning mills, planks, boxes, benches wardrobes and children. The laden ones pressing to get out, the others—curious sightseers—pressing to get in, confusion, bedlam supreme.

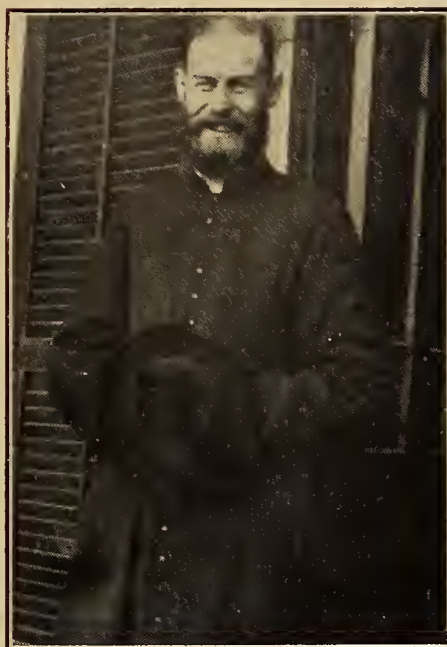
The police are doing well but there are not enough of them. In the close, thickly-crowded quarters it is darker. The little chinese lanterns on the end of reeds help matters out. They are carried by each water carrier's helper.

Apparently once a house catches fire in China it is doomed. Their only hope of checking the fire lies in pulling down intervening houses till a wall is reached. To do this they use a long-handled, two-pronged fork. Roof tiles are dropping everywhere. Now the pumps appear on the scene, nothing but over-size squirt guns, thrust into a bucket or tub of water and manipulated by two pairs of hands. These are spraying tiny streams of water on the bordering walls and the surrounding buildings, preserving them from the terrific heat until the adjoining buildings are consumed. Meanwhile large flat brass gongs are being beaten continually, just beyond the reach of the fire in each street.

The firemen wear a white badge affair over their shoulder, like a deacon's stole, and a pointed tin hat. At last high walls are reached on every side. The fire is checked but still rages away in the centre with that three-storey oil merchant's building acting as an immense chimney to this huge blast furnace.

Around about were scattered all kinds of household wares. Every available space and shelter was simply littered with them. The owners, young and old, especially women and children, were sitting on the heaps of salvage crying and be-

moaning their lot. A pitiable sight indeed. While circling the fire I tried to encourage some that it was not growing any worse, while trying to keep out of the road of carriers along the way and see all that was to be seen. I watched several walls crash down and in one place, at the far end of a street, looked back and saw just a whole sea of upturned, fire-lit faces. The street was simply jammed. An eel could not have wriggled his way through, so tightly were they packed. I decided not to attempt to go home that way so retraced my steps. I stumbled down one blind alley but managed to weave my way back to the main thoroughfare and struck out for



The bewhiskered gentleman? Yes, it's Father Amyot himself.

home. We found there was another use for these dirty Chinese ponds and canals other than being breeding grounds for mosquitoes and wallows for pigs. It is to supply water for fire fighting and check it from spreading to other parts of the city.

(Next day) This afternoon we looked over the fire area. It made a clean sweep of a section some seventy yards square, destroying over twenty houses. The owners were working like trojans clearing away refuse. Though some heaps were still smouldering, they were already rebuilding and getting things in ship shape once more. The fire had stopped without burning a temple. Better if it had gone up in smoke rather than the other houses.

Only the gate suffered. The walls were too "hefty" and resisted. Another good reason for having walls around your property in China. Poor people. It's all they had. Thank God there was no wind.

Well, this has turned out to be much longer than I expected. Best of luck to all.

Sincerely,

Wm. K. AMYOT.

## CARDINAL VERDIER AND THE MISSIONS.

Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, said on the eve of his episcopal consecration in Rome:

"I consider it of the first importance that our Catholics should, by the study of actual problems, acquire true missionary convictions. The work of the missions, in all its fulness, is the essential work of the Catholic Church. It is in truth the Church herself; the Church progressing; the Church conquering; the Church, Teacher of Truth, illuminating the world with the eternal light of the Word; the Church, Mother of souls, engendering in them the divine life; the Church militant, fighting without cease or repose to defend her children against error under no matter what name it may be lurking. The more the faithful learn to know the missionary work of the Church, the more will they enliven their own faith, the more will they develop in themselves the Catholic spirit. A greater intensity of spiritual life among the faithful themselves and more numerous conquests each day among the pagan masses—such will be the happy result of the diffusion of missionary ideas."

"If I were a Chinaman I should be proud of the contributions of my country to literature and art, to religion and philosophy, to morals and ethics, to trade and commerce, to business and banking, to the domestication of useful plants and animals, and other conquests over nature, including human nature."

The lover of money inclines toward the path of unrighteousness; the lover of reputation sneaks into the hall of fame.





### IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE AT ST. FRANCIS-XAVIER SEMINARY.

On the sixteenth of last August our Provincial told us—Father Leduc and myself—that we should pass the year at St. Francis-Xavier Seminary, where we should learn English, a language necessary in our Mission in Japan, and finish our studies at St. Augustine's Seminary. From that day till the tenth of September, the opening date of the Seminary, a question arose very often in my mind, and it was this: "What will this life be like?" As you know, the unknown always has a twofold effect on man: one which is the attractive side,—man being curious wants to know what he does not yet know, the other effect,—a certain fear which fills his soul because man always sees a dark side to the unknown.

To that question asked almost a year ago I shall answer publicly to-day, and as the editor of "China" has had the kindness to permit me to record my impressions, I shall first inform his readers that the dark side disappeared the day of my arrival, and that the curiosity was very soon changed into an attachment and a love for both this Seminary and St. Augustine's.

As you know the life of every person, physical or moral, must not be judged by its exterior but by its interior—its soul. For were you to behold the most beautiful person in the world and not see any manifestation of a soul you would not be attracted. While, on the other

hand, another person, lacking the exterior beauty of the first, would attract you,—because you see the manifestation of a soul full of qualities which bind you to it by an indissoluble tie. This latter effect is that produced by an acquaintance with the members of St. Francis-Xavier Seminary.

However, we cannot say that it has not also an exterior attraction, but it would be useless to describe it, because you have already seen it in pictures of the Seminary and of its members. For that reason I shall just tell you of its soul. What is the nature of the life here? It is Charity—that supernatural virtue by which one loves God above all and one's neighbour as oneself for the love of God. Charity here is externally manifested in three ways,—which are as three branches of the same trunk, and are called the love of prayer, the spirit of the Apostolate, and the family spirit.

St. Francis-Seminary is, first, a place of prayer. And it is easy to understand this,—when we love God we prefer conversation with Him above all, and especially in heart-to-heart talks with Jesus in the most Holy Eucharist. This fact is evident to all, for when you go to the small and modest chapel during the free hours of the day you are always sure to find a few seminarians in intimate conversation with Jesus in the Eucharist. Were you here on the first Sunday of every month you would be edified to see, before the Blessed Sacrament ex-

## Au Revoir

*We bid farewell this month to Fathers Surprenant and Leduc from the Dominican monastery at Ottawa, who spent the past year at our Seminary acquiring a further knowledge of English before leaving this fall for their Mission in Japan. It is with genuine regret that we say goodbye and God-speed to our good friends, whose kindly disposition endeared them to one and all at the Seminary.*

*But while Fathers Surprenant and Leduc bid us farewell now, we know it is only "au revoir," because we all hope to meet them one day in Japan on our way to our own Mission in Chuchow. We pray that God may ever bless their missionary endeavours.*



posed the whole day, two seminarians kneeling on prie-dieu's placed near the Altar, praying for the world and for themselves. How many graces must fall upon the earth that day!

As they love to meditate on the love of Jesus in the Eucharist, they also meditate on His sufferings, and hence one of the most practiced devotions is the Way of the Cross. Each seminarian makes his Way of the Cross daily. But one cannot love Jesus without loving Mary, His Blessed Mother, and every night after prayer the seminarians finish the recitation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, which they have the habit of reciting. Some kneel before Her altar to thank Her for the graces She has given during the day and to ask Her to prepare their hearts for the Mass and Holy Communion of the next day.

It is easy, then, to understand that they are animated with the spirit of the Apostolate. For an Apostle is beautifully defined as "a chalice full of Jesus and pouring its overflow into souls." They fill themselves with Jesus by prayer, and even though later on they will minister to souls in a more active way, they are already with them in spirit. We can judge this by seeing how well they know their own Mission district—Chuchow. Nothing was more interesting in the beginning of the year than to see the older students explaining to the newcomers, before a map of China,



the place of their future apostolic activity, and to illustrate better their explanations, using the pictures received from the missionaries. Knowing their Mission District so well they take a great interest in all that concerns it, and if you were here on Sundays and holidays you would see the seminarians reading missionary magazines which are placed on the tables of the spiritual-reading room. It is always a joy for them to receive a letter from Chuchow. The letter immediately becomes common property and everybody reads it with avidity.

They pray also for their mission, and I am sure that nothing can better move the heart of God and of Mary than to hear every morning and every night that special prayer for the Conversion of China followed by the Our Father and Hail Mary said in the Chinese language. God surely gives many graces to poor souls in China, and those graces are obtained through the prayers of these souls filled with the spirit of the Apostolate.

The third manifestation of this life of charity is the family spirit, which Lacordaire says is nothing other than a loving family life in its highest degree of perfection, and it is impossible to practise this life faithfully without giving to those who live it feelings of fraternity, of patience, of abnegation,—which are the soul of Christianity. This family life struck me from the beginning of the year, and because of it I have become more and more attached to this House. I had left a family in leaving my Monastery, where all the Religious are like brothers, but what I have left in Ottawa I have found here. In fact, all the seminarians are really like brothers among themselves, and it is very edifying to see them helping one another in their studies, in their labours, and even in their play. They have understood that their strength later on will rest in the union of all their energies in working for the same purpose, and have begun already to be united in all their activities. To understand this you should see them when they are called to labour together,—everyone goes with joy and gladly contributes his share. Joy is the soul of their work, and I can say that I have passed many pleasant hours with them when they work in common on Wednesday night

and on Thursday morning. It is surely in continuing to live this common life that these seminarians will do the greatest good in converting pagan souls.

This is the life of which I have been a witness for the past year. Was I not right in saying that the soul of this Seminary is Charity? And can you understand now why I am so attached to it? But be sure that this soul has a motive: it is the ideal of those young men who have given themselves entirely to God for the Conversion of China,—an ideal developed and fed by the nourishing spiritual lectures given by the Rector, whose purpose is their personal formation in the love of God. And as a last word I can say that the Rector, aided by the Vice-Rector and the Bursar, have surely succeeded in the formation of this soul, which may God continue to protect always

FR. J. M. SURPRENANT, O.P.

#### WHERE PIPES ARE CANES AND HATS ARE UMBRELLAS.

It is amusing, on a rainy day, to take a walk downtown. The styles are an eye-opener. Of course, most of the men and boys go barefooted, unless it is too cold. But those who do wear anything on their feet never think of combining boots and rubbers. They generally just have on the latter.

The streets are so narrow that the streams of water from the opposite roofs meet in the middle of the street and come cascading down on top of one. It would make a fine shower-bath.

Only a few foreign umbrellas are in use, but one sees lots of Chinese ones. They are bigger than ours and are made of oiled paper. It is on such a day that the few rickshaws we have here are kept busy. You hear the tinkle of a little bell behind you, and instinctively you step aside to let a rickshaw pass. A curtain hanging down in front keeps out both rain and prying eyes and at the same time gives it a touch of mystery.

But strangest thing of all are the big hats, which serve in summer as a sunshade and in rainy weather as an umbrella. They are so wide that they hold up traffic and are made of straw. The rain pelts down on them but the wearer never worries, for they have such broad brims that the water runs off them with-

out soaking him. The city should make a law forbidding these monstrosities. For just try and pass one in the street, especially if you yourself have an umbrella.

Another example of how a Chinese is ever "killing two birds with one stone" is the use of the pipe for a walking stick. There are numerous kinds of pipes here in China, of course, but the most common is a long, thin one—generally made of bamboo. It is about two feet long and not thicker than a fountain pen. The bowl only holds a pinch of tobacco.

This pipe when not in use for smoking is admirably adapted for a cane. It sure looks funny to see it so used. Another use for it is seen when the schoolboys act up during lessons. Then it becomes a deft weapon in the hands of the irate master. And he can sure lay it on.

Most of the Chinese smoke cigarettes, and the women are no exception. Not that they are copying their American sisters, but because it has been the custom here in China long before it was ever so in America.

Perhaps when I grow a beard I will get the habit, but if it depends on that I don't think I will ever smoke

H. F. SHARKEY.



Frs. Boudreau, Sharkey and Stringer.



# The Canadian Catholic Students

## The Halifax Units of the Canadian Catholic Students Assembled for Their Sixth Annual

Seldom has there been seen a more inspiring sight in the Catholic circles of the grand old city of Halifax than, when on Sunday, May 11th, the Halifax Units of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade assembled for their sixth annual convention in the auditorium of the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

To the martial strains of the hymn "God Willing" almost three hundred students, representing Mount St. Vincent College and Academy, St. Patrick's Girls' High School, St. Patrick's Boys' High School, St. Mary's College and the Academy of the Sacred Heart, entered the assembly hall where the annual business meeting was held. Rev. C. F. Curran, D.D., the President of the Conference and local director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, welcomed the guests of honor and the various delegations. He expressed his pleasure and welcome to the St. Patrick's Boys' High School Unit who were present for the first time at any convention as an affiliated unit. Dr. Curran, in the name of all present, offered to His Grace, Archbishop Co-

adjuter O'Donnell, a sincere welcome and assured him of unswerving obedience and eagerness to place the Unit at his disposal in behalf of the foreign missions and any missionary project which he might suggest. All were earnestly urged to pray for the success of the mission convention and the entire proceedings were placed under the patronage of Our Lady, Queen of the Missions.

Reports, more encouraging than ever before presented, told eloquently of the zeal and industry of the various units. It was disclosed that almost three thousand dollars had been collected since the last convention.

The following papers were prepared and read by representatives of the various units:

"The Far North Missions of America," Mount St. Vincent College.

"The Three Passionist Martyrs of China," St. Patrick's Boys' High School.

"The Responsibility of the Growing Generation Towards the Home Missions," St. Patrick's Girls' High School.



Archbishop O'Donnell, presiding at the Crusade



# Mission Crusade

## nts' Mission Crusade nvention



"The Life Story of a Typical Pagan's Conversion," St. Mary's College.

"The Invaluable Work of Missionary Sisters in Foreign Lands," Convent of Sacred Heart.

Among the distinguished guests present were: His Grace, Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, D.D.; Rev. Dean McManus; Fr. Wm. Burns, of St. Mary's Cathedral; Rev. C. C. Sterling and Bro. P. J. Culhane, of St. Mary's College; Fr. LeBlanc, of St. Patrick's, and Mr. F. J. Phelan, of St. Patrick's Boys' High School.

Letters were read by the secretary from various sources in Nova Scotia and Canada, wishing the convention every success. It was definitely announced, on the authority of Rev. Martin M. Johnson, that a general convention, celebrating the 10th anniversary of the movement in Canada will be held next year in Toronto.

It was moved and passed that Crusaders offer till more prayer that the fruits of the Missions be increased and that there be more vocations to Mis-

sionary work; also, that the crusaders pledge themselves to have a more practical interest in the Home Missions and that they do more for needy parishes in the Archdioceses of Halifax.

The Rev. President concluded the business meeting by congratulating the various delegations on their work and thanking the Rev. Visitors who so kindly attended.

During the social intermission dainty refreshments were served by a committee from the Convent.

The session was brought to a close with Solemn Benediction, His Grace, Archbishop O'Donnell, Pontificating and Dr. Curran and Fr. LeBlanc acting as Deacon and Sub-deacon respectively.

His Grace preached a very inspiring sermon on the Canadian Missions. The choir of St. Mary's College sang the Benediction service in Gregorian. The convention was brought to a close with the singing of the hymn "The Sacred Heart for All the World."



Recently held at Halifax, Nova Scotia.



# Campaigning for Christ

During the Summer the annual subscription campaign will be carried on by the students of St. Augustine's Seminary and those of our own Seminary, under the direction of Rev. Frank McGoey, who so successfully directed and organized two previous campaigns.

We would like our friends to understand the reason why we are so anxious that these subscription campaigns be successful. God is blessing our work, and granting many vocations. Next year our present enrolment of students will be greatly increased, and each new student means an increase of our financial obligations. We depend on our paper to place our needs before the public, who have in the past given evidence of their interest and have responded to our least request in a generous manner. However, we feel that there is a duty on our part to increase the number of readers of "CHINA" in order to make more friends, and thus we will be in a position to take care of our increasing responsibilities.

The present circulation is 25,000, and it is the objective of the campaigners to increase this to 40,000. A great deal of organization has already been done, but this work cannot be a success unless we receive whole-hearted co-operation and the prayers of our friends. It has been the experience of campaigners in the past that our Catholic people are only too willing, when our cause is placed before them, to help our work by becoming subscribers. This request does not entail any great burden to any individual or to any parish, for the subscription price is only fifty cents a year. Co-operate and pray, then, that next year the circulation of "CHINA" will reach the forty thousand mark.



THE MEN BEHIND OUR SUMMER SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN

Bottom row—Wm. McNabb, P. Moore, London Diocese; A. Sweeney, F. McGoey, F. Allen, A. Belanger, Toronto Diocese.  
 Second row—T. Mooney, J. King, H. Wiley, Kingston Diocese; G. Wolfe, Peterboro Diocese; A. Anderson, F. Kelly, Hamilton Diocese.  
 Third row—H. Patterson, Ottawa Diocese; J. Salini, Sault Ste. Marie Diocese; R. Leger, Alexandria Diocese; J. Walsh, F. Coady, Prince Edward Island.  
 Fourth row—A. McDonald, Nova Scotia; C. Braceland, Ottawa; C. Strang, A. Chafe and H. McGettigan, Newfoundland.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations received from April 15 to May 12th:

## Over \$10.00.

Rt. Rev. F. L. Carney, \$20.00; Holy Angels School, St. Thomas, \$30.00; Mite Boxes, St. Peter's School, Fort William, \$12.60; Mission Circle, Sherbrooke, P.Q., \$75.00; Rev. P. J. Whelan and Mite Boxes, Arnprior Sep. Sch., \$20.00; Mite Boxes, Renfrew Sep. Sch., \$12.15; L.F.M. Club, St. Catharines School, St. Catharines, \$12.00; St. James Sunday School, Toronto, \$18.90; Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, \$15.10; St. Annes School, Grace Bay, \$45.00; St. Annes School, Walkerville, Ont., \$12.00.

## \$10.00.

J. Drohan; Sep. School, Coniston, Ont.; Mrs. E. A. Driscoll; Alice Conway; Immaculate Conception Convent, Edmunston, N.B.; Stella Maris Convent, Pictou; Anon, Pugwash, N.S.; J. J. Carolan.

## Over \$5.00.

Mrs. John Wall, \$6.00; St. Mary's School, North Bay, \$6.25; St. Mary's School, Oakville, \$7.50; St. Bridget's School, Stellarton, N.S., \$9.00; St. John's School, Pictou, Ont., \$7.00; St. Francis Xavier School, Brockville, \$6.50; St. Ann's School, Brantford, \$5.10; Queen's Sq. School, Charlottetown, P.E.I., \$7.75; Boys, Sr. 1, St. Helen's School, Toronto, \$5.41; Loretto Abbey College, Toronto, \$6.00.

## \$5.00.

Friend; Bridget Ferguson; Miss K. Heafey; St. Joseph's Convent, Pembroke; B. Doyle; Rev. Fr. Clancy; Frim. Boys, St. Bonaventure College, St. John's, Nwfd.; Miss S. McGowan; Dan A. O'Handley; Business Class, Convent Mary Immaculate, Pembroke.

## Over \$1.00.

Friend, Williamstown, \$2.00; St. Clement's School, Toronto, \$4.34; St. Bridget's School, Stellarton, \$1.50; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fry, \$2.00; W. Higgins, \$3.00; Mrs. J. J. Fagan, \$1.50; St. Catherine's School, Paincourt, Ont., \$4.05; Sr. Thomas Marie, \$2.70; John H. Burke, \$2.00; Friend, Barrie, \$2.00; Mr. and Mrs. Groves, \$2.00; Anon, Egansville, \$5.00; Mrs. A. K. Burtch, \$2.00; Raddie McKillop, \$2.00; Mary A. McDonald, \$2.00; St. Anthony's School, Dominion No. 4, \$3.50; Dan T. Campbell, \$1.10; Sr. M. Eugenie, \$4.70; 4th Class, St. George's School, Ottawa, \$1.65; St. Andrew's Convent, St. Andrew's West, \$3.00; St. Thomas School, Toronto, \$2.40; Mrs. Edwin E. Harris, \$1.70; P. G. McNamara, \$1.50; Tignish High School, \$1.24; Miss Nora O'Meara, \$1.60; St. James School, Seaforth, \$3.00; Miss K. Sharron, \$4.00.

## \$1.00.

L. Hinsberger; J. F. Curran; Mrs. M. E. Tuthill; Weston Sep. School; Irene Robson; Sep. School, Bedford, P.E.I.; Miss E. C. McGuire; Miss Tittaly; A. D. Knetchell; St. Patrick's School, Cobalt; Albert Briand; Laurine Laundry; St. Michael's School, Corkery, Ont.; Catherine Burke; L. Masterson; Mrs. J. W. Young; St. James School, Seaforth; Miss K. Masterson.



The following contributed to Burses:

St. Brigid's School, Hamilton, \$5.00; Sister of Notre Dame, Bresla, Ont., \$10.20; St. Vincent's School, Toronto, \$25.00; St. Joseph's School, Hamilton, \$10.00; Miss M. Costello, \$1.00; St. James School, Toronto, \$9.00; John E. Quinn, \$40.00.

### SISTERS WRITE FROM WENCHOW.

"We have taken an active part," writes one of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, "in all the works of mercy conducted by those dear sisters with whom we are living. Conditions are terrible here at present owing to the severe famine. The poor gather in hundreds at the Sisters' gate awaiting a few pennies or a bowl of rice. All receive something. No one is ever turned away empty-handed. It is pitiful to see the little children crying for food and their parents unable to provide for them.

Those poor children are received in the dispensary every morning, and it is our privilege to serve hot tea and rice cakes to the little waifs. If you could only see the happy faces as they receive their portion you would soon realize how privileged we have been to receive so great a calling to labour among our Dear Lord's suffering. Here in the dispensary we are able to give medical and dental relief, and have had a number of baptisms, as many babies are brought in daily for medical treatment when they are simply dying of starvation. To satisfy their mothers we give them some little care but our great consolation is in giving them a little white baptismal ticket to open the gates of Heaven. Once a baby is sick here, it seldom gets better.

We have also visited and cared for the famine-stricken in the Pagodas and accompanied the Sisters of Charity on their errands of mercy through the different villages and over the mountains.

We have had the happiness of meeting Fr. Serra, Fr. Beal and Father Amyot. They are a credit to your Seminary, filled with zeal and the love of God. No endeavour is too arduous for them if there is a soul to save. They have also done all they can to make life pleasant for us, and we are anxiously awaiting the day when all arrangements will be made so that we can assist those priests in their great missionary labours."

The above letter is from one of

the three Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who went to China with our priests last October. They are working with the Sisters of Charity at Wenchow until our Convent at Chuchow is ready and arrangements have been made to have them begin work in our mission—EDITOR'S NOTE.

### TENNIS A LA CHUCHOW.

Wimbledon or Forest Hills certainly has nothing on our Fathers in Chuchow. Single courts of hardened and much pounded mud; two long ropes with bamboo sticks tied up and down the length of the ropes, which are held by poles at either end. The rackets are ordinary boards shaped like Wimbledon rackets; the ball, an air-inflated one the ordinary size. Now, what do you think of that for a home-made court?



We tender our sincere congratulations to Rt. Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara, native of Ottawa, Ont., who was recently appointed Vicar Apostolic of Shenchow, Hunan.

### PATIENCE AND A SMILE.

Both Very Necessary for the Missionary in China.

According to Father Stringer, future missionaries to China should lay in a goodly supply of patience and learn to smile. "The people are a likeable lot," he says. "The children especially are of just the same nature as children the world over, with all the virtues and defects of kids. At first

they shy away but I have found that when you speak to them in their own tongue they are not so reticent.

Whatever you do in public is noticed and commented on. Even if you only go to the Post Office to buy stamps there will be a few to watch you. Just smile at them. I have never yet seen the Chinese who will not respond to a smile.

Some of my endeavours at speech make them laugh outright. If you always remember that they are human, can be happy and can be sad, you will not have much trouble adjusting yourself to them. One essential point is this: In China there is **no such thing as speed**, physical, mental, or any other kind. So stock up on patience. Work begins with the light and ends with the darkness.

### OUR LADY'S SMILE.

Our Lady smiles on youthful nuns—

She loves them well—

Our Lady's smile like sunshine floods

Each convent cell;

But fondest falls Our Lady's smile

Where old nuns dwell.

Old nuns whose hearts are young with love

For Mary's Son;

Old nuns whose prayers for faltering souls

Have victory won;

Old nuns whose lives are beautiful

With service done.

Their love a loveless world has saved

From God's dread rod;

The paths where sorrow walks with sin

Their feet have trod;

Their knees have worn the flags that pave

The House of God.

Our Lady smiles on youthful nuns—

She loves them well—

Our Lady's smile like sunshine floods

Each convent cell;

But fondest falls Our Lady's smile

Where old nuns dwell.

JAMES M. HAYES.



# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by

## ROSE GARDEN

FATHER JIM



Cheerio, Buds!

How are you all? Busy getting ready for Examinations, eh? Isn't that grand? (I mean isn't it grand they'll soon be finished) I believe most of our buds will be thinking of Examinations when this June "China" arrives, and I hope we won't forget to say a prayer for one another that all will do well. Many buds have asked for prayers, and I certainly will remember you all. One member asked me how many we had in our "Garden" now. I do not know exactly, but there cannot be fewer than one thousand buds. Just think of the mighty fine work all those young boys and girls can do, and are doing, by their prayers and Holy Communions. Remember, even though vacation time is coming, that there is no holiday where Mission work is concerned, and our Missionaries need your help all during the Summer as well as at other times. so please let everybody be real good buds during the holidays.

I would remind the buds that the mail which arrives after the 15th of any month is too late for the next month's "China," and that is why I have to wait till July to tell you about the results of the "Father Jim" competition; and that should give you all lots of time to send in your description of me. Some of those I have al-

### VACATION TIME.

*The grammars and the spellers,  
The pencils and the slates,  
The books that hold the frac-  
tions,  
The books that tell the dates,  
The crayons and blackboards,  
And the maps upon the wall  
Must all be glad together,  
For they won't be used till  
fall.*

*They've had to work like beav-  
ers,  
To help the children learn;  
And if they want a little rest,  
It surely is their turn;  
They shut their leaves with  
pleasure,  
The dear old lesson books;  
The crayon and the blackboard  
Put on delighted looks.*

*So children, just remember,  
When you are gone away,  
Your poor old books and pen-  
cils  
Are keeping holiday;  
The grammars and the spellers  
Are glad as they can be  
When children have vacation  
And the teacher turns the  
key.*

ready received are very good, and we should have lots of fun when I publish some of the descriptions. Don't be afraid to "make me feel bad," I promise not to get "sore" if you say queer things about me. So, "let's go!"

I have nothing out of the ordinary to tell you this month; everything is going along fine with our "Garden," and lots of letters as usual. But I hope to get many more snapshots from the buds. That's the best way to get acquainted, eh?

Well, here's wishing you all the best luck in your examinations, and when they're all over I hope your summer holidays will be the best you have ever had.

Yours for real happiness,  
FATHER JIM.

"Miss O'Brien, our teacher, received a letter from Father Sharkey, and he told us many interesting things about China." Josephine Babineau, of St. Rose's School, Fairville, N.B., told me this among many other interesting things in her letter.

An altar boy for the past seven years is a proud achievement of Joseph Sampson, of Georgetown, P.E.I. "Solitary Kid" is his pen-name, but I feel he won't be solitary if some of the other altar boys who are members of our Garden write to him.



"ARE WE SCARED OF THE CAMERA? NOT WE."

Left to right—Edward Rathier, Walter Buttrey (The Bandit); Helen Gates, Helen M. Cook (Cookie); Jackie St. Jean (Little Jumping Jack); Mary Wedge (Sparkie).



Preparations for Easter Examinations are already interesting Rita Dwyer and Irene Laviolette, of St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Ont. Both of them want "Dollie" to write.

From the same school, Jean Eyre writes to ask some Newfoundland buds (especially Rosalind) to tell her something about their country. I'm sure many from Newfoundland will write to you, Jean.

Hubert Brennan, 182 Oshawa Blvd., Oshawa, wants "Tailspin Tommy" to write to him.

Denis Vasey (Forget-me-not), Dor-nock, Ont., would like to hear from other buds.

Bertha M. Roberts (Blue-eyes), 21 Livingstone St., Halifax, wants the buds to pray for her father.

"I hope some of the girls will write to me." Marjorie Forrestal (Midget), Campbellford, Ont.

"I took the Little Flower's name in Confirmation this summer." Made-line Spencer, Athlone, Ont.

Teresa Wilson (Wild Rose) wants other buds to write to her. She lives at Campbellford, Ont.

Thanks, "Bluebell" (Rita Donahue, Sacred Heart Home, Charlottetown, P.E.I.), for stamps sent.

"I have taken Poppy for my pen-name. I thought of it on account of Armistice Day, lately passed. I want Primrose, Rose, Buttercup, Killarney Rose, to write to me." This comes from Lillian Brown, 129 Pownal Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Five from the one family joined our club from Monkland, Ont. (R. R. 2). Their names are Hazel, Jim, Charlie, Lee, and Rannie Harrison. Welcome, all hands.

Here's another "Shamrock": Helen Burke, 1302 College St., Toronto.

Margaret Chisholm (Star), and Helen Chisholm (Tulip) sent in some good jokes for "China." Their address is Box 213, Inverness, N.S. Thanks!

Lillian Bush (Lil), Campbellford, Ont., would like to hear from Jean Brodeur, Marie Sims, and Frances Hart.

"I would like to hear from the buds from Penetang. I used to live there." Susana Shanahan, 145 Galley Ave., Toronto.

Thank you very much, indeed, Annette Lefebvre, for your present in aid of the Chinese Missions. It was very thoughtful of you and your classmates to save your pennies, and you may be sure you will be rewarded for it.



Vincent and Teresa Hayden, of Petit Forte, Newfoundland, who recently sent us \$5.00 from their own savings. Many, many thanks.

"We are reading the story of 'The Living Sisters of the Little Flower' in our classroom." Ten-year-old Mark Scully, of 343 Trafalgar Road, Pembroke, Ont., writes this. I suppose it would be news to some of our buds to learn that Saint Therese has four sisters yet living, all of them nuns in French convents, and three of them in the very convent where Saint Therese herself lived and died. In fact, the Superior of that now-famous Convent is Saint Therese's sister, Pauline. Quite a lot of books have been written about the Little Flower and her family, and I am glad to learn that our buds are interested in reading those books.

Francis MacDonald, of Northfield Station, Ont., has taken "Sonny Boy" as his name.

The Departure Ceremony of last October was listened to by Francis Egan (Johnny) at Brechin, Ont. Francis is one of those who requested a "front-view" of Father Jim.

Vincent Bassi, ten years old, is in the 2nd Class at St. Dunstan's School, and lives at 543 Victoria Park Ave., Toronto, 13. He hopes to be a priest some day, please God. (Pen-name "Paul").

Jerry Belleau likes to read "China." Pen-name, "Lilac Tree." Address, R. R. 1, Durham, Ont.

An unusually good "Scotch" joke was sent in by Genevieve Paquet, Souris, P.E.I. On looking over the list of members I discovered there were some 70 "Macs" among them, so I thought it better not to pass on the joke. Genevieve is 13 years old, and attends St. Mary's Convent in Souris. She asks "Snooks", "Pansy" and many others to write to her.

Anna O'Handley, Bridgeport, C.B., wants Evangeline Pierce and Johanna Attwood to write to her, and she asks all the buds to remember her sister in their prayer.

An S.O.S. for letters from "Dad's Helper", "Cherries", and "Buttercup" is sent out by Edith Botell (Maple Leaf), of 7 Marjory Ave., Toronto. An S.O.S. should never go unheeded, buds!

Those with the pen-name of "Lily" are requested to write to Bessie Prescott, 75 Woodmount Ave., Toronto. Bessie goes to St. Joseph's High School.

Evelyn Sulpher made Annie Bilusich happy by writing to her. Annie, whose address is 65 S. Court St., Port Arthur, wants the buds to pray for a special intention.

A nice letter came in from Francis Kieffer, R.R. 1, Durham, Ont., who has subscribed for "China" for himself. I'm sure "Bumble Bee" was glad to hear from you, Francis.

Freda Maurice, of Penetang, Ont., has found out who "Snooks" and "Ningie" are, but is awaiting an answer to her letter.

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# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

## Isn't It True?

Kids can do anything now. About the only time mother puts her foot down is when the light changes to green.

## Cutting.

A girl met an old flame, and decided to high hat him.

"Sorry," she murmured, when the hostess introduced him to her, "I did not get your name." "I know you didn't," replied the old flame, "but that is not your fault. You tried hard enough."

—Atchison Globe.

Anybody could get rich if he could guess the exact moment at which a piece of junk becomes an antique.

## Golf Widow's Consoler.

"My husband is away so much of the time I want a parrot for company. Does this one use rough language?"

"Lady, with this bird in the house you'd never miss your husband."—Capper's Weekly.

Only when you're broken do you find out how many close friends you have.

## Read That One.

"Yes," said the bumptious young man, "I'm a thought-reader. I can tell exactly what a person is thinking."

"In that case," said the elderly man, "I beg your pardon."

## Frank Opinion.

"How do you like the talkies, Abner?"

"Wal, when they don't talk they ain't so bad."

## Put It on the Market.

(Boston Transcript.)

A man took his wife to a doctor, who put a thermometer into her mouth and told her to keep her mouth shut for two or three minutes.

When departing, the man tapped the doctor on the shoulder and said: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing?"

## Mystery.

(New York Evening World.)

"Is it a mystery play?"

"Yes. The mystery is how it was ever produced."

## Cheers from the Bleachers.

Chem. Prof.: "First I'll take some sulphuric acid, and then I'll take some chloroform."

Senior: "That's a good idea."

## Well Posted.

"Who," asked the professor of the student, "was Homer?"

"The guy Babe Ruth knocked out," was the reply.—Belleville, Ont.

## Big Brother.

Jim: "What is college bred, pop?"

Pop (with son in college): "They make college bred, my boy, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

## His Own Language.

Teacher: "Repeat in your own words, 'I see the cow. The cow can run. The cow is pretty.'"

Tough Mike: "Lamp de cow. Ain't she a beaut? An' say, baby, she sure can step."

A woman who appeared as a witness in court was told by the judge to talk as if she was at home. The case is still going on.—Kitchener Record.

## No Sooner.

Doctor—Just what is your trouble?

Patient—Pains in the back.

Doctor—Take some of these pills, and swallow one ten minutes before you feel the pain coming on.—Chat-ham News.

Salesman—How is this house?

Customer—Everything all right except it's too small.

Salesman—What do you want, it's only three years old.

They were lost in a snowstorm:

"Oh, look George! There's a chicken, so we must be near a farm."

"That's not a chicken. That's the weathercock on the parish church."—Belleville, Ontario.

## Just the Thing.

"John," said Mrs. Rollinwealth, "I hear a seat on the stock exchange sold for \$400,000 the other day."

"Well, what of it?" growled her bootlegger husband.

"I was just thinkin' you ought to get one for our living-room."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Tact.

"You seem strong enough," remarked the housewife coldly, when the bedraggled specimen of humanity presented himself at the door in quest of a meal. "You should be at work."

"Appearances are deceitful, madam," replied the gentlemanly tramp, bowing gallantly. "Might I add that you seem beautiful and charming enough to be acting for the films, yet evidently you prefer the simple life."

He dined heartily.

—Our Boys.

## New Banking Practice.

A colored man went to cash a cheque at a bank operated by members of his own race.

"Man," said the teller, "you ain't got no money in this yere bank."

"Yes ah is," insisted the other. "Ah put ten dollars in yere six months ago."

Six months ago!" echoed the teller pityingly. "Laws, culled man, don't you know de intrust done et dat up long ago!"—Fort William Times-Journal.

## Artful.

"Now, you fellows, help yourself to the cigars," said the host after dinner. "They are some my wife gave me for my birthday."

Man after man vowed he had sworn off smoking.

"Whatever made you tell such a ghastly fib?" said his wife, when the guests had gone. "It was a pair of slippers I gave you for a present."

"Yes, my dear," was the reply. "That box of cigars cost a lot of money, and I can't afford to give any of them away."—Galt Reporter.

## And How!

Wife: There's one thing about my mother; she's outspoken.

Husband: Not by anyone I know.—Tit-Bits.

The Actor—"Yes, sir, some one aimed a base, cowardly egg at me."

The Other—"And what kind of an egg is that?"

The Actor—"A base, cowardly egg, sir? A base, cowardly egg is one that hits you—and then runs."—Sydney Bulletin.



## PUBLIC OPINION

is the best evidence of our standing in the community. STEADY PROGRESS has been shown since our incorporation.

### Total Savings

1918.....	\$ 448,335.12
1920.....	779,351.81
1922.....	1,282,328.37
1924.....	1,557,872.77
1926.....	2,708,654.73
1928.....	4,134,649.54
1929.....	4,711,058.95

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Interest at 4% added every three months.  
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Montreal

## Two Clovers

TWO little red clovers  
So wholesome and sweet,  
Were discussing one day  
Strange places to meet.

The largest red clover  
Was telling his friend  
How children were nourished,  
What aid clovers lend.

"You see," he said brightly,  
"We grow in this field,  
Where cows are in pasture,  
So sweet cream we yield.

"The cows eat us clovers,  
Then rich milk is made,  
'Tis for City Dairy—  
Good health's greatest aid!

" 'Tis pasteurized daily,  
Made absolute pure,  
All children are healthy  
Who drink it, I'm sure."

*City Dairy*

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# AFTER VACATION?



## WILL YOU FOLLOW CHRIST THE KING? OTHERS WILL DO SO— WHY NOT YOU?

If God is calling you to the Mission Fields of China, you will never find happiness elsewhere. If you are wondering, thinking, above all, praying to decide your vocation, rest assured that the devil is working with untiring energy to keep you away from the Missions. If he can prevent it, you will never save those thousands of souls in China who may be depending upon you alone for their salvation.

Our own students went through a period of anxiety such as may be yours now. But they won. They gave themselves, generously, and God did the rest. Difficulties, obstacles, discouragement—all these things vanished once the decision was made. And they will vanish in your case, too. And if you wish to judge for yourself how happy they are, and how happy you will be,

COME AND SEE———THIS SEPTEMBER.

*Write now to*

**Rev. John E. McRae, Rector**

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.



# CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS

JULY-AUGUST, 1930



A RECENT BOY CONVERT—CHUCHOW.  
(Photo by Father Fraser)



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Bay and Richmond Streets  
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TORONTO  
Montreal

## Hurrah! for the Picnic



Our picnic date we've decided,  
I do hope the weather is good;  
Now we must make all arrangements,  
Select just the nicest of food.

Of all suggestions last meeting,  
The one that appealed to the crowd—  
Plenty of ice cream be furnished.  
"City Dairy" all shouted loud.

They said it's pure and delicious,  
That it makes every one feel good.  
The label bears "City Dairy,"  
Guarantees purity in food.

*City Dairy*

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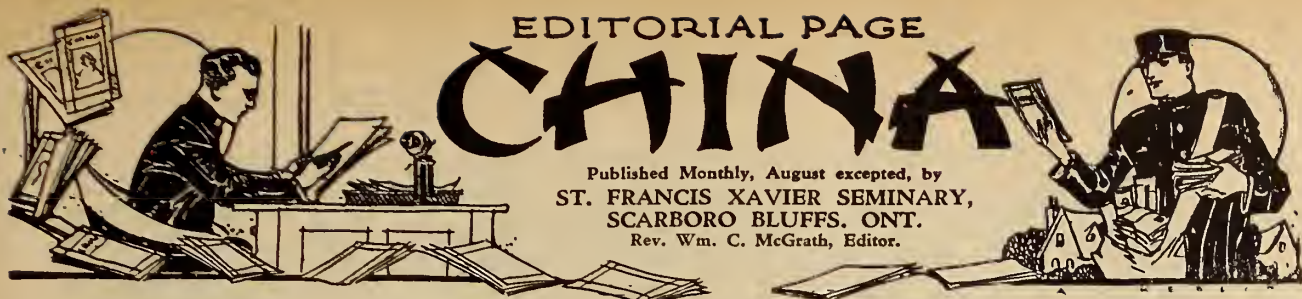
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VOL. XI.

... CHINA ...

Nos. 7 & 8.

Published in the interests of the Chinese Missions by St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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## Christendom and Christianity

"Christendom is no longer Christian," said an unknown voice over the radio last week. We wished that the discourse could have been heard by some of those who so glibly lay at the door of Christianity responsibility for the ills that afflict the world to-day. For they might then recognize that vital distinction between Christendom and Christianity. As we listened to the facts and figures adduced by the speaker to prove (most people regard it as a sort of platitude by now) that the modern Western world is really more pagan than Christian, the thought once more occurred to us that it would be a pretty hopeless task to reclaim from paganism a civilization that not merely does not know Christianity but has positively and culpably rejected it; a civilization that cannot plead the invincible ignorance of the ordinary pagan but whose condition is more hopeless because it has sinned against the light.

Just imagine, for example, trying to convert the seventy million pagans of America! What a hopeless task! There comes a stage in man's obduracy when even God's grace is almost totally withdrawn and bestowed upon those who are more deserving of consideration. That would seem to be the case to-day in regard to China. "Eastward the course of Christianity takes its way." The tremendous missionary work that has been going on there for the past ten years is an indication of the fact that Providence has great designs in regard to China, as if wearied with the hardness and obduracy of the Western world. And the young missionary who goes forth to-day and realizes that he will play a vital part in the great missionary movement that is taking place, will feel far more than any worldly-minded person the truth of the poet's words:

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young were very Heaven."

### THE CHURCH IN CHINA

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a resume of the Church's activities in China for the year ending June, 1929. It is a plain statement of fact and will give our readers a very accurate idea of the condition of the Church in China to-day, in spite of the constant dangers through which missionaries have lived for the past

few years. One item alone is very consoling. "More than 400,000 Baptisms of children have been administered this past year; a magnificent harvest, which peoples Heaven with numberless intercessors for the conversion of China."

A year has elapsed since the end of the period covered by this report and its passing has witnessed no improvement in general conditions in China. Yet, in spite of the unsettled state of affairs, the number of conversions for the past year stands at 47,000. The number of native Seminarists has increased to 4,000, and this, together with the fact that there are now 1,369 native priests in China, affords great hope for the future of the Church.

At the present moment the whole policy of the Church may be summed up in one sentence: "Do everything to encourage the formation of a zealous and competent native clergy." The native clergy will be the hope of China and it is extremely gratifying to note that already so much has been done to comply with the wishes of the Holy Father in this regard. The Vicariate of Paoting, for example, with its 75,000 Catholics and magnificent institutions has already been handed over to them.

As regards the sensational accounts of famine and banditry, while it would be foolish to attempt to minimize the gravity of the situation, we might point out to our readers that many of those now roaming the mountains of China are bandits more by necessity than by choice. And this may account for the "strange fact" noted by the secular newspapers a short time ago that so many of the Catholic missionaries seem immune from danger even in the regions where civil war and banditry are rife. When one priest is captured the world knows all about it in a few days. We hear nothing about the thousands of priests who are unmolested, although they come into frequent contact with those whom famine and unbearable taxation have driven from the farms to the hills.

*mostly deserters from local garrison*





MARTYRS OF CANADA, PRAY FOR CHINA.



# BANDITS Visit Chuchow

The bandits have arrived at last. They came about four o'clock in the morning and shot up the town for a few hours. Here is the story as near the truth as I can get it.

Off and on for the past month or more, we have been receiving rumours that the bandits were about to attack the city. One night bonfires were lit along the river bank and watch was kept until dawn. Needless to say our tufee friends did not put in an appearance. After a number of false alarms they came when no one expected them. During the night of the nineteenth (during which it rained fairly steadily) the bandits were congregating. News of the impending attack came through and the soldiers were on the alert. There was tragedy in one event. Just as dawn was breaking a young boy of the city was taking some burden out to the hills. He was mistaken for a tufee and shot to death by the defenders of the city. He was the only one killed on our side. I woke up about five a.m., and could hear the rifle shots mingled with the exploding of fire-crackers. The bandits made an attempt to destroy the telegraph office. I was over to see it later and found it intact, however. Evidently they didn't succeed. About ten o'clock we received word that the marauders were driven off, leaving behind ten or eleven of their number dead. I hear that their leader was one of the dead. One of them was captured. I am not sure whether he was wounded or not, but he sure was hors-de-combat when they got through with him. No business was done for the day, everything being boarded up tight. I ascertained that the

total attacking force didn't exceed one hundred.

About eleven a.m. a soldier came to the Mission for some medicine. One of them had been pretty well shot up. Fr. Amyot and myself went over to the place, a sort of first-aid station, where we found five wounded men. The one that claimed our attention first was shot through the knee, and what a dirty job it was! The tendons had been severed. We worked on him for almost an hour, and finally succeeded in washing it and tying it up in a splint. I went into another room and found a soldier there with the same kind of wound, but this one in the shoulder, making it almost impossible to fix it up. We decided to leave the first-aid dressing on as the thing was bleeding; it was his left shoulder, too. Then we went upstairs to see the others. One looked as though a gun had exploded almost in his face, as the powder marks were all over it. All his teeth were knocked loose but not out. Fr. Amyot had one sweet time trying to fix it up to look like a human face. If the bullet is not inside him he will do well. I noticed two more in bed, but as these looked just sick we didn't bother with them. To-day they came for us again. Fr. Amyot fixed up the fellow with the bad face again. His chances are better than they appeared yesterday. Meanwhile I found that the other two weren't just sick but wounded. I took off the first-aid dressing of one and saw a nasty arm wound. Luckily no bones were broken. It certainly stung him some when I put pure boracic into it. It was the only thing to do to dry it and form a scab. The last one was shot

through the thigh just in a most difficult position. The bullet made a real hole in him. However, we treated him the same way. Once bandaged they did not feel the sting so much. The Chinese think that a medicine that hurts is not much value. The fellow with the wounded shoulder was in need of the quickest attention because of the bleeding. One thing greatly in the favour of all is that they slapped on the iodine immediately. Evidently the soldiers have been trained to do this. These men have lots of stamina, more than I thought to look at them.

We have no doubt but that the tufee will return in real strength. In fact we received a warning to this effect. There are about six or seven hundred in the neighbouring hills. Ching-dee is also in danger. Just when they will return no one can say for certain. They will avenge the death of eleven of their number, and this with interest. It's a great life!

Everything is at *statu quo* at the Mission. All are well, thank God! Spring is here in all its glory,—'tis a wonderful land. Have no worries on our account. Life is made up of such trials. We'd all do it over again if we had to.

Devotedly,

D. E. STRINGER.

*Note.*—Evidently the bandits were convinced by their reception at Chuchow that they had better try elsewhere. They did not return to Chuchow, but evidently made their way back over the mountains. There has been no further trouble and further letters from our missionaries tell us that all has since been peaceful.

## IN YOUR WILL

### REMEMBER OUR WORK FOR CHINA

"It is a bad will that has not the name of God among its heirs."—Cardinal Manning.

We could educate fifty more students were we enabled to bear the cost of a college education for those whose parents cannot afford it, and who are debarred from the Priesthood by the grim barrier of poverty.





# ON the TRAIL to *Yuanchinuen*

By REV. VINCENT MORRISON

The people of this section of our district know little of the wars and famine in so many other parts of China. They are simple, peaceful and unspoiled by contact with "seaport foreigners." Some day, please God, there will be a resident priest in Yuanchinuen.

During the season of Lent it is customary for the Missionary to make the official visit to all the mission stations within the boundaries of his parish, thus giving all the Christians an opportunity of fulfilling their obligations to go to the sacraments once a year. Where they have a resident priest some of the Christians approach the sacraments quite frequently, but in the outlying stations only once or twice a year. As a rule in the outlying stations the Christians do not know much about the Catholic Religion. They cannot read, and depend on hearing from others what little doctrine they know. They received some instruction for Baptism but with the continual struggle for existence, they cannot come regularly to the chapel to hear the catechist explain the Catholic Doctrine, and hence they easily forget the little that they did know. A few years ago while on my way to the Yunhwo missions I met a man who had been baptised a long time ago. After exchanging the usual formalities for greeting I said, "Come to the Chapel to-mor-

row morning for mass." If there be anything they should understand it is the obligation to hear mass whenever an occasion presents itself. But this man said "I do not understand what you mean by Mass". And so he did not come. When they are advanced in years, can neither read nor write and have to work hard for a living we cannot expect them to know very much doctrine. They belong to the Negative class. They don't worship idols, burn incense or practice superstition. So that in itself is something and we do what we can by exhorting and entreating them to come and attend the religious exercises in the chapel.

So for the purpose of visiting the SUNG YANG mission stations, about the beginning of Lent I set out on a long journey of 210 Chinese miles to visit the Christians in these places. The Catechist of the most remote station, YUANCHINUEN, ran short of cash and he made the journey down to Sung Yang for his salary. So I held him until fine weather came and then we set out together on the long trip. The first night we stopped at the Chapel of Ju Zu Kai where there

is a catechist and a few Christians. As our terminus was Yuanchinuen, we kept on going determined to be there for the following Sunday. On the way to the next station which is Su Chang, 60 Chinese miles from Sung Yang, we had bright, hot sun and a big wind. I forgot to bring my SUN HELMET to protect my head. The result was that the next morning I was scarcely able to stand up. My head was dizzy and it was with difficulty that I read mass. I also contracted a First Class Cold and Cough and had to remain in bed for two days. I now began to think whether I could go to our destination or not. We had covered 60 Chinese miles and there were 150 still to be covered. However on Sunday I felt better. The Christians came to the Chapel and passed the Sunday very devotionally. Immediately after mass I was called out on a sick call. Gave the last sacraments to a dying Christian and returned to the mission and made preparations for our journey on the morrow. For me walking that distance was out of the question, so we made arrangements with the FAST EXPRESS, three chair



bearers to carry me to our destination. So in the morning bright and early they were at the Chapel with their EXPRESS. It started to drizzle, but that made no difference. We were going and we went.

We covered sixty Chinese miles the first day. Arrived at a little village in the evening, and stopped at the "Best Hotel" and put up for the night. It was some hotel too let me tell you. In the "Reception Room" were all kinds of boxes, kongs, hoes, poles, and over in one corner was the cow quietly chewing her cud, and beside her was the plow she had been drawing all day. There were no chairs, only short wooden benches and two tables. When the Guests arrived the hens and the chickens also came in to have a look. I had a can of LIBBY'S IRISH STEW with me, and I went into the kitchen to prepare it and to make some real good hot soup for supper. The culinary department of the hotel was also overcrowded with various utensils and covered with an inch of soot and dust. The Proprietress cleared a place for me, brought coals from the main range and placed them in a small fire place and got me some hot water. In a short time I had excellent soup, bread, meat and onions for my evening repast. The others had the ordinary Chinese fare, rice and vegetables. There was no light only that from a small oil can which smoked continuously. Luckily, I had a lantern, and was able to find my way about without stumbling or bumping my head on the overhanging utensils.

After supper we sat around in the reception room, smoked and drank tea. Then we were shown to our ROOM. And it was some room, too! It contained an innumerable number of pots, kongs, and boxes, all covered with soot and dust. There were two wooden frames upon which we spread out our bed clothes. They had a little straw on them to make the boards a little softer. Hospitality for the night was 33 coppers for meals and 4 coppers for the use of the bed, 37 in all for each guest; quite reasonable indeed when the accommodations are taken into consideration.

In the morning the Proprietress was up at three o'clock getting the range started. Hot water must be served the guests to perform their morning ablutions. Breakfast was at five thirty, and about six thirty we were on the second lap of our journey. The second lap was over mountains fifteen Chinese miles high. Stone stairs all the way up and down. The carriers just crept along at snail pace, while I read my Breviary. Looking over the precipice thousands of feet below were immense boulders and rushing waters. One slip of the foot in



Fr. Morrison and Fr. Beal, Sung Yang.

turning the corners of the rock-walled path would dash us all to death thousands of feet into the ravine below, among rocks and rushing water. Descending the mountains was too uncomfortable and dangerous, so I decided to walk, and let the Express coast. The catechist and I went on ahead. At the bottom of the mountain there is only a cow path and this led us to the streams which we had to wade across. I got into the chair and crossed dry shod. The baggage carrier brought his load across, and then went back and carried the catechist on his back to the other side. This operation had to be repeated several times, as the road winds and turns in the valley and

crosses the stream. Stops were made for dinner, luncheon and tea. Evening brought us to a village in which there was one Christian. We were now in the Hangchow Vicariate. Here we put up for the night and were well received by this devout Christian who was so pleased to have us pass the night with him. We had covered sixty-five Chinese miles that day and everybody was rather tired. A crowd gathered to see this strange man from a foreign country. The catechist explained to them the object of our visit. He told them about the Catholic Church and the Catholic Doctrine. After supper we made arrangements for mass in the morning; it was the feast of St. Joseph. Then they had night prayer in common and all hit the Straw for the night. (There is no hay here).

We were up early in the morning and had mass. The Christians who came chanted their prayers in common. After services were finished we got some breakfast and then prepared for the last lap of 30 Chinese miles which proved to be the worst part of the whole journey. The road was so narrow and high that they could only carry me in spots. We were coming near Yuanchinuen. Passing through some small villages we were saluted on the way and invited in to drink tea. But we continued on our way until we met one of the Yuanchinuen Christians and he invited us all to dinner which invitation we gladly accepted. We were now fifteen Chinese miles from the Chapel and having learned that the road was level, but very narrow, we decided to walk the remainder of the way and to dismiss the EXPRESS. I paid them off \$15 and \$1.00 tip and they began at once their return journey to Su Chang, and we were on our way to the mission. We reached the mission early in the evening and were greeted by an enormous crowd of both Christians and pagans who came out to welcome us to their city. Hot water for ablution purposes was brought and I cleaned up a bit and brushed up my teeth. Then I had my first



meal in Yuanchinuen, consisting of corn cakes, French fried potatoes, eggs and roast pork. I had some bread and wine with me and I was as hungry as a Church mouse and enjoyed this supper very much.

### AT YUANCHINUEN.

After supper we smoked our pipes, talked and drank tea. At 7.30 the bell rang for night prayers and for the opening of the mission. All went into the Chapel and began their prayers. After prayers were finished I put on surplice and stole and knelt at the altar rail while they recited in common the *Veni Creator* which is the usual prayer to recite before the sermon and catechetical instruction. Then I delivered the opening sermon. I reminded them of their obligation to receive the sacraments and attend mass while the priest remained with them. That I did not come down here to see the scenery or to know if Yuanchinuen was a good place for business. But that I came to take care of their spiritual needs; to put their souls right with God, and to help them to go to heaven. That I had travelled many miles and crossed mountains and streams, just for this purpose and that I hoped that they would do their part and all make the mission. After this exhortation I had the catechist go over the ten commandments with the method and rules for confession. We put confession off until the next night so that they would be able to do some examination of conscience and make good confessions. They were all very faithful to come. Every evening the church was filled and after the sermon I heard confessions until ten o'clock. These people lead good honest lives far removed from the turmoil of the world. They live in the mountains secluded from all pagan influences. No temples or idols of any sort to be seen there. From morning until night out on the mountains cultivating corn and potatoes, their ordinary food. Few of them have ever been away from the place and they know nothing of what is taking place in their own country, let alone in the outside world. There were several rails for communion each morning. They recited long

prayers after communion. When these were finished they came to say, "Now we must go out to cultivate the mountain top and bring home wood to cook our corn and potatoes." So armed with hoes, forks and a big knife, they set up the mountain path to begin their day's work for their daily sustenance. The catechist told me that during the summer months they rise at 3 a.m., get a few bites to eat and at dawn, 4 p.m. begin their day's work cutting brush and work until very late in the evening almost an 18 hour



Father Gignac's Chinese cap gets a laugh from the "boys". Left to right—Frs. Sharkey, Boudreau and Gignac.

day. For these people this is nothing. They do it from their childhood and are innured to hardships of this sort. You should see the loads of timber that they were carrying along the roads. Women and little girls staggering under a heavy log they were carrying somewhere to build a house.

In the evening the Christians gathered again in the Chapel and we had the usual mission devotions. During the afternoon I picked out a sermon from the Mission Book and gave to the catechist to prepare it for the evening sermon. The topic was "Good and bad examples". So when he was preaching and illustrating the doctrine, he noticed some of the people smiling. They said afterwards that the catechist

was "Cursing" them, for they never heard a sermon of that kind before. Would that all the Chinese were like these few!

Another incident happened while I was reading Mass. I got as far as the Gospel and heard a lot of talking going on behind. (Of course it is no harm for a Chinese to talk), but in the chapel and during Mass it was different. So I turned around to see what was the matter. I told them they must not talk now. They must say their prayers. How could the priest read Mass with all that noise going on. Then all was quiet for the rest of the time. After Mass I told the catechist to tell them not to talk during Mass. It was then I found out what the racket was about. A lot of pagans had come in at the beginning of Mass. They were doing the talking, and the Christians were telling them not to talk and they did not whisper their commands either. The catechist said they were cursing the pagans because they were talking in the chapel. A pagan cannot understand why they must keep silence in a Catholic place of worship, while in their own temples they can do almost anything.

They have here a custom which struck us as novel indeed and which goes to show their hospitality. When they invite you to dinner, it is understood that you come to supper also. They prepared the best they had and spread it before their guests. I used the chopsticks and this pleased them greatly. During my stay there someone killed a pig. But before killing it he went around and canvassed the village for buyers. He was taking no chances. A live pig would not spoil, but a dead one would if there were no buyers. So before the pig was killed each one bought a portion to be delivered and paid for the next day. They also raise many hens and have plenty of eggs. But what I enjoyed most of all were the corn bread and the Pop corn. I wished to bring some back with me to Sung Yang, but the roads were too bad and it would be too heavy for the baggage carrier.

Another day while out in the countryside we met a blind man led by a little girl with a string in  
(Continued on page 94.)



# The Church in CHINA

During the Year, July, 1928, to June, 1929

A glance at the ensemble of the apostolic results of the past year lead us to the same conclusions as did those of the preceding year: progress, retarded by circumstances, goes on to some extent everywhere: on all sides new Missions are being established; in many places, Christian life develops and strengthens itself more and more; priestly and religious vocations are more numerous, works of Charity are more and more flourishing, the Christian life is better understood, the frequentation of the Sacraments more assiduous and finally, a more active part is being taken by the Chinese in the development and organization of the churches.

If we enter into detail, we see that the Catholics in China, who at the beginning of the century were not quite 700,000 are now almost two millions and a half: more exactly 2,486,841. This figure, compared with that of last year, gives us an increase of only 23,000 Catholics. But, by taking the number of Baptisms of adults

"extra periculum mortis," we obtain, we believe, an idea that more exactly shows the advance made upon paganism: and, this year, we count about 47,000.

There are some who find this result still too weak if the number of apostolic labourers is taken into account: 3,420 priests, aided by about 4,000 Sisters. They will ask, perhaps, why the increase in Catholics does not correspond a little more nearly to the number of baptisms of adults. Let us give a few of the principal causes:

(1) A number of Catholics who formerly were counted among the Chinese Catholics, have this year been listed among the Catholics of Corea and India.

(2) Certain Missions have revised their lists of Christians, and this year give a number inferior to that of last year.

(3) Districts multiply where the priest, overburdened with the care of a large number of Christians, finds scarcely any time that he can give to the pagans.

(4) In certain Missions, famine and brigandage scatter and pauperize the Christian districts: the number of Christians diminishes, or at least does not increase, in spite of a possibly sufficiently large number of baptisms of adults. For example, in Mongolia, because of the frightful and general famine," writes a correspondent, "thousands of Christians have emigrated to other parts; ten years of troubles and of famine have disorganized a large part of our works." In Shansi, in the single Vicariate of Sian, the number of Catholics have diminished, in two years, by 6,895 (dead and emigrated). Honan is the cross-roads of the armies: "Many of our stations," writes another, "are occupied by soldiers or by brigands. Away from the episcopal residence, no work is able to prosper in the districts which are at the mercy of the brigands."

But the region south of the Yang-tse-Kiang (especially Hunan and Kiangsi) are always the most unfortunate. There, brigandage is still more rampant, and communism fetters the work of evangelization. In one year, ten missionaries, of whom two were Bishops, were the victims of the brigands. A missionary in Hunan writes, "More than a hundred Christians have been killed either by the communists or because of them." From Kiangsi: "152 stations (among 374) could not be visited because of the communists." What is more unfortunate, as the persecution drags on, one cannot help but see a few apostasies. Another Vicarite of Kiangsi states: "The number of Catholics has diminished because it has been necessary to leave out of the catalogue a large number of apostates who seem to be no longer give us any hope." In certain parts of Fukien communism is supreme; hence it is that all the missionaries of the Prefecture Apostolic of Tingchow, Priests and Sisters of St. Dominic, have been driven out and have had to seek refuge in Kwangtung.

Evidently, one must not generalize too much from these few facts; still, we have cited them for they allow us to render justice to the patience, the courage, often even to the heroism of numerous



Meet the champions of the Intermediate Baseball League (Inter-Seminary), 1930 spring season. With the arrival of reinforcements we hope to duplicate the trick this fall.



missionaries who continue to labor on with confidence in spite of such difficulties. These facts explain the diminutions and the slackening of the work of evangelization; they also give their true value to the numbers which we publish (in the brochure: **Missions et Oeuvres en Chine**) and the progress which they express however feeble that progress may be.

In other respects the progress under certain heads is very appreciable and consoling. The native clergy increases normally, and we actually see—including priests and students of the higher seminaries—the proportion of one priestly vocation to every 1,167 Catholics! The increase in the number of seminarians, in higher and in preparatory studies, becomes more pronounced, and regional seminaries are being provided for them on all sides. Religious Congregations also see their houses of formation multiply, and what is better, become filled. To single out the principal Congregations in this respect: The Trappists now have 8 Clerks and 15 Novices; the Franciscans, 14 Students of Philosophy and 27 Novices; the Jesuits, 25 Scholastics and 23 Novices; the Lazarists, 27 Seminarians and 20 Novices; the Salesians, 11 Scholastics; Society of the Divine Word, 3 Students of Theology and 6 Novices.

As for the Congregations of Sisters, besides the large number that have come from foreign countries and are flourishing in China, there are almost forty native diocesan Congregations purely for Chinese. Some of these, despite division consequent upon the erection of new Vicariates, have consolingly large numbers. The Presentandines (Nanking) number 251; the Sisters of the Holy Heart of Mary (Kirin) 139; the Virgins of the Holy Heart of Mary (Moukden) 86; the Daughters of St. Joseph (Chengting) 132; the Daughters of St. Joseph (Peking) 167; the Oblates of the Holy Family (Yenchow) 99; the Daughters of the Christian Doctrine (Suchow) 83; etc. Add to these 9,267 "Virgins" whose presence and zeal contribute so much to maintain and develop the Christian life in numerous centres

where the missionary can but occasionally pass by.

More than 400,000 Baptisms of children have been administered this past year; a magnificent harvest, in part already gathered in but which peoples heaven with numberless intercessors for the conversion of China. The number of Holy Communions has increased a million this year, the total approaching 19 millions, or about eight Holy Communions for every Catholic. Although but a mission country, China is certainly not the last on this score.

The works of Charity and Education, although so much hindered by actual conditions, are still going ahead. This is especially true in the large centres of population. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary cared for 24,450 sick persons the past year, in some 25 hospitals, two of which are for lepers. They maintain moreover some three score other dispensaries, orphan asylums and old folks' homes. These Sisters number 459, of whom 117 are Chinese. The Sisters of Charity are only second to the Franciscan Sisters. Their works are in general the same. They number 354, of whom 203 are Chinese, and labor in thirty-two different establishments.

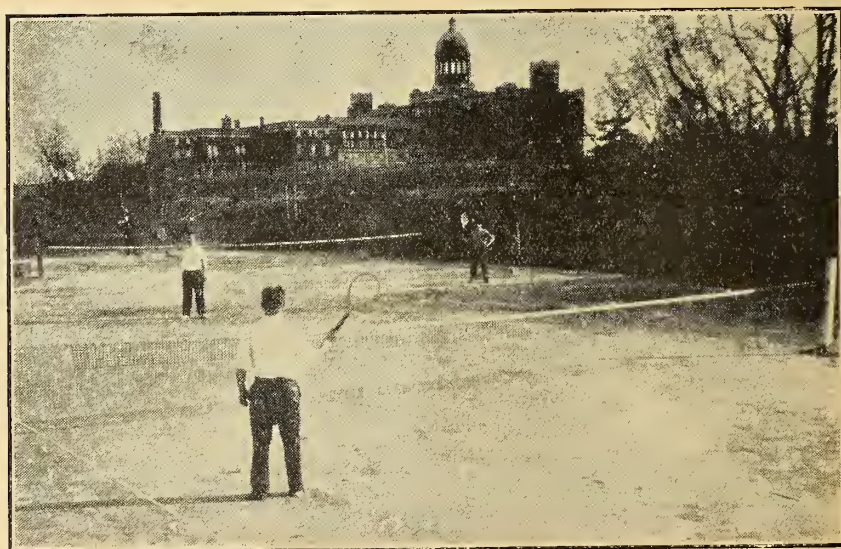
The progress of education may be seen in the increasing number of pagans who frequent Catholic schools. In the past year they numbered 39,681, an increase of more than six hundred over the preceding one.

Finally, one of the outstanding facts of the year, and which shows the vitality of the Church in China and the resources which our predecessors have stored up—has been the multiplication of her churches. The number of Missions has risen this year from 78 to 94, and 12 of these have been confided to the Chinese clergy. We can add to this the Vicarate of Paoting which the Lazarist Fathers have just handed over to the native clergy with its 75,000 Catholics and its magnificent works.

The Church in China today, after a period of conquest extending over the first years of the century, now finds itself, though all the while continuing to advance slowly, in a period of organization. It is a period of stabilization of acquired results, of intensification of the Christian life, and by its very special attention to seminary and educational works, to the youth and to the press in China—it is a period of active preparation for the future.

REV. PRUD'HOMME S.J.

in The Rock.



Another fine tennis court was added to our athletic domain this spring, due to the fidelity of our "manual labor squad." When you come bring your racket along.



# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by

## ROSE GARDEN

FATHER JIM



Cheerio, Buds!

The gardener is in high glee this time of the year, when he looks around and finds things blooming so wonderfully in "our" garden. And he would like to be able to take each bud in turn and say a word of encouragement that might help each one to attain full bloom during the Summer. And you know what I mean when I speak of our buds blooming; it simply means that they are giving extra special attention to the objects for which our Club was started, namely, prayer for the conversion of China, and prayer and Communions for an increase of vocations to the Foreign Missions. I really hope that the fun of vacation time will not make you forget those works of our Club. Next September we expect to have a large number of new students studying for the Chinese Missions, and your prayers will help a great deal.

No doubt you are all having a great time enjoying the beautiful summer weather, and getting lots of games, swimming, etc. That's right! Nothing like taking lots of good exercise, and you'll be all the better for it



Andrew Morris (Bumble Bee) who lives at Renfrew, Ont.

when the time comes round to return to school.

Pictures are coming in all right. Here's a suggestion for the buds who attend a school where there are a good number of our Club members. Why not all get together when school re-opens and have a group picture taken, and then send it along to be published in our Column? There are several schools that could easily arrange such a picture, and I'll be expecting some very nice groups for a later issue of "China."

And now I suppose you are all anxious to know what I have to say about the competition. I was very pleased that so many sent in descriptions of Father Jim. I enjoyed them all, and although I promised not to get "sore," I had a hard time to keep my promise. I was really tickled to know the buds had such good impressions of me, and I thank you all for your kind remarks, but there were some who were not so complimentary, and I enjoyed those the most. In fact, one of those to whom I awarded a prize wrote that he thought I was "not so good to look at." And now, who won the prizes? Two girls and one boy were given prizes, but I can't tell you their names, because you might write and ask them what they said about me. There was only one bud who attempted to give his description by a drawing, and I hope I don't look like he made me in his picture. And I must tell you that I suspect the Editor or someone "in the know" of having sent in a description, but needless to say, I didn't consider his attempt in giving the prizes.

I was especially glad to find so many new members coming from Newfoundland lately. In fact, the Garden has appealed to the school children down there very much, and I receive some nice letters. Every mail brings an increase in our membership, and we certainly are growing, and it is up to you, buds, to continue your good work, and we'll all be happy buds of the Little Flower.

Have a very fine vacation, all of you, and don't forget your duties as members of our Garden. Best wishes to everybody.

Yours for lots of sunburn,  
FATHER JIM.

Father Jim Described.

"Dear Reverend Father Jim, I think you are neither fat nor slim, Rather dark, with smiling eyes, Fond of children and very wise, Perhaps your age may be thirty-two,

Now this is all I can guess of you." Writes Dorothy Carton, Fairville, N.B. And from Buds from every corner of the garden come other equally interesting descriptions, some of which we reprint as far as space allows:

"Tall, with fair hair, blue eyes and a COMICAL face," Trenton, Ont.

"He may have been an athlete in his youth." St. Andrew's, N.S.

"His neck is rather long and his face is rather round." Bridgeport, N.S.

"Your straight black hair is brushed back of your high, intellectual forehead." Powasson, Ont.

"He has a smile for every little boy and girl he meets." Bell Island, Nfld. Well, it wouldn't be hard to have a smile for the little boys and girls of



Gosh but it makes us feel cool to see Dorothy Carrington all ready for a good ski jump. Some of that snow would help a lot just now. Dorothy lives at 191 Nicholas St., Ottawa.



the Rose Garden. Their letters just cheer a person so much.

"A stout, smiling man, about nine feet tall." Help! Help!

"A jolly man of about 65 years of age, grey hair, nearly white, with nice, fairly long whiskers of the same shade." Waubaushe, Ont. The boys "razzed" me something awful when they read that one, especially about the whiskers.

"Fond of a good smoke, a pipe. Wears a sailor hat in summer. Chief hobby, tennis, though not very good at it." That's what some of the boys here tell me, the part about the tennis.

"You are a short fat man." "Of athletic build, stand about six feet in height." "Size, not quite six inches."

"My pen-name will be Jack-in-the-Pulpit. I am 11 years old, and an altar boy, so I can offer up Mass on week-days for the Missions and the people in China." You have the right spirit, Omer, and I welcome you to our Club. Omer Gauthier, 489 Darcy St., Pembroke, Ont.—Joseph Kane (Forever), 2 Hill St., Fairville, N.B., is looking forward to the day when he can be an altar boy.

"I would like some Canadian buds to write me and I would answer and tell them something about Newfoundland." From Loretta Whalen (Maria), Bay Bulls, Nfld. Another Newfoundland bud, Nellie Buckley (Literary Lou), 59 Bannerman St., St. John's, wants the buds to pray for her mother, and asks "Heidi" to write.

I want to thank Joanna Forrester (Dew-drop), for the very nice letter received from her some time ago. Her address is Box 247, Inverness Town, N.S.

New buds from Toronto include Christina Hunter (Sally), Stella Bugala (Kitty), and Mary Sobanski, (Spark Plug), and Mae O'Drowsky (Toby), all pupils of St. Mary's School.

Violet Bernadette Clemen, influenced by her sister, Florence, has become a



Nellie Kuz (French Rose), 58 Front St., Oshawa, Ont., is a faithful member of our garden.

bud, and has taken "Burnie" as her pen-name. She lives in Renfrew, Ont., Box 1075.

"When China comes I can't get to the Little Flower's page fast enough," writes Marion Black (Midget), 14 Ann St., Galt, Ont. She is "Blackie's" sister, 12 years old, and in Senior III. From Galt come also two more buds, sisters, Madeline (Sunflower), Walter, who thinks ours is "a wonderful club," and Dorothy (Blooming Rose), Walter, who wants lots of pen-pals. Address: 7 Ann St.

Charles Mullin (Tiny Toes), 45 Charles St., Fairville, N.B., is a new bud. Glad to hear from you, Charles. You have a lot of buds in your school. That's fine!

"I go to Holy Rosary School, and Rev. Father Sneath is my uncle," writes Dorothy Sneath (Daffodil), 21 Albert St., Thorold, Ont.

"I will gladly answer any letters I get from other buds," Margaret Babineau (Iris), is in Grade VIII at St. Rose's School, Fairville, N.B. Alice Fenton (Rose), 14 Main St., Fairville, N.B., says she likes to say the prayer for the conversion of China; she wants some letters too.

See if you can guess the answer to this riddle, sent in by "Brown Betty," Regina O'Brien, Milford P.O., St. John, N.B.:

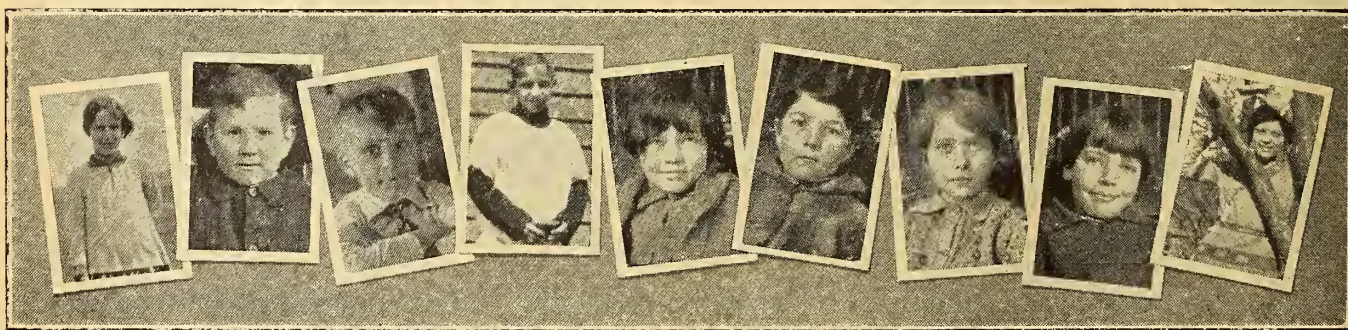
"In marble walls as white as milk,  
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,  
Within a fountain crystal clear,  
A golden apple doth appear;  
No door is there to this stronghold,  
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold."

Regina wants the buds to write the answer to her; I can't guess it, so I hope she will write me the answer herself.

"Daddy's Girl" (Olive DeRoche, Lot 2, R.R. 1, Tignish, P.E.I.), was glad to get Margaret MacMillan's letter, and wants to hear from others also. Thanks for the riddle, Olive.

Muriel Carver (Midget), Box 566, Summerside, P.E.I., wants letters from Marjorie Longevin, Ruth Farrell and Jeanne O'Malley. Muriel says she is willing to do all she can to help other buds.

Some of the nicest letters I have received have come from Clothilda O'Brien (Blue Eyes), Cape Broyle, Nfld., but she regrets that I did not ask for some pen-pals for her. Well, here's hoping the buds remember an enthusiastic member, and write to Clothilda or to her sister, Evelyn (Cherry Blossom).



HAPPY BUDS — ONE AND ALL.

Left to right—Evangeline Pierce, Box 116, Bridgeport, N.S.; Wilfred Trasuk, 24 King Edward St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Jimmie Lafreniere, 1052 Pembroke St. W., Pembroke, Ont.; James Babineau, 103 Main St., Fairville, N.B.; Carmella McNeil, John McMillan, Zita Marsh and Frances McMahon, all of Reserve Mines, N.S. (St. Joseph's School); and, last but by no means least, Olive Deschamps, Penetang, Ont.

The four buds from St. Joseph's School sent \$15.00 out of their own Lenten savings. How many generous little sacrifices that big amount represents!

AND NOW! WE WANT YOUR PICTURE FOR SEPTEMBER CHINA.  
(This is the July-August number.)



From Kingman's School, Fermeuse, Nfld., there came a great bunch of new club members, and I want to welcome them all heartily into the Garden. These young boys and girls have given evidence on many occasions that they are very great helpers of the Missions.

Margaret Kedrosky, age 10, of Renfrew, Ont., has chosen "Sweet Pea" as a pen-name, and asks for correspondents.

Miss Yvonne Arsenault wishes to be known as "Bluebird," and she is a welcome addition to the Summerside, P.E.I., buds. (Box 693).

Brown-haired and hazel-eyed Florence MacDonald goes to St. Anne's School, Glace Bay, N.S., and is willing to help our Club in every way. Write to "Joan."

If you want to hear first-hand information about the great tidal-wave disaster that happened in Newfoundland less than a year ago, write to Theresa M. Hennebury, Point May, Lamaline, Newfoundland. (Pen-name, "Beauty"). Her sister, Ellen, is known as "Lauretta" to the buds.

Bernice Forestell (Violet), of Marmora, Ont., asks the buds to say a prayer for her.

Box 35, Tweed, Ont., is the address of three new members: Nora Rashotte (Blue-eyed Colleen), Richard Rashotte (Crusader), and Raymond Rashotte (Ray). I bet there is a rush for "China" where there are three buds in the same family!

"Every garden has a rake, and is not complete without one," writes Jack Power, 20 Prospect St., St. John's Nfld., so he has chosen "The Rake" as his pen-name. His cousin, Edward Broderick, thinks birds are an important thing in a garden, and wants to be known as "The Sparrow." (Same address.)

Bert Smith lives near the Seminary, and has joined our Club. Write to him at 388 Midland Avenue, Scarborough, Ont. Bert is 9 years old, and very anxious to work for China Mission. He is called "Sonny Boy."

#### New Members.

We welcome the following new members into the Garden and something tells us they are going to be very happy and get along very well with the other "buds."

Mary Rostek (Jean), St. Agnes School, New Waterford, N.S.; Cyril Hayes (Robinhood), Upper Road, Cape Broyle, Nfld.; Cassie Fitzgerald (Star of Bethlehem), Bridgeport, N.S.; Henry Rathier (No pen-name),



A "Bud to Be" in China. Father Beal says her penname is Buttercup, and she just finished crying because the candy got stuck to her ear.

300 Third Ave., Pembroke, Ont.; John Labinowicz, New Waterford, N.S.; Gertrude Roll (No pen-name), 18 Field St., St. John's, Nfld.; Katherine Culley (Kay), 9 Ready St., Fairville, N.B.; Agnes Rolls (Blue Eyes), 18 Field St., St. John's, Nfld.; Aggie Hartery, (Strawberry), Cape Broyle, Nfld.; Magdalen O'Brien (Lilac), and Charles and Ephrem O'Brien (The Twins), Cape Broyle, Nfld.; Irene La-Blanc (no pen-name), Ottawa St.,

Summerside, P.E.I.; Agatha Corcoran (Marigold), Piusville, Lot 4, P.E.I.; Ruth Nearing, (Peggy), St. Agnes School, New Waterford, N.S.; Evelyn Nearing (Rose), same address; Molly Maynerd (Chinese Lantern) Thorburn Road, St. John's, Nfld.; Kathleen De-veaux (Doll), St. Agnes School, New Waterford, N.S.; Lenore O'Brien, 32 Queen St., Thorold, Ont.; Mercedes Prowse, 10 Bond St., St. John's, Nfld.; Martin Whalen, (Caribou), Whalen's Hill, Cape Broyle, Nfld.; Rita McRae (Wee Reet), Patricia Fitzgerald, Main St., Bell Island, Nfld.; Mary E. Chism (Wild Daisy), 65 German St., Renfrew, Ont.; Eleanor Egan (Sparkie), Brechin, Ont.; Lillian McNeil (Agnes), 22 Argyle St., Glace Bay, C.B., N.S.; George Longe (Maple-Leaf), Main St., Fairville, N.B.; Thomas Jones (Cucumber), 488 Water St., Pembroke, Ont.; Madeline Fowler (Trilium), Battery Road, Brigus, Nfld.; Elizabeth Campbell (Daffodil), 6 Maple St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Mary Murrant (Carnation), 731 Mechanic Row, Glace Bay, N.S.; Gertrude Kedrosky (Truddy), Box 895, Renfrew, Ont.; Rita Hayden (Starlight), and Hilda Hayden (Pear Blossoms), Cape Broyle, Nfld.; Mary Sampson (Nora), 653 Sterling, Glace Bay, N.S.; Walter Butler (The Bandit), Fairville, N.B.; Terest McAskill (Aster), 151 Main St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Helen McDonald (Lily), Allandale Road, St. John's, Nfld.; Florence Pollard (Ladder o' Light), 8 Pennywell Road, St. John's, Nfld.; Mildred Gallant (Molly), Box 305, Summerside, P.E.I.; Eleanor Murphy, (Clover), 703 Official Row, Glace Bay, N.S.; Francis Walshe (Bluebird), Cape Broyle, Nfld.; M. Margaret McNeil (Jean), 72 North St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Angela Kent (Mayflower), Cape Broyle, Nfld.; Audrey Joyce (Audie), 157 Market place, West St. John; Dorothy O'Connor (Dot), and Jean O'Connor (Bubbles), 18 Melbourne St. E., Lindsay, Ont.; June Lantz (Pussy Willow), 857 Pembroke St., Pembroke, Ont.; Nora Flaherty (Sunflower), Avondale, Nfld.; Victoria O'Brien (Starlight), Riverhead, Cape Broyle, Nfld.; Margaret Gallant (Pink Lily), Box 613, Summerside, P.E.I.; Bertha Richards (Robin), Box 695, Summerside, P.E.I.; Helen Murphy, 6 Peck St., Galt, Ont.;



Father Jim as The Buds see him. Take your choice. They're all agreed, however, on one thing—that he has a happy expression. Which looks most like him? Well, here's a hint! The last one on the right wears the exact expression of Father Jim. Yes, but No. 5 has a hat, perhaps the hat shown in May CHINA. Personally, I think No. 3 is just—oh, well, Father Jim may wear glasses, and if he does, it must be No. 4.



Ivy Meloche (Honeysuckle), R.R. 1, Durham, Ont.; Ena M. Farrell (Brunette), St. Lawrence, Nfld.; Dorothy Parrington (Queenie), 191 Nicholas St., Ottawa; Mary Hogan (Violet), North Cape, P.E.I.; Nora Kane (Mayflower), R.R. 2, Westport, Ont.; Pearl Kane (Romana), same address; Helen Piitz, Penetanguishene, Ont.; Pearl O'Halloran, (Tillie the Toiler), 45 Ferry St., Sydney, N.S.; Brenda Bennett (Pickles), Box 22, Westport, Ont.; Annie Smith (Mae), Lot 4, Elmsdale, P.E.I.; Valdoraine Lemieux (Bubbles), 37 Hall St., Renfrew, Ont.

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## ON THE TRAIL TO YUANCHINUEN.

(Continued from page 88.)

her hand. When we came near he asked who was passing by and the catechist told him the priest of Sung Yang and that he was staying for some time in the village. I recalled the Gospel story of the blind man of Jericho. He asked a similar question. What means this and who is passing by? He was told JESUS OF NAZARETH was passing by. He called out to Him, "Oh Jesus, son of David have mercy on me." Jesus asked him, "What wilt thou?" and he said, "Lord that I

may see." And Jesus said to him "Receive thy sight, thy faith hath made thee whole."

The man I met did not have the faith which the man in the Gospel had, and I the unworthy representative of Him who has power over life and death have not the gift of working miracles. So we conversed together for a little while, and then he asked for alms. That was what he wanted. I held out my hand before him with a few coppers, but he made no motion to receive them, a positive proof that he was blind. Then I offered them to the little girl and she, after some hesitancy accepted them, began at once to count them (an instinctive trait of all Chinese) put them in her pocket and continued on their journey.

Towards the close of the mission I was beginning to think of the return journey. I must go over that mountainous road and across those rivers again. We will have to hire the FAST EXPRESS again, but it is a very poor express this time. There are no regular carriers here, so we managed to get some of the mountaineers to do the job for us. They rigged up a chair consisting of two long bamboo poles, a board for a seat and a mat covering as protection from the sun—a very rickety and dangerous conveyance for these roads. The catechist accompanied me back. He had already walked to Sung Yang and back with me. Now he was coming again, of course he had to walk back. Altogether he walked 210 English miles, nearly twice the length of Prince Edward Island. We made the return trip in three days, stopping at the same places as before, and arrived at Su Chang on the evening of the third day. We stopped here for a few days administering to the few Christians who are here. Then we hired a RAFT which took us both and our baggage to Ju Ze Kia the best equipped mission station in the Vicariate. We opened the mission here, and there was a fairly good attendance. They are all farmers and live a long way from the mission, and the catechist says that they do not attend

very well and hence they know little of doctrine.

After an absence of a month we returned to Sung Yang, walking the last twenty Chinese miles, having covered altogether a distance of 140 English miles. I lost about ten pounds on the trip. I never noticed it myself until Father Beal made the remark about my reduced condition. If any one is suffering from obesity I recommend him to make this trip. It will be more efficacious for reducing than any of the so called "cures" advertised in the leading magazines of America, and also another important factor, it will be much cheaper.

## Conclusion.

Yanchinuen is the most remote Chapel in the Sung Yang district. It is difficult to reach and takes four days of continued travel over mountains and streams. But once you get there you feel at home among these good simple people. There is really no place for the priest to live there. The catechist and family must vacate their room for the priest, while they must seek accommodation in one of the Christian's home. The surroundings of the mission are neglected and dirty. There is ground where a residence for the priest could be built and two priests could live there permanently and open up new chapels in the surrounding villages and thus spread the faith in these remote regions. For this purpose a lot of renovating would have to take place to make the mission habitable. It certainly would be a splendid undertaking for some of our benefactors to take over and to come to the material assistance of these good people, so that they could have the priest with them always. \$1,000 (Canadian dollars) would fit the place up and during the hot spell in the summer the other priests from Chuchow and elsewhere could come there to avoid the heat, as it is high up in the mountains, has good water and is very cool. Apart from this advantage what good could be done spiritually with several priests in their midst! We hope to have a response from some of our benefactors on behalf of the mission and the Christians of Yanchinuen.

VINCENT MORRISON.



## A PAGAN LOURDES.

Not long ago three of us went to see the famous Temple of the Three Caves. At least it is famous hereabouts, because it is a beauty spot and a place of frequent pilgrimage.

It is situated about four miles outside the city walls, and nestles at the foot of the nearby mountains. And although it was a very hot day during the latter part of December on which we made the trip, all three of us admitted that it was indeed worth the trouble.

We left the Mission shortly after dinner, and walking through the narrow city streets, came to one of the several gates and passed out into the country. Our path of cobblestones twisted and turned through the wheat and rice fields and wound in and out among the grassy mounds, where rest Chuchow's numerous departed. People passing to and from the city asked us as usual, where we were going. We, as usual answered: "Not far."

In the fields alongside the clay-colored water buffalo strained at a primitive plough, or a flock of ducks sported themselves in a natural bath-tub.

At length we reached the temple and passed in through the outer court, which was filled with the customary galaxy of gods. They did not even resent our passing them by, but sat, imperturbable as ever.

The scene that met our gaze within was truly beautiful, if one can call beautiful these splotched canvasses of Almighty God. Rough-hewn steps in the rock led up to a higher level, from which three natural caves entered the mountain. The middle cavern was larger and deeper, and in it stood a life-size statue of a pagan goddess. While in the smaller caves on either side, numerous little statues of the pagan-elect seemed to constitute a heathen heaven, over which this Buddhist Venus reigned as queen.

And to make it more like a veritable Lourdes, down over the edge of the cliff above poured a stream of crystal water that fell like a silver curtain o'er this Holy of Holies of a pagan goddess.

I could not but feel that the Creator of all things had made this and beautified it for the real Queen of Heaven, and my soul recoiled with horror before this profanation. It was as though one had

taken one of Raphael's masterpieces and daubed it with mud.

Perhaps it is only the foolish dream of a poet, but I seem to see it one day, just as I am sure God planned it to be. In the central cave stands a beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception, and piled high about it the crutches of the maimed, who need them no more. The smaller caves are little chapels, and where the main temple once stood is a convent of the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception. A steady stream of pilgrims wind in and out, and sometimes a grey-haired missionary tells them the story of the time long ago when a pagan temple stood there and a heathen goddess reigned o'er a pagan Lourdes.

Not a prophecy. Just a poet's fantasy. But who knows what God may hold in store—what mercy for this people, and what glory for His Mother.

## FATHER SHARKEY.

### THANKS TO LITTLE FLOWER.

S.M.C. wishes to acknowledge three favors received through the intercession of The Little Flower, with a promise of publication and of promoting her interests. L.W. is grateful for a favor received through Our Lady and The Little Flower, with promise of publication and of promoting the interests of The Little Flower.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following donations received from May 15th to June.

#### Over \$10.00.

St. Josephs School, Mt. St. Joseph, North Sydney, \$36.00; O.L.A. Convent, Arichat, \$20.00; J. Drohan, \$20.00; Friend, Toronto, \$40.00; Notre Dame Convent, Kingston, \$25.00; Children of Mary, Mt. St. Joseph, North Sydney, \$22.50; Friend, \$15.00; Friend, \$100.00; Holy Angels School, S.S. Marie, \$23.75; Thos. J. Smyth, \$50.00; Rev. Chas. F. Nagle, \$50.00; Mission Unit, Seminary of Philosophy, Montreal, \$19.25; Rt. Rev. P. A. Chiasson, \$100.00; Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, \$15.10.

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The following contributions gratefully received for Burses from May 13th to June:

Lawrence B. Knox, Blessed Sacrament Burse, \$2.00; Mrs. Mary Knox, Queen of Apostles Burse, \$2.00; St. Joseph's School, Halifax, Student's Burse, \$25.00; Mrs. P. Kelly, Little Flowers' Burse, \$7.00; Mrs. C. F. Bucher, St. Theresa Burse, \$1.00; St. Joseph's Academy, Nelson, B.C., Student's Burse, \$20.00; St. Mary's Boys' School, Hamilton, Student's Burse, \$8.00; Miss M. Costello, Little Flowers' Burse, \$1.00; S. H. Convent, Halifax, St. Madeline Sophie Burse, \$25.00; Friend, St. Madeline Sophie Burse, \$5.00; Kaye McLean, Holy Souls Burse, \$2.00;

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# EDITORIAL PAGE **CHINA**

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... CHINA ...

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## FATHER FRASER RETURNS

By the time you read this, Father Fraser will probably be on his way home. We have received word from him that he would be preparing to return to Canada at the end of the retreat, to engage in campaign work in the interest of the work of the missions, the work to which he has already devoted over twenty years of his life in China.

Father Fraser's many friends in Canada will be anxious to meet him again and although as yet no definite plans have been made for his campaign, it is to be hoped that many of our readers will this year have the pleasure of hearing him tell of his many experiences during the long years he spent in China, a period which extends, with short intervals, from the time of the Boxer rebellion down to the present day.

## MANY THANKS

We are deeply grateful to the Catholic Weekly papers of Canada for their kindly co-operation in publishing items of interest and pictures of missionary life in our district of Chuchow. Their Dominion-wide circulation has made it possible for many people to learn for the first time just what our Canadian Foreign Missionary Seminary is doing in the great work of the conversion of China. The following papers have given generously of their valuable space in helping make known our work for China:

The Catholic Record, London, Ont.; The Beacon, Montreal, P.Q.; The Northwest Review, Winnipeg, Man.; The New Freeman, Saint John, N.B.; The Gazette, Halifax, N.S.; The Canadian Freeman, Kingston, Ont.; The Casket, Antigonish, N.S.; The Prairie Messenger, Muenster, Sask.; The Western Catholic, Calgary, Alta., and the Bulletin, Vancouver, B.C.

## WE ARE GROWING

For the first time since our work began, our Seminary will be overcrowded at the beginning of a scholastic year. This year many of our rooms, built originally

for one student, will be shared by two. It will mean for them a little inconvenience and a little lack of space, but they are very glad to make this sacrifice at the outset as they begin with true zeal and enthusiasm to prepare for their great life work, the Priesthood and missionary life in China.

Before this year is over we shall have to begin to build in order to prepare for the students for next year. At present we are far from being in a position to do so, financially, but the money will come, as it always has come, whenever it was necessary to launch any big undertaking in the interests of the work. At present the eyes of the world are on China. She is at the cross roads. Behind her lies the shattered ruins of a one time mighty Imperial dynasty. Before her lie two ways, the way of Christianity and the way of Bolshevism. Which way she will travel will depend largely upon our efforts in her behalf during the immediate years to come. We are counting now more than ever upon the co-operation of our friends in Canada and Newfoundland that we may all have a share in that glorious work of saving China from the threat of Bolshevism and winning for Christ her countless millions of souls for whom He died.

## THE BOLSHEVIST CHALLENGE

It is very difficult to learn just what is going on in Russia. We have been told many times that Bolshevism had reached a dangerous crisis and of late rumours of a counter-revolution have been in the air. On the other hand, the champions of Leninism in this country and the U.S.A. are doing their best to paint a glowing picture of conditions under Bolshevik rule. Apart altogether from the immediate prospects of failure or success for the Red reign of terror, we may as well face the fact that the sappers of Communism have already accomplished something in their attempts to undermine the none-too-secure foundations of our enervated civilization. After his return from Rome this summer, Father Hingston, S.J., gave a very illuminating account of the extent to which Bolshevism has gained headway among the nations of Europe. What if we should



awake some fine morning to find that this hydra-headed monster were at our own very door, and that we were suddenly threatened with the overthrow of everything sacred in our Society and our Civilization!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Rottenness Within

It will not avail us much to bury our heads in the sand. Whether we like it or not we must admit that our own economic system to-day is honeycombed with rottenness and corruption. People have not suddenly gone mad. The average poor man, usually endowed far more than our idle and contemptuous rich with the finer feelings and sympathies common to all who have learned to suffer, is no more attracted to-day than he ever was before by a gospel of terror and bloodshed. If his sympathies lean towards a system that threatens the overthrow of society, it is not because he desires destruction for its own sake but because he has long been the victim of cruel, heartless exploitation and feels that as far as he is concerned no change could be for the worse. We should all view with dread the thought of the downfall of our so-called civilization, but we have long viewed with growing apprehension the insatiable avarice of parasitical millionaires, growing wealthy from the labor of hundreds of millions of hands of the poor. We find it hard to enthuse over the idea of keeping concrete highways safe for the Rolls Royces of dullard sons and daughters of unearned affluence, while millions of willing workers the world over must stand idly by and see their wives and children deprived of even the barest necessities of life. If the poor workman were given but an "even break" he would not ask for more, and we should have little to fear from the terrorists of Moscow if the principles of Christ had permeated the society of the twentieth century as they did the society of the middle ages.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### The Bolshevik Mistakes

In spite of the fact that conditions from within made it possible for their doctrines to be accepted by many of the victims of civilization's injustice, the Bolsheviks have shown themselves far from being as cunning as they are supposed to be. They made two great mistakes, one of which they themselves have perceived and have since tried to offset by opposite tactics. The other mistake they can never offset and it will prove their inevitable ruin. Their first mistake was in arousing the indignation of the world by the cruel atrocities and bloodshed whereby they hoped to crush the opposition of all opposed to their hellish doctrines. To so great a pitch was popular opinion the world over aroused by their cruelty that they were obliged to call a halt and advocate conquest by peaceful penetration. In this attitude they are far more dangerous. In China, for example, not so long since the very word "communist" was the signal for a panic on the part of the people. Towns were burned, inhabitants were slaughtered by the thousand. Everywhere in their wake was left a trail of blood and fire till the Bolshevik nightmare haunted the dreams of the peace-loving farmers of China. Then suddenly all was changed. No longer is their entry into a town the signal for a general massacre but for the cancellation of all debts and the

sharing of all lands among the people. When they are driven out debts are again imposed and lands restored to their lawful owners. The result is that a gradual resentment against the landowners and gradual sympathy for the Reds is taking the place of the wild-eyed terror that was once evoked at the very mention of their name.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Cannot be Corrected

But the lessons of history have been evidently lost upon those leaders in Russia in whose breasts burns such a diabolical hatred for God and religion. One would not expect them, when they launched their attack on God's Church, to realize that they were pitting their puny strength, aided as it might be by the powers of Hell, against the strength of an institution against which the gates of Hell can never prevail. As far as the Church is concerned, there is nothing new in this hatred and persecution. Calmly and composedly, with sorrow at the thought of the destruction of many unhappy souls, she surveys the furies of Bolshevism with that same undisturbed serenity with which the glance of God in His Heaven pervades the dismal depths of Hell. She has reckoned the cost. Already she knows what the outcome will be. Martyrs there will be, no doubt, as martyrs there already have been, but when Bolshevism has been forgotten and she emerges from the shadows of another Calvary, she will still "flourish in eternal youth" more vigorous, more Christlike than ever before. When we think of the Catholic Church to-day, even from a human point of view, with 250,000,000 devoted souls the world over, and also remember that the Bolshevik doctrines are still so repulsive to the masses of our non-catholic brethren, we cannot but contrast the struggle to-day with the struggle 1,900 years ago when the strength of the great Roman Empire was pitted against the efforts of twelve ignorant fishermen. But the die is cast. The Church must be destroyed and the Name of God erased from the hearts of men. Blind fools who will not learn the lesson of history.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Our Duty

Our duty is plain. While we deplore the fact that the principles of Christ receive such short shrift at the hands of civilization to-day, we cannot but admit that Catholics have only too often been remiss in the sacred duty of charity towards their fellow men. It is not in our power to remedy the unsound economic conditions which have thrown so many millions of men out of work, but we can do much to assuage the condition of the poor if the charity of Christ be exemplified a little more in our daily lives. It is our solemn duty to practise the virtue of personal charity, to do more than limit ourselves to placing a dollar bill on a collection plate, to seek out and find cases of genuine need and ourselves bring some ray of light and hope into the darkened lives of Christ's poor whom we have with us to-day in perhaps greater numbers than ever before. We can thus let our light shine before men and let them know that true charity is ever to be found in the Church of Christ. If we but reflect upon our own thoughtlessness in this regard we should hang our heads in shame.



# The Far East and The Far West

*By Rev. C. Daly, C.S.S.R.*

Father Daly needs no introduction to readers of CHINA, and there is no one more qualified to tell of the missionary needs of our great West. We have only one fault to find with his article—there is not enough of it. But we hope to have further contributions from his pen and hear something of the great work of the Sisters of Service in the interests of our new Canadians.



That our missionaries who leave for China have to travel through "our Far West" to reach "their Far East," seems paradoxical, to say the least. In reality, the truth of these accepted terms depends on the point from which they are viewed on the circle of the globe. So the fact remains that to go East we travel West.

This geographical paradox affords us an occasion to stress the common bond that unites our Home Mission Field out West to the Field Afar in the East. After all there is but one Mission Field in the Church of God and it was to that field the Master pointed when he said: "Behold I say to you, lift up your eyes and see the

countries; for they are white already to the harvest" (Jo. IV, 35) "There can be no dissociation of Home and Overseas Missions. The one quickens the other. The Church that is deaf to the call of need in the distant field is deaf to the call of need at home, and soon languishes in its own spiritual life."

Canada has an immense mission field within its own boundaries. Beyond the Great Lakes lies the greater half of our Dominion. It is only within the last few decades that those vast stretches of land have been opened to colonization. Where but a few years ago the Indian and the Buffalo roamed, a new Canada is now in

the making. The soil of that immense hunting ground has proven most fertile. We have barely scratched its surface and already the yield in wheat alone has been so great that the nations at large have named these Prairie Provinces the "granary" and the "bread-basket" of the world.

This transformation has been brought about by immigration. On our invitation, people of all climes have come to our country and eagerly grasped the equality of opportunity our young democracy had to offer them.

A large percentage of these new-comers were of our Faith. They mostly belonged to the less privileged of the nations from





THREE VETERAN MISSIONARIES OF CANADA'S FAR WEST, VICTORIA, B.C.  
Left to right: Rt. Rev. Msgr. Laterne, v.g. editor of *The Orphan's Friend*; Fr. Heyman  
and Fr. Sobry.

which they came. As such they were and still remain "creatures of environment," very susceptible to the influences which surround them. This new environment in their land of adoption was, in most cases, anything but congenial to the Faith of their Baptism. Their whole social life had to undergo a total transformation. This has meant to many spiritual bankruptcy.

The breaking away from former home relations and racial traditions, the ignorance of the language of the country, the insufficiency of priests, the unrelenting

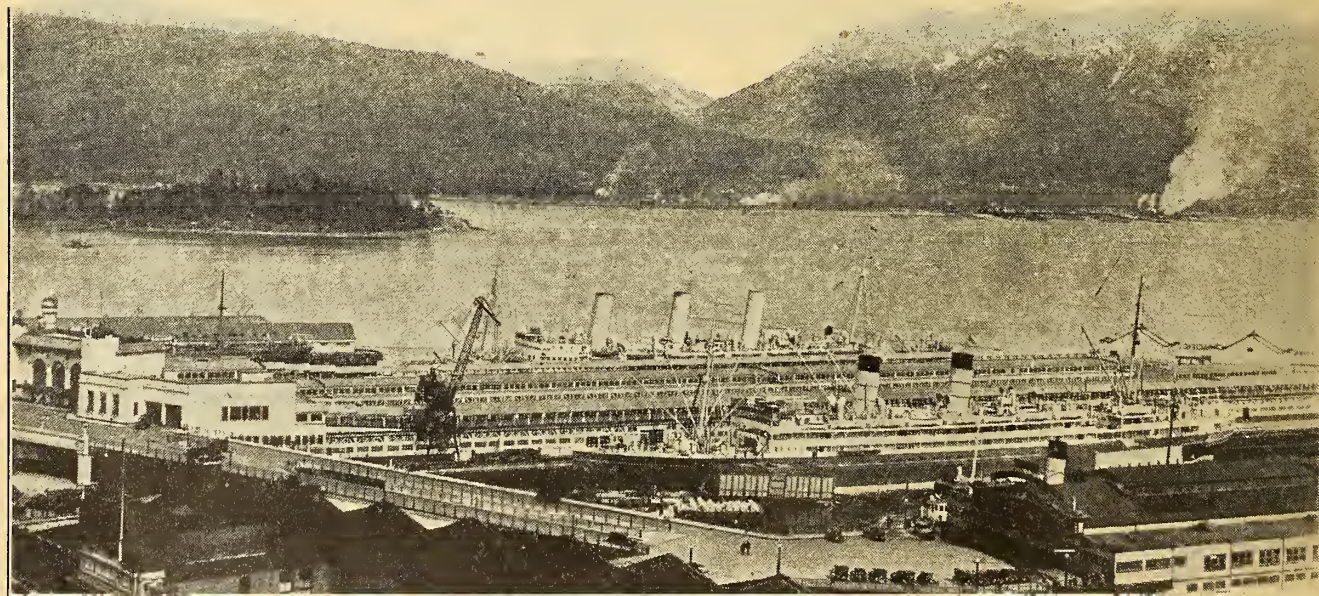
activities of the Protestant denominations, the abiding presence of unscrupulous agitators, the barriers of distances and climatic conditions are many causes that are ever at work against the Faith of their baptism. The leakage therefore, is appalling.

This invasion of our Great West by Catholic people has created a mission problem for the Church in Canada. For, what in reality constitutes a mission territory? Is it the fact that there are souls to be saved, to be taken care of? Then we would have to say that the whole world is a

mission field. "The non-existence of the visible Church in a country or part of a country is what constitutes a mission territory." As long as the Church in any given section or within any closed group is not established in the fullness of its being, with its hierarchy, its untrammelled worship and sacramental life, that section or racial group is, theologically speaking, mission territory. (P. Charles, S.J.)

According to this principle one can readily see how our West became, and still remains, a Mission Field. It will take long years before the Church will be "established in the fullness of its being." In the meantime, that section of Canada will remain mission territory just as much as Japan and China are to-day.

The Home Mission Field is in dire need of priests, churches, schools, to meet the requirements of our Catholic population. What makes the problem more acute is the presence of prozelitizing agencies of all kinds. Many of our people are being robbed of their faith and gradually led into the greatest of all evils . . . religious indifference. And experience proves that often it is far more difficult to bring back a really indifferent soul to the faith than to convert a pagan. May



#### ..THE FAR WEST

View of Vancouver Harbour. In the foreground are the three funnels of one of the Empress liners on which our missionaries travel to the Far East. With an Oriental population of 20,000, Vancouver has its Foreign mission problem right at home.



we not recall here the admonition of St. Paul to the Hebrews: For it is impossible for those who were once illuminated have tasted also the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, have moreover tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come, and are fallen away: to be renewed again to penance, crucifying again to themselves the Son of God and making him a mockery. (Heb. VI, 4.)

\* \* \*

East is East and West is West  
And never the twain shall meet.

The famous words of Kipling do not hold good for Catholic Missions. For Catholic solidarity binds the world into one great unit. The gains in the Field Afar will react to the benefit of the Field at Home. The priests and sisters we give to China, Japan, Africa, will always bring blessings upon the priests and sisters who labor in the Field at Home.

As to the generosity of the people it will always go to where it is needed at "Home" and "Abroad."

Some may be led to believe that in view of our own great needs

"at home" it is unreasonable for us to send our men and money to other distant fields. This viewpoint is surely not Catholic. "The Spirit of God breatheth where he will." (Jo. III:8.) Like the great St. Paul, we should be able to say: "That by all means . . . Christ be preached: in this I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." (Philp. I:18.)

May we conclude with these other lines of Kipling:

"One ship drives East and the other drives West  
While the selfsame breezes blow;  
It is the set of the sail  
And not the gale  
That bids them where they go."

G. DALY.



A few months ago Fr. Heynan celebrated his golden jubilee, at which most of the priests of Victoria Diocese were present.



THE FAR EAST

Typical view of a Chinese river port on the Yangtse. At present this vicinity is the scene of Bandit and Communist activities, due to the absence of Nationalist soldiers.



# Among *the* Mountains *of* Chekiang

By Rev. J. E. Venini.



Dear Readers:

Have you recuperated from your trip around the Tsing dien district last year? If so and you are still interested in China, here is an opportunity to pay a similar visit to the two subprefectures of Lungchuan and Kingyuen. If you take up your map of China, you will notice, south of the famous Yangtze kiang, and bordering on the Pacific, the province of Chekiang. Now travel inland to the very south-west corner of this province, touching the provinces of Fo kien, and you will have located the scene of our ramblings. Before reaching our last station we shall be only a few

miles from the "terra classica" of the bandits, so if there should be amongst our readers the proud owner of a pet Colt or Mauser, let him bring it along, it may come in handy: much more so seeing we are near the end of the Chinese year when everyone is doing his utmost to collect enough money to pay his debts, and hardly a season passes minus its list of highway robberies committed at this season of the year. Or if there should be amongst our party any disciples of Nimrod, by all means bring along your favorite rifles, and we shall have wild duck for dinner as often as we wish. I can see some old veteran of the

chase smile when I suggest going after wild ducks with a rifle, but it will be my turn to smile at his surprise, when he sees how "tame" the "wild ducks" are here. We throw stones at them as they swim in the pools and creeks along the roads, and they simply dive and bob their tails at us. If you were to use a shot-gun you would have to drive away to a respectable distance before shooting them, else there would be nothing left but a few feathers.

Lungchuan, Dragon's Source, such is the name of the first subprefecture we shall visit. It is, perhaps, the most heavily wooded section of our Chuchow mission, so



that lumber is the most important product. The greater part of the bamboo and cedar rafts we meet floating down the river to the sea at Wenchow, come from this district. The lumbering industry, especially during the winter months, is the source of employment for a great number of men, as during this time they are not occupied with their miniature farms. We shall meet long files of these men carrying the logs, sawed into seven or eight foot lengths. Use is also made, during the rainy season of the tiny mountain streams to float the logs as near as possible to the river, but for the most part, the logs are carried out on the sturdy shoulders of the local men. Their wages, so I am told, average about twenty-five cents gold, per day. I can assure they earn their money, carrying a load of one hundred pounds or more, six, seven and eight miles, and over such roads and hills.

Exportation of considerable quantities of edible bamboo-sprouts, and mushrooms also forms one of the chief sources of income for the district. There is quite a history connected with the mushroom trade. The greater part of the mushrooms are not actually grown here, but in the northern part of the province of Fo kien. Each year at the mushroom season a great number of men from Lungchuan and the environs, go to the mushroom areas, to "make" mushrooms, as they say. The mushrooms are not planted in a manner similar to ours, in fact they are not planted at all. Certain varieties of hardwood trees are felled on the mountain sides, and on these trunks are cut notches at certain intervals, and in the notches, after a space of two or three years, grow the mushrooms. The folks here say the mushroom seeds fall with rain, much in the same fashion, I suppose, that we used to believe when youngsters, that all the little toads, so numerous after a summer shower, came down with the rain. As for the history of the industry, some six hundred years ago, a lawsuit was fought between the local men of the mushroom areas and the Lungchuan men. The local men, apparently lost the case, and ever since they have been forbidden to "make" mushrooms. My limited knowledge of the local patois does not permit me to get a full account of the case, which, I am sure, would

be very interesting, quite as interesting as the manner in which the mushroom "makers" bring home their wages. You will remember the long bamboo pipes I mentioned in my last letter. Well here is a case when a pipe is not a pipe. The men receive their pay in bills, and wrapping them up as tightly as possible, they slide them into the stem of the erstwhile pipe, and thus they are brought safely home. Here the stem is broken and forced to yield its precious contents. The catechist tells me he witnessed such an event, in which case the pipe surrendered no less than twelve hundred dollars. How was that for a pipe-full?

I am afraid that our clothes and ourselves, if not our spirits, are going to be severely dampened on our first day's march. We have delayed our departure from Lungchuan for several days owing to the inclemency of the weather, but this morning the weather prophets assured us that it would not rain. Wiser and dryer would we have been if we had refused to heed them. Scarcely a mile or so had we covered when the flood-gates of heaven were opened. Our carrier tried to console us by prophesying that the rain would not last long but alas, he was as poor a prophet as the others. There was no question of turning back now so on we splashed. Only actual experience can give one an adequate idea of the joys and thrills of travelling along these Chinese roads (with all due veneration for that respectable word) during a rainstorm. At most the supposed road is cobble path some three feet wide, but very, very often it is simply a ridge of clay separating two rice paddies. Woe betide the rheumatic, because after having been thoroughly soaked during the tramp he is going to pass the night in damp bedding, as China's entire stock of oiled cloth could not protect our blankets against all this water.

At noon we reached a fairly large sized village boasting a "van bu." Unfortunately we found it literally and precisely what its name proclaimed it to be, a "cooked-rice shop." "Dinner for three guests," we shouted, shaking ourselves free of as much water as possible. A vacant, surprised stare was the only response from the inmates. No doubt on beholding such sorry looking, bedraggled and bewildered

figures appear suddenly before them, they thought that some of the idols of their temple had come to pay them a visit. "Dinner for three guests," we repeated. "We have only cooked rice here," was the answer this time, "but if you go on for another couple of miles you will find a village where they have everything." "Forward! splash!" was the order, and in due or overdue time, we reached the promised village, and here we found a more plentiful larder. Foreigners, on a rainy day, in an out-of-the-way, Chinese Inn! May none of our readers have ever to undergo this most trying experience. Should, however, such be your lot, and you can withstand the trial and come through it with your patience unruffled and your nerves in their normal condition, then please let me have your name and address, and I shall have your cause for canonization introduced at Rome. In my mind there is no doubt whatsoever that St. Paul wrote in his letter to the Corinthians, "We are made a spectacle to the world after having paid a visit to China. He sums up the case exactly, a "spectacle." That is what we become for the natives as long as we remain in their midst. Your clothes are minutely examined, the number of buttons on your soutane are counted and recounted, and your sun helmet goes the round of inspection, and your beard, if you happen to sport one. "How old are you, old gentleman?" they will ask you, and just try and imagine the merriment when you tell them, "twenty-nine." "What, only twenty-nine and with a beard like that, 'foh shian sing,' I don't believe you," they will tell you. After awhile you will try to get in a bit of Office, but the appearance of your breviary opens up new channels of wonderings and questions. They will crowd around you, edging in and in, until you know exactly how many cases of halitosis there are in the company. Finally some venerable tiller of the soil will take the book from your hands, carry it to the door to examine it under more favorable light conditions and then return it to you, remarking, and quite surprised, "I do not recognize these foreign words, wa cwei siz ngo nin foh gia." However, in all their native curiosity, no one intends to be rude, even if they seem very much so, to us. It is simply their



custom, their code of etiquette, and it is absolutely necessary that we become used to it. Would that we could converse with them fluently, in their own jargon. We should get on famously.

Apropos of the language question, it is not only we foreigners who find ourselves continually embarrassed owing to our difficulty in expressing ourselves intelligently, but even the Chinese often find themselves in more or less of a box. My sacristans are both from the Tsingtien district and their speech differs considerably from the local dialect. Many times during this trip, upon questioning someone, they have received the same answer I am accustomed to hear, "ngo ting foh tong—I hear, not understand." With such a multiplicity of dialects it is not at all strange that we meet with many quid pro quo.

As I mentioned above, bamboo sprouts are produced in considerable quantities here, and hence they are much cheaper than elsewhere. When I passed through here recently, upon my return from a visitation of the Sungyang district, the catechist of that section took advantage of the occasion to procure a stock of these sprouts, in a dried state. He asked one of the local Christians to buy them for him. That evening, as we were sitting chatting in the Mission compound, the Christian walks in with his parcel. "These are your sprouts," he said, tossing the parcel on the table. The catechist looked

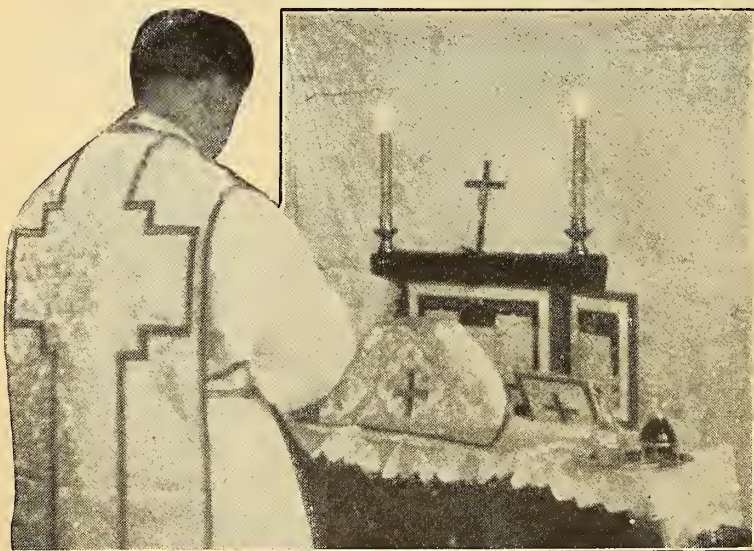


The missionary finds a portable mass kit an absolute necessity. Fr. Boudreau brought this one with him from home.

rather suspiciously at the tiny parcel, and began to open it. When he saw its contents a look of bewilderment covered his face. "These are envelopes," he said; "I asked you to buy bamboo sprouts." "Bamboo sprouts!" replied the Christian, "I thought you wanted envelopes, and I asked you if you wanted writing-paper as well, and you said no." Now to understand all this you should know that for "envelopes" the local sound is "Jwing dong," and the sound for bamboo sprouts is also "Jwing dong," only the two are not pro-

nounced in the same tone, and hence the confusion. A somewhat similar incident happened to a missionary at one of the provincial ports. He stepped off the boat there one day, and a custom's officer promptly asked him for his passport. Now the sounds for passport and pepper were very much alike in that district. "I have no pepper," the missionary naturally replied, and just as naturally the custom's man was not satisfied with this answer, but insisted on seeing his passport. This began to rile the missionary, and seizing his satchel and opening it, he gave it to them. "There, see for yourself, I have no pepper." By this time the officers began to surmise there was something amiss, and finally succeeded in convincing the missionary that they were not searching for contraband "pepper," but merely wished to see his passport.

But let us get back to our journey. Our second day's march was much more pleasant, as the rain ceased and the sun made several brave efforts to break through his barrage of clouds. During the night, however, it turned very cold, and we were awakened by the pelt-ing of hail on the tile roof. There was no question of moving in such weather, so we prepared to make the best of a forced holiday. Few such miserable days have I spent, as these, cooped up in this "chapel" at Siao me. The place was cold and dreary, physically, and what was worse, spiritually. There are a considerable number of baptized Christians in this district, but, alas! like the seed of the parable that fell among thorns,"—heareth the word, and the care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, choketh up the word, and he becometh fruitless." Without doubt, this is the hardest trial the missionary has to bear. Hard it is, very hard to see your efforts to put the truth before the pagan masses remain fruitless, but it is much harder to see those who at least had the merit of having received this truth, abandon it. I hope that none of our readers will be scandalized or permit their zeal and charity for the missions to be lessened, upon learning that we have apostates from our flocks. On the contrary, I hope and I am sure, that by placing before our benefactors and friends "behind the lines," the conditions as they really are here



The altar stone and all requisites for the celebration of mass are carried in the case shown above.



"at the front," they will the better appreciate the difficulties with which we have to contend, and will willingly do all that lies in their power to help us. So, dear readers, I repeat it, the hardest trial of a missionary is to see those whom he has led to the fountain of Life, turn away. To understand these deflections it would be necessary to know what pagan and paganism really mean, it would be necessary to know what it costs to be forced to leave this paganism, but at the same time to continue to live in an environment wholly pagan. And then, now as in the time of the first Missionary, "the hunger which presses these multitudes is not the hunger of the Gospel, or hunger for the salvation of their souls. The truth in all its bareness remains without attraction, by itself it remains powerless to destroy paganism and error and to cause to arise new Christian centres." Take up your New Testament, read the account of the multiplication of the loaves. Our divine Lord spoke very clearly on that occasion. Fearlessly he told the crowds who surrounded Him, "you seek me, not because you have seen miracles, but because you did eat of the loaves and were filled." And when He wished to give them the Bread of Life? "This is a hard saying," they told Him, "and after this many of the disciples went back and walked no more with Him." And in the accounts left us of the works of Christ, how often do we read of anyone following Him for Himself? Was it not rather with the hope of some temporal gain? So, perhaps, it was with these strayed sheep of our flocks. The motive of their conversion was not of the purest, their hearts were not prepared for the truth, and so they went back and walked no more with Him." On the other hand I doubt not, that had the missionaries in this district been sufficient to follow up and consolidate the original conversions many of these fallen ones would be good practising Christians. So perhaps we of Christian countries are not altogether free of blame for the present state of the missions. Even now "the workers are few." Let us, dear readers, double our interests and zeal for the Missions in order to atone for our neglect of them, in the past.

But once more we must hurry on, or we will not arrive at Kingyuen



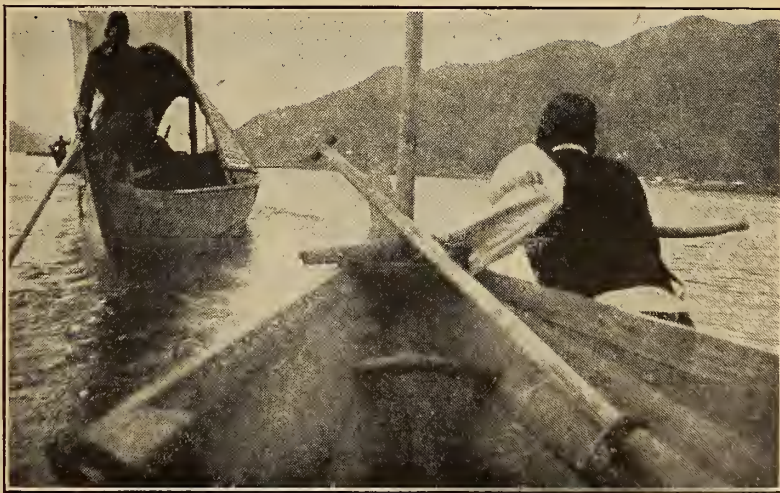
MAILING "CHINA."

It takes 80 mail bags each month to send 25,000 copies of "CHINA" on their way.

for Christmas. Here, for the first time, was Mass celebrated on this great feast. The flock was not very large, perhaps about as large as the original group of Christians gathered together in the cave at Bethlehem. The vigil until midnight was spent in praying, singing and chatting. At eight o'clock night prayers began, followed by the rosary, repetition of the catechism, a few hymns and a sermon. This programme was repeated at eleven, after which I began Mass. Poor was our little chapel, poorer the people in it, but poor also was the Babe in the man-

ger. Christmas, however, is Christmas wherever it may be, and in spite of all our poverty, I restrained myself with difficulty from intoning a joyous "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." Happy indeed I was to think that we were able to procure for the Infant God, a tiny bit of glory, here in this obscure and pagan village. May the holy Infant in His infinite mercy deign to grant these poor people, their country, the "peace on earth" promised by the announcing angels to the shepherds of Judea.

The entire flock received Holy Communion at Midnight Mass, and also assisted at the second Mass, celebrated immediately afterwards. A little "agape" was then enjoyed and gladly would I have joined them, but I had still my third Mass to say, in the morning. You may be sure the third Mass was not altogether matutinal. Noon, however, found us seated at the festive board. as eager as Tiny Tim, of Christmas carol fame, and I leave you to imagine if I was prepared to attack the goose prepared for us by the catechist's wife. It was exactly eighteen hours since our last repast, a fast day repast at that, though I must admit, I took advantage of the "jejunium gaudiosum" allowed us by eminent theologians on the eve of Christmas. We could not have Benediction, as the chapel is hardly fit for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, so we recited the rosary instead. Such was our Christmas here at Kingyuen. Our friends and benefactors received many a remembrance in the Masses and prayers of this holy day, as it is, after God, (Continued on page 111)



Going up the Wenchow river en route to Chuchow.



# Government Intolerance Plagues Missions

## POLICY THREATENS EXISTENCE OF MISSION SCHOOLS IN CHINA

Rome.—More indications have appeared that certain powerful elements in the Nationalist Government in China aim to unseat Christianity. Added to the almost nation-wide chaos which has resulted from banditry and civil war come educational restrictions by the Government which, if carried out, would ruin the thousands of mission schools throughout the country.

From a high source in Pekin Fides Service has received the following statement which seeks to sum up the present situation in China. The statement reads, "In 1929 one had been led to believe that the Nationalist Government would be liberal and would reveal no hostility toward Christianity, in that among the leaders were a good number of Protestants and in that friendly gestures were observable at the time. However, events of recent months establish that this government is of an intolerance which resembles that of the Soviets. Its school regulations are clearly prepared to ruin all mission schools in China, Protestant as well as Catholic. The persecutors are employing modern methods to dethrone Christ and destroy His work.

"After the recent educational conference of Shanghai a leader of the left wing, Wang Tsing Wei, was so displeased with the decisions taken that he sent a telegram of protestation to remind those who govern in the name of the Three Principles that they are sapping those the foun-

dations and are in contradiction with the principles of Dr. Sun Wen, who desired for China absolute liberty of education and of religion.

"In the past ten months two bishops and seven missionaries have been murdered and at the moment in which we write five missionaries are in the hands of bandits. Missions property is more and more menaced and authorities needy of money seek to find reasons for taking possession of it.

"But our missionaries continue their work as if all went well; new projects are being founded and developed, the laborers of China have a tradition of heroism and of perseverance against which those who govern can do nothing."

Twelve Protestant sects with headquarters at Shanghai, representing more than three-fourths of the Protestants of China, have presented a petition of protest against Article 5 of Chapter 1 of the new school regulations and commenting on the petition the Shanghai Fides correspondent states that what vexes the Protestants likewise vexes the Catholics. The Article in question reads, "A private school founded by a religious body is not permitted to give religion as a required subject, nor is religious propaganda permitted in the class instruction. If there are any religious exercises students shall not be compelled or enticed to participate. No religious exercises shall be allowed in primary

schools." No satisfaction was given the petitioners, the Government merely replying that its decision was definitive.

Orders have likewise gone forth from Nanking demanding the registration of all universities in China immediately, those in the neighborhood of Nanking to be enrolled before the middle of September. The authorities of Aurora University, Shanghai, sought details on the significance of this order by a visit to the Bureau of Education in Shanghai but were able to see only a secretary.

The Ministry of Public Instruction has issued orders that hereafter no religious publications such as papers, books, magazines, pictures, may be introduced into school libraries or class rooms except in universities or superior schools where they are necessary as books of reference for special courses such as philosophy.

Meanwhile reports continue gravely disconcerting from several great regions of the country. Besides the recent communist assaults in the middle Yangtze Valley, conditions in the Upper Yangtze are reported so grave that steamship companies are considering a cessation of service. The Fides correspondent at Ichang states that all the region of the Belgian Franciscans except the neighborhood of Ichang city is in the hands of bandits, the city of Shasi being the latest object of attack. At Kinho the Mission has been made bandit headquarters. At Yen Koiuen Father Fidelis and Father Patrick were captured by bandits while travelling by river to Shasi, robbed, stripped of all clothing of value, and were spared from death only through the intercession of one of the bandits who took pity on them. A certain Chen, a monster of cruelty who led in the massacre of Bishop Jans and his two priest companions, has been named a colonel in the army of Holong. General Pen Ki of Ichang, is an upright man but has too few troops, a situation common to the supporters of the law in other regions of the country.

In Szechwan, last of the provinces up the Yangtze, peace



reigns through an accord between the petty rulers, who, however, have inflicted terrible burdens on the people.

Word from Canton confirms the report of designs on the part of government authorities to ignore the property rights secured by the Church in Canton on strength of the Gerard Convention of 1895. Blocks of stores and offices which provide an income for the Canton missions are erected, the authorities contend, on land for which the mission has no title. Other parts of South China report difficulties. The Fides representative at Nanning, Kwangsi Province, says "The Communist menace hangs over us constantly. And when the great night?"

A Fides telegram from Shanghai reports the capture of a Chinese priest in Hupeh and both Fides general agency reports chronicle the exciting experiences of numerous missionaries threatened by communists or bandits. The Italian Franciscan, Father Baima, was freed after a short captivity and reached Hankow. The lot of several Spanish Augustinians, of two Spanish Jesuits, of several American Passionists, and of two Irish Missionaries of St. Columban, is still in doubt.

## River Dwellers in China

The fighting now raging in China will have little effect on that section of the population that from birth to death lives entirely on the water. They swarm on every river, but the Pearl River in Canton is one of their happiest hunting grounds; and here, on the dirty, odorous waters of the most ironically named rivers in the world, this

aquatic colony lives, moves and has its being, writes I. May in the London Daily News.

Their dwelling-place in all weathers and in all seasons is the sampan, a rough craft built of native hardwood and measuring about 15 ft. long by 4 ft. wide. The more prosperous sampan dwellers have their boats roofed with mats treated with oil to keep out the water; if the means are lacking, rags take the place of mats, and the very poorest rely for protection on a corner of the craft which is roofed with loose boards and which is not only a refuge but is also the sleeping apartment for the whole family.

### BEETLES FOR TEA.

Their poverty is incredible. Their average income when they can earn it, being somewhere about five "cash" a day or, in the English equivalent, something between a halfpenny and a farthing. To earn this stupendous sum they make sails, sell the fish they catch—stern necessity has made them expert fishermen—and search endlessly on the shore for flotsam and jetsam from many cargoes, which they dispose of as best they can.

The cost of living, however, is with them not so acute a problem as we are apt to find it, for the Chinese taste in food is catholic and, beside the eternal rice, which they eat twice a day and of which they never weary, the poorer classes will eat rats, mice, frogs, beetles—basins of the latter are offered for sale in the markets—and pretty well anything that can crawl, run or hop. Thus the shore, patiently searched, provides many a meal—of a kind—for those who live upon the waters.

On the sampans the floating colony lives, dies—at a comparatively early age—and are born, but they

have their methods, drastic but infallible, of limiting the population. Daughters, in the plural, are unwelcome, and should the Chinese mother so disgrace herself as to bear a second, the unwanted baby is quietly and unostentatiously dropped overboard with less ceremony than we should use in drowning a kitten. Every voyager down this most lustreless Pearl sees them floating here and there on the water; pallid, pathetic little corpses which have hardly drawn a breath.

### THE FAMILY SHRINE.

Marriage is a simple affair without the housing, furnishing and other problems vexing to the European mind. The ceremony over, the young couple merely take up their residence in their own sampan and the same dreary existence is continued with starvation as a constant menace and a future as murky as the water on which they float.

Every sampan has its "joss" corner, where candles and "joss sticks" are burned to whatever god the colony may be interested in at the moment. Round this tiny altar is placed all that fancy rubbish that can be found—bits of tinsel, scraps of bright silk, discarded ornaments and even fragments of brightly hued glass, and before this poor shrine a lamp is kept burning in spite of wind and bad weather.

The coming of a typhoon spells death to a large section of this river community. Without shelter, with no refuge other than a boarded hole, they are drowned in their thousands, but enough always survive to carry on the old, pitiful regime and, as the paper houses almost before the last tremor of the earthquake has died away, so the sampans float once more upon the waters before the wreckage has drifted down stream.

## IN YOUR WILL

### REMEMBER OUR WORK FOR CHINA

"It is a bad will that has not the name of God among its heirs."—Cardinal Manning.

We could educate fifty more students were we enabled to bear the cost of a college education for those whose parents cannot afford it, and who are debarred from the Priesthood by the grim barrier of poverty.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

## JOKES.

Teacher: "Wake that fellow up next to you, will you?"

Stude: "Aw, do it yourself; you put him to sleep."

## Job for Nurmi.

"Yes, sir," panted the new shepherd, "I got all the sheep in, but I had to run some to get those lambs."

"Lambs? I have no lambs. Let's see what you got," was the answer.

Looking into the shed, the astonished owner saw fourteen panting jack-rabbits.—Arcanum Bulletin.

Binding girls feet was a brutal fad, but the Chinese let their small sons keep their tonsils.

## No More Sleepless Nights.

The evening was dragging on.

"I wish," said the bore, "that one of you fellows would give me a cure for insomnia."

"You ought to try talking to yourself," suggested one of his unfortunate victims.

Among the influences that make you do crazy things without intention are liquor, fever and salesmen.

## Ship Wrecked.

Wife: "Oh, George, do you realize that it's almost a year now since our honeymoon, and that glorious day we spent on the sands? I wonder where we'll spend this one?"

Husband: "Strikes me we'll spend it on the rocks."

I wonder if Henry Ford will write his auto-biography when he re-tires. —"Del"—

## All Set.

A University student failed in an exam. in all the five subjects he took. He telegraphed to a brother:

"Failed in all five. Prepare Dad."

The brother wired back: "Dad prepared. Prepare yourself."

## Impossible.

Hotel Manager: "What, loafing again! I thought you were turning over a new leaf?"

Page-boy: "How can I? I'm only a page."—Delescope.

Grapefruit needs no newspaper to get itself into the public eye.

## Disappointed Ambition.

"Whats the matter with Billy? He looks so terribly disappointed."

"Poor fellow. He has just finished one of those correspondence courses in piano-playing but nobody laughed when he sat down to play."

Carr, M.4: "I want the life of Caesar."

Miss Laidlaw: "I'm sorry, but Brutus beat you to it."

## Pretty Thick.

"A stout woman I know says: that she is going to give up wearing crimson coats."

"Why crimson any more than any other colors?"

"Because the last time she put it on, it was foggy, and five people tried to push letters into her mouth."—S. Benedetto.

Bob: "Why is it that your father has a large moustache?"

Bill: "Because he put hair restorer on his sandwich, instead of sauce."

## Lazy Bones.

A negro was inspecting a friend's horse.

"You say dat hawse is lazy?"

"Lazy? Man—looka dat fly on his nose. Pestehs him consid'able, but he's waitin' till dey's two or three befo' he bothehs 'bout sneezin' 'em off."

## Had Enough.

Boxing Instructor (after first lesson)—"Now, have you any questions to ask?"

Beginner (dazed)—"Yes; how much is your correspondence course?"

## The Reply Courteous.

Miss Plutus: "But, Captain Hawleigh, would you love me when I grow old and ugly?"

The Captain (gallantly): "You may grow older, my dear Miss Plutus, but you can never grow uglier."

And as he went home, he wondered why she had rejected him.

Doucet—"Do you know why Amos n' Andy cannot get into the movies?"

Tucey—"No. Why?"

Doucet—"Because pepsodent has removed the film."—The Delescope.

## Correct!

Nowadays the only Indians who bite the dust are the ones who eat spinach.—Judge.

## Well Balanced.

(Union Pacific Magazine)

Farmer Hays: "That Jones boy who used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady?"

Farmer Seede: "Well if he was any steadier he'd be motionless."

## An Opening?

Prison Governor: "Everybody here is taught a trade. What would you like to be?"

Convict (brightly): "A travelling salesman."

## On Safe Ground

"I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about, dear," said the wife.

"That's good," answered the husband. "You usually want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."

## Good Old Dad!

He: "I wish you could make the kind of bread my mother used to make."

She: "Well, dear, I wish you could make the kind of dough father used to make."

## Swallowed the Bait.

"So you asked Margaret to marry you?"

"Yes, but I had no luck. She started enquiring about my prospects."

"Why didn't you tell her about your rich uncle?"

"I did, doggone it! Margaret is my aunt now."

Believe it or not, there was once a time when the neighbours dropped in for a call. Now they just call in for a drop.

A Scotchman and a dozen friends had just finished dinner at a very high-priced hotel, when the waiter arrived with the bill.

"Give it to me, I'll pay it," came in loud tones from the Scot.

The next day the following headline appeared in the local newspaper: "Scotchman Strangles Ventriloquist."

## Some Baby.

First Tourist: "Come quick, Jim. Your Mother-in-law is fighting with a big sabre-toothed tiger."

Second Ditto: "Aw, chase yourself, what do I care what happens to a sabre-toothed tiger."



## AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

(Continued)

almost entirely due to your prayers and alms that we were enabled to enjoy such a happy feast. Just think of it! Nineteen hundred years has the Babe of Bethlehem waited for the good Catholics of Canada to procure for Him this additional honor and glory. Reason indeed have we to thank God for such a privilege. Please accept the thanks of our poor Christians, who daily pray for their benefactors beyond the seas.

From Kingyuen we struck out for Lungchuan by a different route, through the mountains. Perched high on the side of these mountains, there is a Christian household of some ten members. Heavenly Mountain is the name of their home, and well indeed it is named. Heavenly it is as regards its height and the difficulty in reaching it. Truly, as the catechist's wife at Kingyuen remarked before setting out, "it is next door to heaven." A miserable cold rain confined us to our alpine quarters for two days. There are three strapping big boys in the family, but I must say they have rather curious nick-names. The eldest is called "black cow," number two "red cow," and number three "yellow cow." The third day, though the weather was by no means settled, we returned to more terrestrial regions, and safely reached Lungchuan, none the worse for our travellings, except a few blisters.

By now, dear readers, I am sure you may all be considered real sinologists. You have visited quite a portion of our missions here. You will have an idea of how the work is carried on, of the difficulties, the obstacles we have to surmount. Let no one think the work is easy. It is not easy, it is very hard, but it must go on and on, till that time when time will be no more. I am sure our missions are going to benefit by your visit, and I am equally sure that you will have benefited. This is already far too long, but I am going to run the gauntlet of the Editor's clippers, by ending with a long quotation from an Apostolic Letter, of Pope Benedict XV., on the missions. You may have already read this letter. I hope you all have read it. In any case, "repetitio adjuvat." The letter was addressed to the Bishops of the entire world,

urging them to stimulate in their flocks a love of the missions, and pointing out the duty that we all have, as Christians, towards the propagation of the Faith. "... We desire, finally, to address Ourselves, without distinction, to all those whom the merciful munificence of God has enriched with the true Faith, and whom He has made to participate in the innumerable benefits that derive from this Faith.

"It is necessary, first of all, that they consider the all-holiness of the obligation that they have to aid the missions among the pagans. Because God 'gave to every one of them, commandment, concerning his neighbor' (Eccl. xvii., 12), and this commandment assures a character the more imperious, in as much as our neighbor is struggling with the greatest of necessities. Are there among men, any, who are in more urgent need of this fraternal assistance, than the infidels, given over, through ignorance of God, to the fury of their passions, and to the worst of all slaveries, that of the demon? Whoever, therefore, will have, according to the measure of his resources, contributed towards enlightening these infidels, especially by supporting the works of the missionaries, will have, by this very fact, fulfilled in a manner pleasing to God one of his most important and manifest obligations."

J. E. VENINI.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, from June 28th to Aug. 17th, 1930:

## Over \$10.00

Mission Bureau Grand Seminary, Montreal, \$35.00; C.C.S.M., St. Peter's School, Toronto, \$20.00; Grey Nuns Convent, Sudbury, \$10.82; St. Joseph H.S. Reserve Mines, \$48.00; Gratitude (Nwfd.), \$30.00; Riverside Schools, Riverside, \$23.00; Notre Dame Convent, Inverness, \$25.00; St. Mary's Academy, Newcastle, \$35.00; St. Rita's School, Toronto, \$12.00; St. Thomas Aquinas School, Halifax, \$12.67; C.N.D. Convent, Sydney Mines, \$18.00; St. Clement's Sep. School, Preston, \$30.45; St. Mary's Girls' School, Halifax, \$12.25; Miss Agnes Coules, \$15.00; St. Mary's Unit, C.C.S.M.C., Halifax, \$25.00; Rev. J. J. McNeil, Dominion No. 4, \$100.00.

## \$10.00

Jno. E. O'Donnell; J. J. Carolan; Notre Dame Convent, Rustico; St.

Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown; J. Drohan; M. J. S.; Austin F. Hall; J. J. Carolan; J. Drohan.

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St. Peter's School, Peterboro, \$9.00; L. McGurty and Mother, \$6.00; St. Augustine School, Montreal, \$5.21; Convent de Cheticamp, Cheticamp, \$6.25; Sunday School, St. Stephen, \$6.00.

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St. Agnes School, Ottawa; Nellie F. Kent; Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wall; Mrs. Jno. Langmuir; Mrs. F. J. Clarke; C. S. Lee; Mrs. S. Sheehan; Jas. Farragher; Michael J. McNeil; Mrs. W. M. Vale; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; St. Michael's School, Douglas.

## Over \$1.00

Mrs. J. Menary, \$2.00; Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, \$1.50; Rose Sibbald, \$2.00; Room 1, St. John's School, St. Catharines, \$2.00; St. Francis School, Smith's Falls, \$4.05; Sacred Heart School, Peterboro, \$1.45; De Brouboeuf School, \$2.00; Entrance Class, St. Ann's Convent, \$3.50; Separate School, Barry's Bay, \$2.50; Alex. McKay School, Halifax, \$2.50; Evelyn Nessing, \$1.20; Marie B. Robichand, \$1.95; St. Joseph's Convent, Calabogie, \$3.22; St. Joseph's School, Reserve Mines, \$2.81; Master Robt. Chafe, \$2.00; L.M.S., St. John's, Nwfd., \$2.00; St. Anthony's Convent, Applehill, \$3.00; Anon., Montreal, \$3.00; St. Paul's School, \$2.00; St. Patrick School, Toronto, \$3.00; E. F. Kelly, \$2.00; Kathleen Bird, \$2.00; Searchmont Sep. School, Creighton Mines, \$3.36; Kay Sharron, \$2.00; Magnopere Study Club, \$1.60; Miss Mary Cooke, \$3.16; St. Agatha's School, Ottawa, \$1.46; Mrs. L. J. Martin, \$2.00; Miss B. M. Claverley, \$2.00; Anon., \$2.15; Maloney Children, \$1.31; Josephine D., Toronto, \$3.00; Mrs. Thos. Fortune, \$2.00; Rev. T. P. Hussey, \$3.00; A Friend, Barrie, \$2.00; C. O. Curley, \$3.00; Louise Pokes, \$3.00; Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McGrath, \$2.00; Miss K. B. Andrews, \$2.00; Miss Ellie Devine, \$4.00.

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We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions to burses, from June 28th to Aug. 17th, 1930:

Blessed Sacrament Burse, Miss Mary E. O'Brien, \$3.00; Queen of Apostles Burse, Form 2, St. Catharines School, \$8.25; Madeline Sophie Burse, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, \$50.00; Madeline Sophie Burse, Mission Unit, College St. School, Halifax, \$75.00; St. Theresa Burse, Mrs. P. Kelly, \$5.00.



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Dear Father,

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have full information.

Sincerely yours,

Name .....

Address .....

**St. Francis Xavier Seminary**

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Canada



# CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS

OCTOBER, 1930



HUGE BANANA LEAF—OUR GARDEN—CHUCHOW.  
(Photo by Fr. Fraser)





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# A Word to Our Readers

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## ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.

Oct. 1, 1930

Dear Friends and Readers of China:

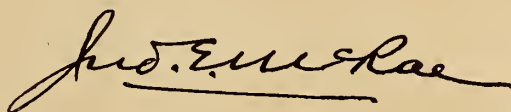
Our Seminary, the outcome of Father Fraser's steadfast conviction of the necessity of an institution in Canada to take part in the conversion of China, has been long enough in existence to be well known. The result of its work is ample justification of the faith and sacrifices of all who were instruments in its forming. Its first students are now missionary priests in China and it is attracting students from coast to coast.

So many are seeking admission that this year it is taxed beyond capacity. As time goes on, many more, heeding the appeals of the Holy Father and inspired by the Eternal Shepherd with zeal for souls, will apply. With its accommodation now overtaxed, what is to be done? To limit the number of prospective missionaries would be to betray the faith of its founders and friends and to be recreant in our confidence in God.

As it was started on nothing but trust in Him whose expressed mandate was to gather together "the sheep that are not of this fold"; and as the results thus far achieved are clearly indicative of the Divine will, we are going ahead, convinced that "He who began a good work will continue it to the end". We are going to provide additional accommodation, although we have no more with which to start a new building than Father Fraser had in the beginning.

We are confident, however, that He who inspires us to "stretch forth to that which is before" will always inspire you, Dear Readers, and your many friends, to come to our aid. God's work must go on, and all who help will become co-workers with us in saving souls that otherwise are certain to be lost.

Yours sincerely in Christ,





## A Message from Father Fraser

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October 1, 1930.

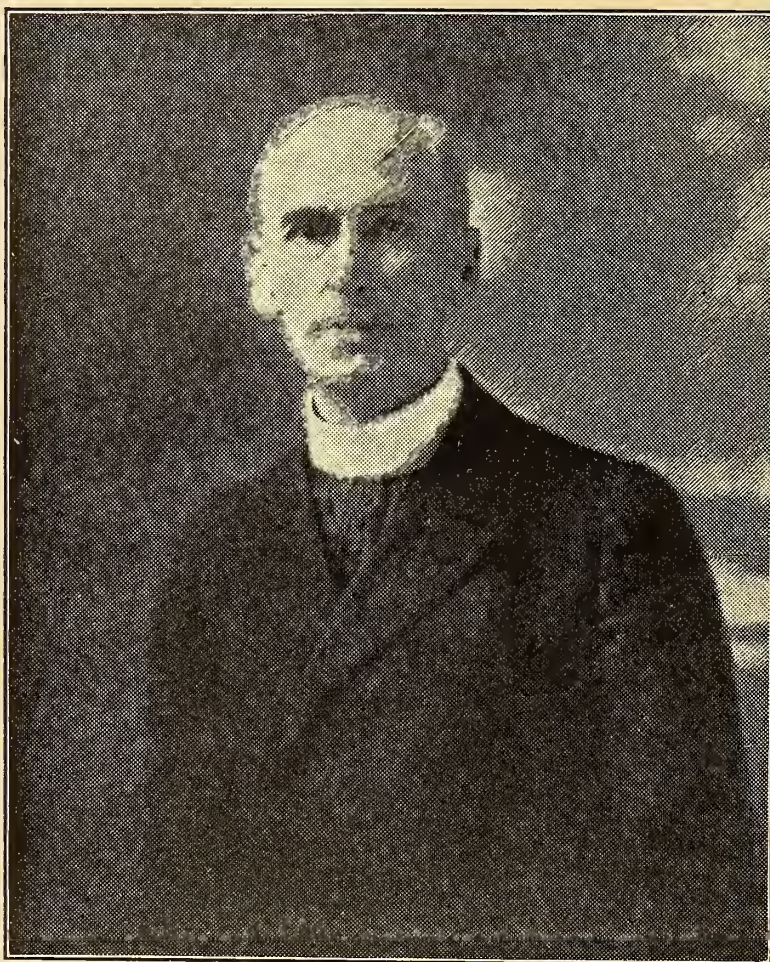
My dear friends and well wishers of China:

In this greeting of mine there is both joy and sadness, joy because I am with you once more, sadness because I am temporarily separated from my beloved flock in China.

First, accept my heartfelt thanks for your generous support of the Chuchow Mission, without which, on account of the extreme poverty of the people, our work would have been impossible. Through your co-operation we were enabled during the short period of four years to build two churches, a rectory and a convent; our priests increased from the original three pioneers — whose departure you may perhaps remember—to twelve, with prospects of many more in the near future. Also, now for the first time in its history, we have Sisters in Chuchow, our own Canadian Sisters.

Greater results still have come to us from your spiritual almsgiving, for while in other districts on

account of the prevailing confusion, the missionaries found it almost impossible to propagate the Faith, Chuchow, with exception of a few short periods, enjoyed the blessing of peace, enabling us to preach the gospel to thousands of persons unmolested.



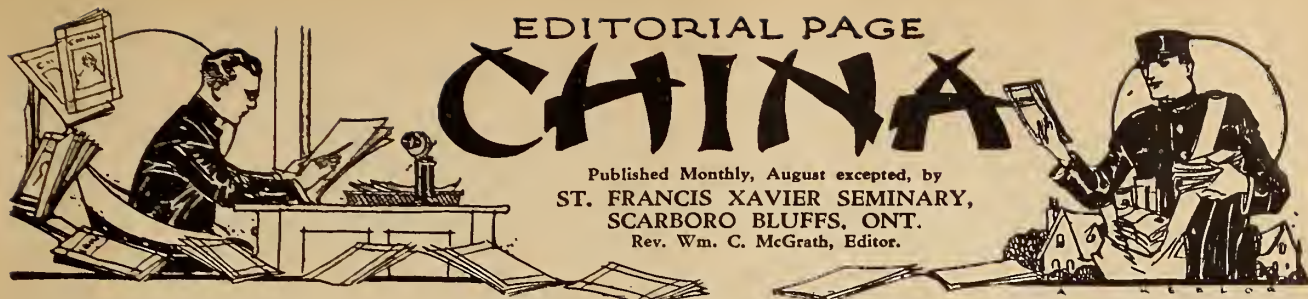
On my return to Canada I am delighted to find such an increase in our student body that we actually have not accommodation for them, for now they number thirty. This necessitates an addition to the present building, and we are utterly without the necessary funds. However, we are not dismayed, as Providence will provide.

During the next few months I intend to visit many of my old friends in Canada, to rouse further interest in the conversion of China, with the special view of encouraging vocations for the missionary life.

Yours most gratefully,

*J. M. Fraser*





VOL. XI.

... CHINA ...

No. 10.

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## R. I. P.

In the passing of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Lepers, V.G., Administrator of the Diocese of Ningpo, our missionaries in China have lost a prudent counsellor and kindly friend. A sad feature of his death is that it occurred in the absence of His Lordship Bishop Defebvre, who was making his ad limina visit to the Holy See.

From the time we took over the territory of Chuchow, Msgr. Lepers always manifested a fatherly interest in the welfare of our young priests. A veteran of forty years' experience in China he could well appreciate the strangeness of the conditions with which our young priests had to contend, and his kindly counsel did much to help them over the difficulties of those early years.

As in life, so in death, Msgr. Lepers was an example and an inspiration to those who are now making their first steps along the road he began to travel forty years ago. Far away from home and loved ones, most of whom had preceded him into eternity, this veteran missionary and truly noble soul was called to his reward.

We look into the future and we think

that many years from now, one by one, our own young missionaries will have finished their task. Now is the privilege theirs to grasp the cross from the failing hands of such noble soldiers of Christ's Foreign Legion and carry on for Him Who died for souls. But when they too have fought the good fight, when the shadows lengthen and the eventide of life draws near, God grant that theirs may have been a life filled as was the life of our dear departed friend, with years of quiet heroism and lonely sacrifice bravely and silently borne. That, after all, is their ideal; those, the sacrifices they accept when they hear the call to sever forever the ties of flesh and blood and leave all things for Christ. Not to this life must they look for reward nor to home and loved ones they may never see again, but to our loving Father in Heaven, Who has said: "Every one that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting."

Our friends will join with us in prayers for the repose of our dear friend's soul. May he rest in peace.

## Father Fraser Returns

Father Fraser, founder of our Seminary for China and for the past five years Mission Superior in our district of Chuchow, has once more returned to Canada, this time to engage in another work of vital importance, a campaign to raise funds for the erection of an addi-

tion to our present Seminary. Already he has begun the work and with the same tireless energy and determination which has characterized his every undertaking since the day when he began what at that time seemed an impossible dream, the founding of an institution in



Canada where young men would be trained for the Missions of China.

Prior to his departure from China he completed the convent at Chuchow, with the assistance of his brother, Father William, who designed the very handsome building which appears in a full page photo in this issue. And now, with a record of wonderful achievement behind he is beginning again at new beginnings, attempting to make possible the erection of another and a larger Seminary building than the one we now occupy. That he will succeed in his attempt we cannot doubt, knowing Father Fraser and knowing perhaps equally well the wonderful spirit of generosity and charity of the people of Canada and Newfoundland.

#### A VITAL NECESSITY

At present two alternatives confront us. We must either build an addition to our present institution or accept no more students for China. This year we are crowded to the doors. When the Seminary was built, rooms were made of sufficient size comfortably to accommodate one student. At the present time some of them are being occupied by two students. Unless we can provide greater accommodation for next year, we shall be up against the sad necessity of turning down new applicants for the work and that is unthinkable. So we are making a start towards the much needed new building with the hope that it will be possible to begin work this Fall. Whether or not this will be within our reach will depend entirely upon the generosity of the response to our appeal.

We do not believe in the policy of wearvying our readers with appeals. As a matter of fact, CHINA has been charged with being too much the other way. "Why," said one of our friends some time ago, "if you simply keep on telling people stories about China and printing joke pages and children's letters, you will soon find that CHINA is very entertaining, but that people will forget that you have such a thing as needs at home."

Be that as it may, we have been consistently averse to making every issue of our little paper a "For Heaven's sake" appeal. We believe that when a real need arises, our friends will not be found wanting. We could not believe otherwise in view of all they have accomplished for us in the past. And now we leave it to our readers to judge for themselves whether or not our need is a very real one. It is simply a question of providing shelter for those young men who are prepared to give themselves—they cannot give more—for the great work of saving souls in China.

Hence, with great enthusiasm, great expectation and great trust in Providence, we launch our appeal for funds for our new Seminary. Many of our readers will have the pleasure of hearing Father Fraser himself during the course of his campaign. But through CHINA, our 100,000 readers can know at once of the need that is ours and a small donation right now from even half our our subscribers would enable us to start work at once.

SEND YOUR DONATION . . . TO-DAY.

## Crusaders of Toronto to Rally in October

NOTED MISSIONARIES TO BE PRESENT — WILL PLAN FOR  
GENERAL CONVENTION IN 1931.

FIVE THOUSAND WILL ASSEMBLE.

October 12th will be Crusade Day in Toronto, and judging from the earnestness and interest of the officers of the six senior units, it will be a most important occasion.

The present plans call for a meeting of Crusaders and friends on Friday evening at Columbus Hall. The feature of this event will be an illustrated lecture by that zealous and indefatigable Missionary, Rev. Father Fraser, who has lately returned from the mission field of Chuchow.

Saturday morning at St. Michael's Cathedral the Crusaders will attend Mass, to be celebrated by His Grace Archbishop McNeil. Rev. Father Daly, founder of the Sisters of Service, will deliver the sermon.

At ten-thirty a Crusade meeting will be held in St. Michael's Hall. Short talks will be given by Father McGrath of St. Francis Xavier Seminary; Father James of the Extension Society, and a Sister of Service. Following this will be a discussion of matters pertaining to the General Convention to be held in Toronto in 1931.

In the afternoon at two-thirty at St. Joseph's Convent, an illustrated lecture will be given by Rev. Father Roy of the White Fathers. A Social intermission will be followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and Crusaders will return to their units inspired to make this year the most outstanding one in Missionary endeavours.

#### DEVELOPMENT NOTICED IN CRUSADE JOURNAL

Increases to Eight Pages—Noted Writers to Contribute  
Articles—Circulation Now Four Thousand.

First Issue October First

The news has leaked out from the Crusade office at 67 Bond Street, Toronto, that the new Crusade Journal is to be a very imposing one. From four pages it will advance to eight pages. This increase in size is an indication of the growing popularity of this but three-year-old journal.

Features this year will include articles from the pen of Rev. Dr. Curran, Director of the Crusade in the Maritime Provinces, and from Rev. Bro. Azarias, Director of the first Ukrainian unit at Yorkton, Sask.

The object of the Crusade paper is to stimulate Mission activity among students; to tell them what Missionaries are doing; what they need and how we may help them. It will be eight pages of absorbing and most interesting articles.

Notwithstanding the increase in size and the new features, the subscription rate will remain at two cents a copy. As usual, it will be published the first and fifteenth of every month.



# Father Desmond

*in*

# CHINA

For the following intimate glimpses of the experiences of a new missionary in China we are indebted to the Catholic Record, the paper which has ever been such a wonderful friend of our work. Father Desmond, of course, is our own Father Stringer, and the fact that his letters were not written for publication invests them with an appealing simplicity of style.

The following extracts from Father Stringer's letters give us some intimate glimpses of China. Chatty and cheerful, despite hardships, under which we soft stay-at-homes would give up, they reveal qualities as necessary in the far-off mission field as piety or prayerfulness: not the least of these is a Mark Tapley cheerfulness and a generous share of that great gift of God — a sense of humor.

Our young Canadian missionaries had been to Ningpo for their annual retreat; when they got back to Chuchow Father Desmond wrote:

"Back home once more, and believe me I am not a bit sorry because travelling in weather such as this is not to my liking. We had only been back an hour or so when Nature treated us to a perfect display of Oriental fireworks and a reproduction of the Deluge, but the air was as warm after as before.

"Our trip down the river a few weeks ago was made in cool weather. No bandits put in a tangible appearance, although we heard plenty of rumors. One thing one learns very soon in

China is to take all hearsay with a barrel of salt, not just the customary pinch. We got to Wenchow without any mishap and took the steamer to Ningpo where we made our retreat; and, incidentally, heard more wild stories of the bandit lads. Apparently everyone who has no fixed job is a member of this Brotherhood. There is a story going round now that we priests here in Chuchow have quite a drag with these boys, apparently because we buried one of their number who had died.

"But the most exciting part of the trip was the return. We left Ningpo Sunday morning with all the ordinary indications of a quick trip back to Wenchow. But the good old Pacific was acting up bad and some of our band had a rather bad attack of the old dilemma, *mal de mer*. There are just two stages in this disease: during the first you are afraid you will die, then you are afraid you won't! These coast steamers are not so very large, and they bob around quite a bit. But the monotony was broken. I sat out on the top deck at the back of the ship and had an hour or two ex-

perience in bronco busting. There was no danger of a wave breaking over us—these ships ride the waves much more easily than the Empress. This slowed our speed and we arrived at Hai-Men some hours late. Bishop Hou resides here—he is one of the six consecrated in Rome.

"It was here the fun started. The soldiers commandeered our boat. That is a way they have, you know. The captain looked over our rooms and we thought that our stay in Hai-Men was going to be prolonged. They put everyone else off, and took the quarters of the boat's servants. What the Captain of the steamer said was in Chinese; but I don't think it would bear printing anyhow! However, Providence was watching out for us and we kept our rooms. They piled some six or seven hundred soldiers on board, jammed them in as best they could, and then with true Chinese speed waited all night before they started out. I think the captain must have been 'vexed,' because he gave them an awful ride. The boat did everything but stand on its ear. And maybe those poor soldiers weren't



sick! Everyone seemed to have a chip on the shoulder, and I for one would like to massage the nose of the militia captain. It would have been tough luck for the sun if it didn't rise at just the right hour for that big boy! The Demon of the sea tried to get me once or twice, but by dint of Coueism I kept him at bay. They told us we would reach Wenchow about 8 a.m.; so I resigned myself to the fact that we would be lucky to be there by 7 p.m. — we actually arrived at 6.30 p.m. The soldiers were not to be allowed off until the next morning, so we had to leave our baggage on all night. I caught a ricksha at the wharf and went to the Mission. It is quite a different thing to see China by night from what it is by day. There are no white-ways to light up the city. Much of the sordidness of the place is hidden by the dark. Candles and lamps cast a sort of enchanting glow over everything. The people 'dress up' for the evening and one is rather pleased with the appearance they make. My ricksha man elbowed his way through a mass of carriers, travelling confectionery stores, fruit stores, water carriers and the rest. Every last one of them must get a look at the

'foreigner.' I always manage to smile at them and they are not slow in responding. I feel very sorry for these people, the victims of circumstances and of almost impossible, and altogether incredible, poverty. Given a fair break I'm sure they would turn out to be real stuff from which good Christians are made. A ruling class seldom reflects the best qualities of those beneath them.

"We couldn't leave the Mission here for a day or two because bandits were active (supposedly.) We decided to wait no longer and went. Our trip up the river didn't reveal any traces of these ethereal marauders, but the weather more than made up for any disagreeableness they might have occasioned. Ye gods! People in Canada don't know what heat is. Even the breeze (when there is any) is like a whiff of flame. We managed to get three or four swims in the river, but the water didn't have the kick of the good old Ottawa or Gatineau. We walked the last six li (about two miles) under a broiling sun and when I got to the Mission I had a first hand idea of what Purgatory must be like, with an equal desire not to spend any time there if possible.

"And thus we live. It really is a great life. Once I get cooled off I forget what the heat was like. Maybe, when I'm here two or three hundred years I'll get used to it. Anyway September will be here in three months, and it is a delightful season."

DESMOND.

In a later letter Father Desmond tries to tell how much more deeply heartfelt and soulfelt, after living in Pagan lands, is one's gratitude to God for the blessings of the Christian religion and a Christian civilization:

"When I look back to Canada and see our churches practically empty during the week I wish for the fire of St. Paul and the heart of St. John and the life of Methuselah to change it all. Doubtless I would have been content to let things go as they are, not having been awakened by the contrast. It would be wonderful if all young priests could go to the foreign missions for a few years before they took up their ministry at home. Then what zeal and faith and love would direct their every action. When I think this way my thoughts just tumble over one another and I can't write anything. I tell you the Little



Our Priests and Students, 1930-31, the largest enrolment since our Seminary was opened. To accommo



Flower has worked a complete change in me. Anything, everything, for souls. Pray for me that I may save souls. Never mind asking for grace for me, nor for my safety nor ease; nothing but that I may save souls! That I may bring Chinese souls to God and to Christ!"

Writing to his Grey Nun aunt Father Desmond reveals that joyous confidence in his vocation to the China Mission which was so evident all the years of his preparation. Also his tender devotion to the Little Flower as usual bubbles up and over:

"If I live to be a million years old I'll just be a million times more thankful for the grace of graces, my calling to China. I often wondered if the Little Flower would work a miracle for me if I were blinded or otherwise maimed; and here she has worked a most stupendous one, for humanly speaking, a westerner could not live this life. I know that my happiness and contentment now are God-given. Pray that I may be a good 'fisherman.' Don't bother about anything else."

Father Desmond, in a note at the end says: "This is not for publication, for I have not yet quite

mastered your instructions." Precisely because he had no worry about "publication" the dear boy reveals, unintentionally, that saintly cheerfulness and that God-given sense of humor which characterize those generous young souls who have given their lives and their life work to the China missions. So much is said and written, because of a lack of sympathy and understanding, against the pleasure-mad younger generation, that we welcome this evidence that the youngsters are really sound at heart, and as capable of heroic self-sacrifice as were any of those who lived in past ages. For if young Canadian Catholics were not high-minded, spiritual, clean of heart and pure of soul, the China Mission College—St. Francis Xavier Seminary—might indeed have been built and paid for out of the well-known generosity of Canadian Catholics; but of what use would it be without those spiritual-minded, generous-souled young men, fired with missionary zeal to fill it to capacity.

We live in an age of marvels. We listen over the radio to eminent statesmen talking on the other side of the world. And even

if we don't "listen-in" everything that happens in any part of the world is immediately flashed to us over the wires, under the ocean, or through the air. The postal service, in that incredible efficiency which we take so much for granted, is in itself a marvel, almost a miracle.

And amongst all the marvels and miracles of the age there is that marvel and miracle of money. You read this article and in spirit you are in China with those young countrymen—aye, and country-women—of whom we are so proud. Angelic spirits are able to pass from place to distant place with the rapidity of a flash of thought. Money—sordid as it may be when loved for itself or for unworthy motives—gives us almost angelic power. You feel, we know you feel at this very moment, a generous impulse to help our dear Canadian China Mission. It may be the prompting of your own kindness of heart; it may be just a sense of decency and self-respect that impels you to turn with a shudder from deserving the epithet of shirker or slacker: more probably it is an inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God.



year's applicants we must provide an addition to our present building which is overcrowded this year.



That marvelous thing, money, enables you to help those young missionaries, men and women; to co-operate in their work; just as if you were by their side in far-off China. You don't need to master the mysteries of world-wide exchange. You have only to send your contribution, whether the widow's mite or the generous offering of the grateful well-to-do, to The Catholic Record Office to complete those Burses for the education and formation of young men for the China Mission. Each \$5,000.00 invested in perfectly safe securities, will yield a revenue that will educate one missionary; when he goes out, another takes his place; and this goes on in perpetuity! Think of it: You will be remembered in the prayers, and, later on, in the Masses of the beneficiaries of these Burses. Year after year, all your life long; and year after year when, stripped of this mortal body, you are received into the world to come, and you will share in the prayers, the Masses, the good works, of those high-souled young missionaries; nor will you be forgotten when years and work and devotion and zeal have crowned those young missionaries with venerable old age and life-long service faithfully performed.



A recent snapshot of the late Msgr. Lepus, taken by Fr. Amyot this summer at retreat time.

## BOOK REVIEW

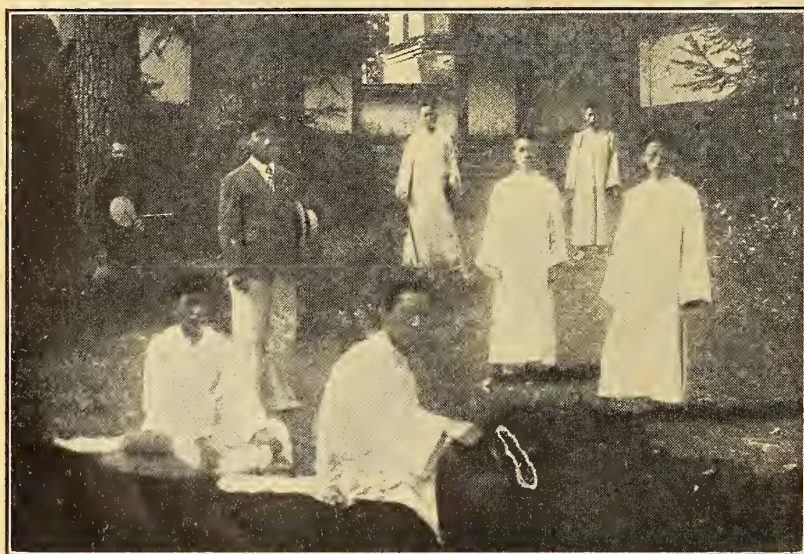
**The Eucharistic Life**, by Rev. Charles F. Curran, S.T.D., with introduction by Most Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$1.75.

Something strikingly different among the many devotional works recently appearing on the Blessed Sacrament is given to us in "The Eucharistic Life." Enunciating the principle that the Blessed Virgin Mary whilst on earth during the lifetime of Her Son was continuously conscious or aware of His Presence, the author develops the thought that we Catholics, dwelling in the midst of so many tabernacles of Jesus, should be always mindful of our Emmanuel.

That the author treats logically and faithfully this central idea is seen from the titles of the chapters. Thus, in order, we are presented with thoughts on Morning Prayers, Meditation, Mass, Communion, Our Meals, Our Work, Recreation, Spiritual Reading, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, A Visit to the City, The Book of Nature, Benediction, Sickness, Vesper Audience and Sleep.

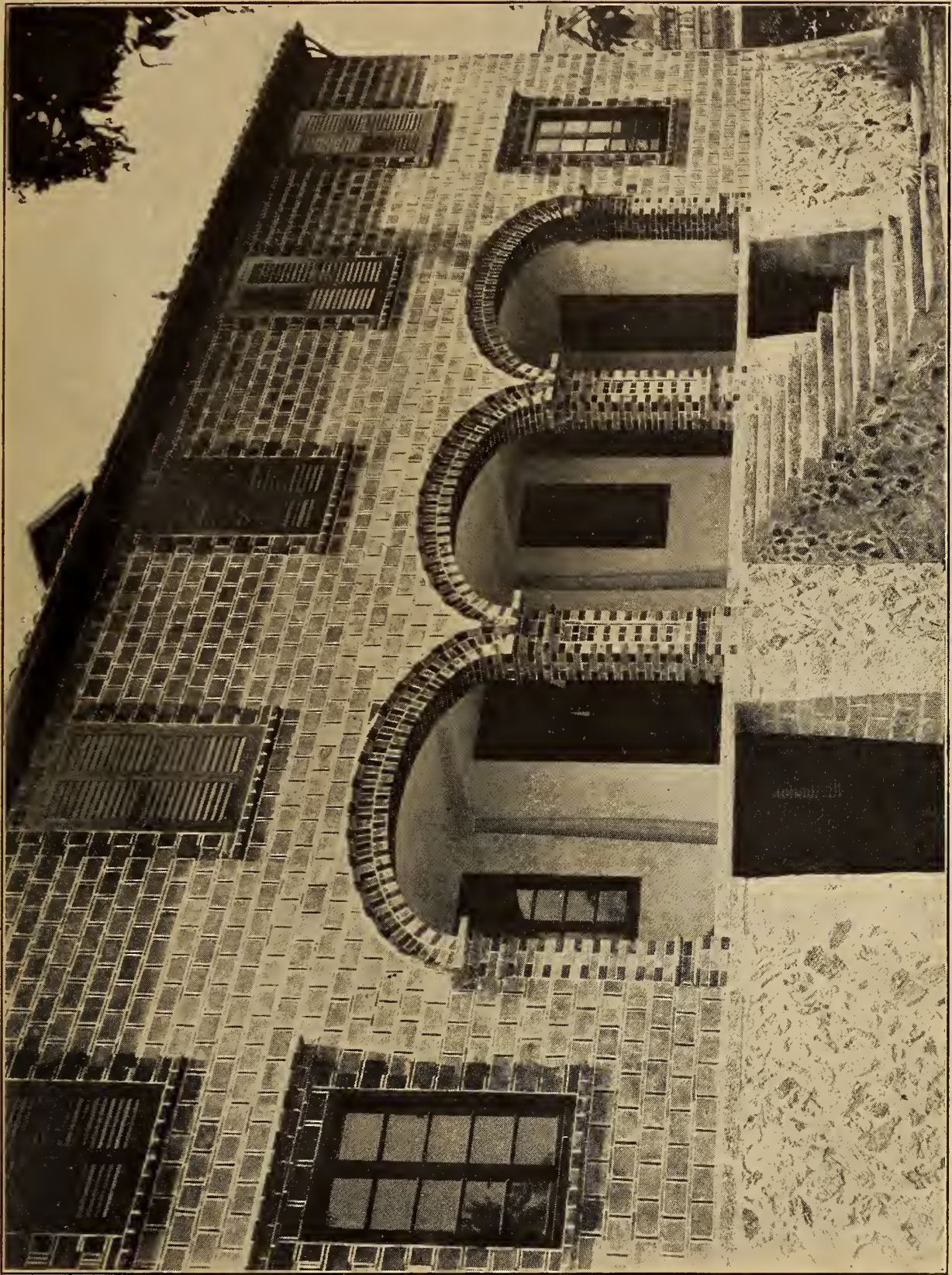
By following "The Eucharistic Life" as a guide, readers will constantly be reminded of the presence of the Unseen Occupant of our Tabernacles, and we cannot but feel that a real increase of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament will be the result. Only too often do the doors of the Churches, closing upon our retreating forms on a Sunday morning, signal the last reflected thoughts of the week about the Real Presence. "Eucharistic Life" will bring the Blessed Sacrament nearer to us, giving a clearer perception that Jesus living in His Tabernacle is there to be honored, loved, adored and praised at every moment of the day.

We are proud of the fact that a Canadian Priest has given us this excellent work, permeated with the spirit of the ages of faith. Never was just such a volume more necessary, to repair the manifold ingratitude and irreverence of our day and to bring men nearer to the love of our Hidden Saviour.



Fr. Serra (left background) and Fr. Kam (centre) with friends at Lungchuan.





The new Convent, Chuchow, built by Father Fraser before he left for Canada. His brother, Fr. William, designed the building.



# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by



FATHER JIM

# ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds:

How's everybody! And I sincerely hope you will all have a wonderful vacation. During the summer I had the pleasure of meeting many of the Buds and do you know what they asked me?

"Who's Father Jim and what does he look like?"

Of course I had to be loyal to Father Jim and not give him away although it was hard sometimes to look unconcerned. They never guessed that Father Jim was speaking to them and he certainly was tickled to learn of their wonderful interest in the Rose Garden. I hear that many new friends have been made by many of the Buds and some of them have a regular correspondence school of fellow members. Here's hoping that during the coming year the Buds may come to know one another even better. After all, we're all united by a common aim, to help the Missions by our prayers and Holy Communion. And we cannot do so without helping ourselves and making ourselves very much better. So you see we really ought to be a happy big family, as we are, each Bud interested in the welfare of every other one and all united to bring down many blessings on the Missions by our prayers and little sacrifices from time to time.

For the benefit of new members we are stating once more the **SOLE CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP** in The Little Flower's Rose Garden. There are no fees, no dues, no financial obligations of any kind. The great purpose of the Rose Garden is as we have stated above and here are the two promises made by every member:

(1) I PROMISE TO SAY EVERY DAY THE PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF CHINA.

(2) I PROMISE TO GO TO HOLY COMMUNION ONCE A MONTH FOR THE INTENTION THAT GOD MAY GRANT THE GRACE OF MORE MISSIONARY VOCATIONS.

These are absolutely the only conditions of membership.

Some of the Buds have suggested that we should say "once a week" instead of once a month for Holy Communion. Many of them do go week-


ly and they show a wonderful spirit but not all the members would be able to do so and hence once a month would make it possible for many more to join the Garden.

And now, what shall we have during this year? Send along your suggestions as to how to make the Rose Garden bigger and better in every way. One thing we do need and that is your picture. Send it along as soon as possible. And here's hoping that we shall all have a very happy year together as buds in Garden of the Little Flower.

Sincerely,

FATHER JIM.

## A Prayer for the Conversion of China

 LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. Amen.

300 days Indulgence

171 Nicholas St., Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Father Jim and Buds:

Here I am again! Vacation is over and now for another ten months of hard work. Oh dear! I don't know how many things I want to ask. It's so many I'm afraid I don't know where to begin.

Could you please tell me Ellen Cain's (Spaniard's Bay, Nfld) address? I wrote to her a couple of times but never got any answer so I guess it must have been the wrong address I put on.

I saw in CHINA where Freda Maurice said that she hadn't received an answer to her letters to me. Well, just tell her that I wrote to her twice and I haven't received an answer yet.

I'm still asking for Corries. I have thirteen now but some aren't very regular so I want some more (from fourteen to sixteen years old). I'll soon be fifteen and am in Third form at school.

I should like to hear from Rose (Frances Kurtinis). She wrote to me once last December and I answered her letter.

As ever,

Ningie.

Well, Ningie, I think you have Ellen Cain's address correct. Just Spaniard's Bay, Nfld. And no doubt by now Freda has received your letters and probably written you. Say, but you must be busy with all your Corries. Here's hoping your request will be granted.

FATHER JIM.

## ELUSIVE FATHER JIM.

59 Bannerman St.,  
St. John's, Nfld.

There are two students here from St. Francis Xavier Seminary and we are trying to get them to show us your picture but they will not. So today we were tormenting one of them and he drew a picture of you and told us to send it to you. I only hope it isn't like you.

We are really trying to find out who you are and I hope we will succeed. For we have the life tormented out of the two students.

Goodbye and I hope we will soon know who you are,

NELLIE BUCKLEY.

(Literary Lou).

Never mind, Nellie. Wait till I catch the students who drew that picture of me! Of course I cannot say if it is true to life as that would be letting the cat out of the bag.

P.O. Box 253, Canso, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

I wish to join the Rose Garden and I hope you'll be so kind as to give me a pen-name. I am nine years old and I wish to get some pals of my own age to write to me.



My uncle is studying to be a priest at your Seminary and we are trying to get him to tell what your right name is. But he will not.

Please tell Beatrice McCormick (Sunbonnet Sue) to write me.

MARY CHAFE.

I bet he could tell you all about Father Jim, Mary, if he wanted to. Just think. Someday you may be writing to your uncle away out in China. How about Little Red Ridding Hood for a pen name?

Ridgetown, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I want to be a Bud in the Little Flower's Garden. I am 8 years old and Father Gignac is my brother. I made my First Communion on the day of his First Mass. I would like some pen pals.

DORIS GIGNAC (Tiny).

That was a wonderful day, Doris, for everybody and we remember you very well. Your dear brother is now doing wonderful work for souls in China and I am sure you hear from him from time to time. I am sure many of the Buds will write you.

25 Vine St., Thorold, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join your Club. I am going to take "Merry Sunshine" for my pen name. I hope your Club will grow each year and be a success. Do you send cards each year to members on their birthday? Would you please write to me the names of some carries so I can correspond with them.

I have one corrie in the Jolly Junior Sunshine Club. She lives in Palm Beach Florida. Do you send pins to the members when they join? I have one thing more to ask you. What is the name of your club?

Yours sincerely,

JEAN SMYTH.

What a beautiful name, Merry Sunshine. Nothing could be more welcome in any Garden. Yes, we do send pins and also certificates to new members but we do not know the birthdays of our buds. Wouldn't it be a nice idea if they let us know!

82 Drummond St. E.,

Perth, Ont.

I am very much interested in the work in China. I also take great interest in your little magazine. I am fifteen years old and in Third Form High school.

I would like to correspond with girls fifteen or sixteen and would love to hear from girls in Newfoundland or the Maritime Provinces. I have chosen for my pen name, "Ouneta."

Your new bud,

MARY M. KERR.

We hope some of our buds from the East will write Mary.

DESCRIBES FATHER JIM.

625 Gilmour St.,  
Peterboro, Ont.

As I have not written you in a long while no doubt you will wonder who this letter is from. I saw in the CHINA where some of the Buds were very interested in the competition of descriptions of yourself.

From the nice interesting page you put in the CHINA every month I imagine I can see you, tall and thin with a rosy complexion. Your hair is sandy and you have not much of it. Judging from the number of Buds in the Rose Garden I imagine you are jolly, very fond of children and not hard to look at. I hope my description of you will not encourage you by any means to lose your head.

Very gratefully yours,

BARBARA HICKEY.

I hope not, Barbara, especially when I know that it is your own kind thoughts that have helped you form a nice picture of Father Jim.

CORRIE BOX.

Marguerite Dawson (White Rose), Riverhead, Harbour Grace, Nfld., would like to hear from Buds and promises to answer letters received.

All buds having the name "Bluebird" are requested to write to Dorothy Parrington, 191 Nicholas St., Ottawa, Ont.

"Beaver" asks us to thank Dorothy Logan, St. John, N.B., for stamps received. Also Sunbonnet Sue.

Mary M. Keer, 82 Drummond St. E., Perth, Ont., is anxious to hear from girls 15 or sixteen years of age in Newfoundland or the Maritime Provinces.

Margaret Condon, Thorold, Ont., wants to hear from more of the Buds.

Marieville, Edith Ave.,

East St. John, N.B.

Dear Father Jim:

Your Rose Garden has attracted my attention for some months and I note you have some Buds from the Western Parish of this city, Fairville. I think it is time someone gets into print from this new Parish, Stella Maris.

Here we have a very large Shrine erected in honor of St. Therese and before which we have five Novenas each year and special devotions each Sunday afternoon. At novenas thousands attend and many have been the graces obtained through the Little Flower's intercession.

As I write beautiful flowers adorn the Shrine. Among them there are some very fine gladiolas and this is going to be my pen name. If there are any buds interested in this Shrine at Stella Maris Church, where I am an altar boy I shall be glad to correspond with them. I enclose a print for publication in CHINA if you can find the space.

Yours among the Buds,

GRANT E. F. GROVES,

(Gladiola).

Many thanks, Grant, for the beautiful print in calendar form. But, unfortunately it will not reproduce as a picture having already been "screened" to make a cut for the calendar.

I suppose the buds want to know what "screened" means. Well, when pictures are to be put in a magazine they are photographed through a camera with a very fine screen before the lens, like a fly screen only very much finer. Then the image is transferred to metal. Look at any of the pictures in this month's CHINA very closely and you will notice that they are covered with little black and white dots. If you have a magnifying glass you will see them very clearly. It is by means of these dots that it is possible to print a picture in a paper because if the surface were just flat all you would get would be a black smudge.

"My daddy has been gone away nearly three years," writes Patrick Francis O'Halligan, St. John's Nfld., "and we have heard nothing from him for over two years. Please ask the Buds to pray for mommy and myself and help us to find out if daddy is dead or alive."

A request that the Buds will be most happy to grant, we are sure. You have our deepest sympathy, Patrick, you and your dear mother, and we shall all pray that you may have the happiness of hearing from your daddy before very long. We have never received a more touching letter than yours and the Buds who are all so happy with their fathers and mothers at home would love to be able to help you.

WIFE GOT BEATEN FOR  
HER HAIRCUT, BAR-  
BER IS FINED.

Shanghai.—Mrs. Chen Ye-Wen decided to get a haircut in the new fashionably short style. So she went to Zai Ku-sing, Shanghai barber, and had the job done.

On returning home Mrs. Chen met her husband, who is a Chinese gentleman of the old school. Disliking new-fangled haircuts, he beat his wife. Presently husband, wife and barber appeared in court.

The husband admitted beating his wife but blamed the barber for doing the deed which gave him provocation.

After due meditation, the judge of the Shanghai district court fined the husband \$1 for beating his wife, but fined the barber \$2 for administering a hair cut without making sure that it would not stir domestic trouble.

IN THANKSGIVING.

The Sisters of Charity, Sacred Heart Academy, Bathurst, N.B., express thanks for special favor received through the intercession of the Little Flower and the Canadian Martyrs.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

## Bargain Rates?

Scot — "How much dae ye charge for yer ferry?"

Ferryman—"A halfpenny, sir."  
"Hae ye no excursions?"

What's the use? By the time a man outgrows faith in Santa Claus, he begins to believe every new cream will make shaving easier.

Visitor: "That is a beautiful clock. Is it insured?"

Manager: "No but it is absolutely safe. There are more than a hundred people working on this floor, and every one of them is watching it"

If Nature really develops protective coloration, why isn't the pedestrian beginning to resemble a tack?

## Life's Grandest Moment.

Engine - Driver's Sweetheart—  
"And do you always think of me during your long night trips?"

Engine-Driver: "Do I? Why I've wrecked two trains that way already."

Engine - Driver's Sweetheart—  
"Oh, you darling!"—Tit-Bits.

Jack: "I see that each person in America eats a mile of sausage per year."

Bill: "Doncha believe it. That's a lot o' boloney."

## In Rush Hours.

First Straphanger—"I've been travelling on this line for three years and never offered my seat to a woman."

Second Straphanger — "You certainly are no gentleman."

First Straphanger—No; it isn't that. I've never had a seat.

Our Idea of Futility: Telling hair-raising stories to a bald-headed man.—Johnson.

## Relativity With a Kick.

Ned: "Have you known Phyllis long?"

Ted: "Oh, yes. I've known her ever since we were the same age!"  
—Life.

## When Culture Counts.

Knockout Riley: "Cheeze, kid. Dat last article you wrote for de paper wuz a pippin."

One-round Pete: "Dat's wot dey tell me. Y'know, buddy, sometimes I wish't I could read."  
—Life.

## Fortune of War.

"Well, Sambo," said an American judge, "so you and your wife have been fighting again. Liquor, I suppose?"

"No, sah," said Sambo; "she licked me this time."

—Montreal Star.

## Getting Even.

The fatal word had just been spoken. The rejected suitor was standing before her listening to her elaborate explanations of her decision.

"I trust that I have made myself sufficiently plain," she said.

"It's only fair to give nature the credit for that," he murmured, as he retired in good order.

—Calgary Herald.

Mr. Long: "I had to kill my dog last night."

Charlie: "Was he mad?"

Mr. Long: "Well, he didn't seem any too pleased about it."

## Something to Smoke, Maybe.

Modern Child (seeing rainbow for first time)—"What's it supposed to advertise, dad?"

—Passing Show.

## Wanted: A Yawning Chasm.

Bore: "You know, I'm funny—always throw myself into anything I undertake."

Pretty Girl—"How splendid! Why don't you dig a well?"

—Missouri Outlaw.

## Proud Equine.

"The horse you sold me last week is a fine animal, but I can't get him to hold his head up."

"That's because of his pride. He'll hold it up as soon as he's paid for."

## "What is a pedestrian, Daddy?"

"It is a person with a wife, daughter, two sons, and a car."  
—Aera, quoted by the Christian Leader.

## Surrendered.

A terrific battle between a shark and a whale off the coast of Florida is reported in the news columns. We don't know how it finally came out, but we assume the whale gave in and bought the real estate.

—New York Evening State.

## Reversed Proverb.

"Pawson," said Aunt Caroline ferociously, "I'd like to kill dat low-down husband o' mine."

"Why, Caroline, what's he done?"

"Done, Why, he's done and left de chicken-house door open, and all de chickens has escaped."

"Oh, well, that's nothing. Chickens, you know, come home to roost."

"Come home?" groaned Aunt Caroline. "Come home? Pawson, dem chickens'll go home!"

—Case and Comment (Chicago).





## STAMP CORNER.

Well, it's great to be back at the desk once more, and to look forward to pleasant exchanges of correspondence with enthusiastic members of the stamp corner. Fall and winter—that is the stamp time de luxe, when the long evenings invite attention to the old stamp collection. During the summer, when boating and bathing and summer cottage vacations were in order, the album was relegated to the corner. But now it has its innings, and no doubt this season will see many welcome additions and many blank spaces filled.

To begin the season we have decided to include some attractive sets as well as packets in our stock for Junior collectors, and the beautiful Spanish set of ten values showing Pope Pius XI and the King of Spain will be hard to beat as an opening attraction. Dealers still regard this as the most beautiful set issued during the past two years, and that is saying a great deal.

The Stamp Corner may not appear every month. There are times, like the present, when we are crowded for space, but Beaver is always glad to hear from our collector friends, and complete stamp equipment and accessories, such as albums, hinges, etc., will always be at your disposal.



Beautiful Spanish set of 10 stamps, showing the Pope and King of Spain.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations from Aug. 17th to September:

## Over \$10.00.

Wm. Curry, Glace Bay, N.S., \$100; Rt. Rev. Msgr. McCarthy, Carboneau, Nfld., \$20.00; Friends, Toronto, per Mrs. R. M. Harcourt, \$25.00; Sunday School Children, West Bathurst, N.B., \$15.00; Cathedral, Edmonton, \$25.00; St. Mary's Cathedral, Calgary, \$40.00; Sacred Heart Academy, Point Grey, Vancouver, \$25.00; Edmund Marion, \$100.00; Mrs. J. A. Langmuir, \$25.00; Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto, \$102.19; St. Patrick's Girls' School, Halifax, for Students' Bursae, \$50.00; Mrs. Cecilia McEachen, \$25.00.

## \$10.00.

Rev. A. J. Maher, Torbay, Nfld.; Precious Blood Convent, Edmonton; J. J. Carolan; L.M., St. John's Nfld.; J. Drohan.

## Over \$5.00.

School, Cape Broyle, Nfld., \$5.50; Poulton Club, Hamilton, \$7.00; Anon, \$9.10.

## \$5.00

Miss Annie Doody, St. John's; Rev. Fr. Wilson Trepassey; Friend, Morrisburg, Ont.; Rev. J. M. Foley, Applehill; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McGrath, Detroit; Miss Fanning, Edmonton; L. Raymond Lennon, Brooklyn; Mrs. Alex. McNeil, Little Bras D'or; Mrs. Mary Buckley, Toronto; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, St. Catherine's; Loretta Dennison; Peter Buckley, Toronto; B. McEntee, Toronto; J. F. Moynihan, Mattawa; St. Joseph's High School, Toronto; Jas. P. Cash; Mrs. Capt. Wilson; Mrs. Keane.

## Under \$5.00.

M. J. Greene, \$4.50; Pupils Presentation Convent, St. John's, Nfld.,

leen Bird, \$2.00; Kay Sharron, Alberta (Cal.), \$2.00; Angus D. Grant, Applehill, \$1.50; St. Andrew's School, Killaloe, \$4.60; Mrs. J. Mynon, St. John's, Nfld., \$2.35; Rev. Fr. Thibault, North River, Nfld., \$4.00; Rev. Fr. Scully, Con. Hr., Nfld., \$1.50; Miss Mary Devine, Toronto, \$2.00; Miss Margaret Donahue, Inverness, \$2.00; H. D. D., \$1.23; Mrs. N. E. Tuthill, Detroit, \$2.00; Anon J. D., Toronto, \$3.00; A Friend, Halifax, \$2.00; Kathleen Bird, \$2.00; Adam Pataski, Renfrew, \$2.00; Miss McManaring, Thorold, \$3.00; Anon, \$2.00; Mrs. Allan Grant, Inverness, \$2.00; Mrs. Rush, \$2; Mrs. E. Brown, \$2.

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A. J. MacDonald, Sydney, \$2.00; Ruth Flescher, Cobourg, \$1.45; Kathleen, \$4.00; Mrs. Ed Power, \$3.51; M. Bennett, \$2.50; Pupils, St. Vincent Academy, Kingston, Ont., \$2.25; Mrs. Louise J. Martin, \$4.00.

## \$1.00.

Miss Walkins, St. John's, Nfld.; Mary V. Power, Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. John Smith, Inverness; R. Devian, Windsor; Mrs. J. W. Richards, Lindsay; Mary J. Barnes, St. Stephen, N.B.; Eliz Delgrande, Toronto; Rita Connolly, North Bay; John Mahon, Charlottetown; Irene Robson, North Bay; Mrs. P. O'Donnell, Weston; Pere Fortune, Ottawa; Mrs. N. P. Murphy; Margaret Kenny; Bride Butler; Mrs. O. Rush; Monastery of Good Shepherd, St. John, N.B.; R. L. Doucet.

Now that our new building is to be erected your help is urgently needed. Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

He gives twice who gives quickly.



## RECENT PICTURE TAKEN AT WENCHOW.

Left to Right—Fr. Serra; Fr. Beal; Fr. Amyot; Sr. M. Anthony; Sr. M. St. Oswald, and Sr. M. Catherine.



# WE MUST ENLARGE!

*An S.O.S. to Readers of China*



## THE NEED IS URGENT

Our present Seminary, shown above, is overcrowded this year. Even with last year's lecture hall divided into four rooms, we still have to allot two students to rooms originally intended for one. Unless we prepare to build we cannot accept more students next year.

## WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?

We look to our friends for immediate assistance. Donations just now will enable us to make a start perhaps this Fall.

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SEND YOUR DONATION TO-DAY**

Enclosed please find..... to help provide an addition to the Seminary.

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ADDRESS .....



# CHINA

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NOVEMBER, 1930





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Always seems happy at work and play,  
Rumps around; never tired, they say;  
Progressing at school, has always passed,—  
Our Robert's behind in every class."

The school nurse smiled as she shook her head,  
"I know why Robert's behind," she said.  
"He's pale and weak, has no energy  
For studies or any kind of play.  
His diet is wrong, no milk he takes,  
That's why little progress your son makes.

"One quart of milk he should take each day,  
Some he may drink,—and another way,  
Use it in puddings and soups as well,  
Soon you will see how diet will tell.  
Healthy and robust your son will grow,  
Try it—I've proved it works out so."

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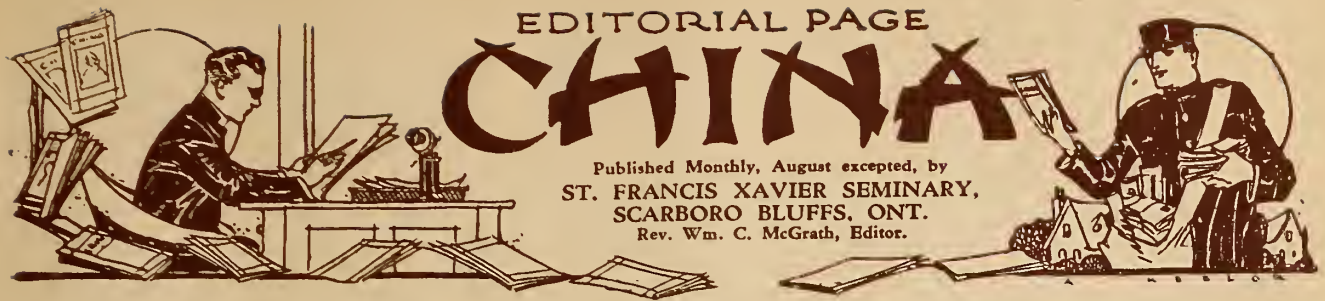


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EDITORIAL PAGE

# CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by  
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,  
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.  
Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Editor.

## WELCOME!

This month we are privileged to extend a hearty welcome to Rt. Rev. Andrew Defebvre, D.D., Bishop of Ningpo. His Lordship will arrive at the Seminary on Nov. 1st and on the morning of Sunday, Nov. 2nd, in our own little Seminary chapel will ordain three of our students to the Holy Priesthood. We have long looked forward to the pleasure of His Lordship's visit and were overjoyed a few weeks ago when notified by cable that he would be able to officiate at the ordination. Our district of Chuchow is at present under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Ningpo and the presence of Bishop Defebvre on this happy occasion will serve as another memorable link binding our Seminary here with the scene of our future labours for souls in China.



Bishop Defebvre was consecrated on May 1st, 1927, at the Cathedral, Ningpo, by His Lordship Bishop Hou, of Taichow assisted by Bishop Faveau

of Hangchow, and Bishop Tsu, S.J., of Haimen, Kiangsü. His consecration was an epoch-making event for the Church in China in that it marked the first time a native Chinese Bishop had ever per-

formed the ceremony of episcopal consecration. By a curious co-incidence His Lordship is once more the central figure in a ceremony which is the first of its kind in this country, for never before has a Bishop from China officiated at an ordination in a Seminary in Canada. Nothing could give us greater pleasure than that it should be our own beloved Bishop who thus enables us to avail for the first time of the great privilege recently granted us by the Holy Father, in virtue of which our students will in future be ordained at the beginning of their last year of

theology and finish their course as priests. Bishop Defebvre is at present on his way back to China, having just made his ad limina visit to the Holy See.



## A Visit to a Pagan Temple

By FATHER SHARKEY

Open your Bible at the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 14, verses 10 to 17. Then read the account of a strange adventure which Father Wong and I had some time ago. It is a vivid chapter in another Acts of the Apostles, here in this pagan land.

It was a nice sunny day, and Father Wong and I decided to go for a long walk, outside the city walls. He made the suggestion that we go to a temple I had not yet seen, which was situated on a beautiful little island, quite a few li (Chinese miles) away.

We set out in the mid-afternoon, walking along the shores of the river. Here and there we had to cross small wooden bridges, which spanned the numerous tributaries of the main stream. Many a time these bridges were removed, and we had to wait till several loaded sampans went rushing by, borne swiftly on towards the river by the raging rapids.

After more delays we came at length to the island and started to climb the stone steps that led to the temple. The heat had been terrific, and now, as a lovely cool breeze swept up to us, it was like a benediction. Half way up we halted, and going over to the end of the island, looked down upon a scene that was truly enchanting. Below us lay a swirling, rushing flood of water, on its mad dash to the ocean; while on the distant bank a pretty little village of tiled roofs and neatly-kept farms stood out in strong relief against the mountains that lay beyond. Nothing broke the silence but the steady creak of a mill-wheel somewhere below.

We started to climb again and soon came to the temple. A few workmen were busy repairing it, showing us that paganism still was strong and virile, even in 1930. Ranged around the walls were the different idols, as forbidding in appearance as the Babe of Bethlehem was sweetly magnetic in His crib. One court opened upon another, all full of heathen monstrosities, and winding steps led up to a tower from which we had a good view of the surrounding country.

In the monastery were a couple of pagans, who were offering up sacrifices of foods to some of the gods. There was an old monk, too, and a bonzess. The latter said she had been there since childhood. She held in her wrinkled hand a Buddhist rosary and prayed all the time.

They told us they never ate meat but lived on vegetables. Father Wong preached to them of the one true God, but though they listened with great respect they were not convinced.

The monk told us that the statues we saw were men who had lived good lives and now were in heaven. He said that we were good men too, living mortified, celibate lives, and we were highly complimented. But when he began to wax eloquent and to call us gods, and say that we should be adored, too, we loudly protested and began to edge towards the gate. It made me think of Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, for I do believe the old fellow would have performed some superstitious rites before us if we had not made a hasty exit. Neither one of us wished to be put in permanent mold and set up for the veneration of future pagans. Saint Thomas was there already—that was bad enough.

FATHER SHARKEY.

## Three Thousand Students Take Part in Toronto Crusade Convention

Crusaders Hear Inspiring Address from Noted Missionaries—  
Archbishop McNeil Celebrates Mass.

Three thousand students departed from the Toronto Convention determined to make this a banner year in mission aid achievement. They had been inspired to action by the moving address of such noted Missionaries as Very Rev. J. M. Fraser and Rev. A. F. Roy. The Mission fields of the West, with its needs and difficulties, had been unfolded with clarity by Rev. C. W. James, Vice-President of the Extension Society.

Rev. A. T. Lellis, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, drew a most convincing picture of the Missionaries in the field afar. He spoke of the great "Drama" being enacted, and compared Crusaders to a keen appreciative and sympathetic audience.

A feature of the Mission Day was the impassioned plea of a young Ukrainian Seminarian for his fellow-countrymen in Canada. With emotion he described the plight of 300,000 Ukrainians. "The solution for their safe-keeping in the Catholic faith," the speaker stated, "would be in the Catholic institutions of learning." He cited as an example the Brothers' College at Yorkton.

One of the most interesting features of the Crusaders' Convention was a stereopticon lecture given at Loretto Abbey Day School, by Rev. J. M. Fraser. In an extremely interesting travaglogue we accompanied Fr. Fraser from Vancouver, B.C. to the uttermost limits of Chuchow.

The slides, ingeniously chosen and artistically colored, dealt almost exclusively with the missionary activities in our Canada-in-China—Chuchow. That the pictures had actually been taken by Father Fraser himself, or at least under his immediate supervision, added fresh interest. When again we saw, in far-off Chuchow, Father Fraser and the rest of our brave young Canadian missionaries whom many of us know personally, and when we look upon the beautiful new churches and the splendid modern convent erected there within the past four years, we could not help feeling a thrill of pride that we had contributed our small bit to bring about these wonderful results. But the very warmest and most heartfelt of our thrills came to us when Father Fraser showed us upon the screen the children

(Continued on page 138)



# A Mission Trip to Shih-Dong

By REV. WM. K. AMYOT



Rain, rain, rain and more rain. The river is still in flood but the trip cannot be postponed. Away we go on foot slogging through the downpour.

Even the carrier struck for higher wages because of the dirty weather. It rained almost continuously and at times it seemed in bucket-fulls (cats, dogs and saw-logs all mixed together). Umbrella, raincoat and rubbers helped but it was warm going. (In summer a bathing suit would be the ideal dress I should imagine.) Everybody large and small alike have umbrellas even though they are carrying heavy loads on their shoulders. It sure looks odd.

The natives along the line had a real treat looking at my long black rubber slicker, probably the first they had ever seen. Their raincoats are made by sewing together the brown casings obtained from the base of the leaves on the palm trees.

After passing Pi-wa-Ka, where we had dinner, the rain let up for a part of the way from there to "Ngoh Chee."

In spite of the wet there was plenty to see. The low, slow-moving clouds were bumping into the hills and clinging there like fluffy handfuls of cotton or whisps of spiders' webs. The newly-cut wheat was hanging in sheaves, heads down, from the branches of the trees, where it finishes ripening. Now rice was being planted in the recently-vacated and hurriedly tilled flooded fields. The countryside is just one big checkered or terraced rice covered lake. Frogs are singing away merrily, and in some places many were perched, half in, half out of the water, one in each little clump of rice shoots. It looked cute, a skipper for each tiny green ship.

The small yellow waterlilies, an inch across, with pointed petals

(not cups like ours) were out in bloom. Lovely blue flowers were growing in some ponds too. Also a kind of clover-looking plant, growing flat on the water like waterlilies, only having but four leaves on each stem. An Irishman's paradise, eh what! The hedges along the paths were plentifully sprinkled with tiny, white, pink and cream wild rambler roses. They are single, each having but five pointed petals, and rather a sweet perfume. Scotch thistles grow here too.

Besides these, some broad-leaved trees are in bloom and the hills are exceptionally pretty, dressed in their many varied shades of green in striking contrast with the dark colored rocks showing through.

"Ngoh Chee" at last. A wee bit tired after the sixty "li" (i.e., 20 miles) walk and wet from per-



spiration inside almost as much as from rain without. Truly sleep was a blessed thing that night.

After mass the next morning, at which about twenty attended, things were packed up again and off we set on our hike to "Shih-Dong," a village some thirty "li" farther up stream where I had been asked specially to come and offer mass because there were there about thirty people who are hoping to join the church in a body. There are only three baptized christians living in this village, and up to that Sunday not even a place to say mass, but because of the thirty or so who are Catechumens and wish to join the Church a place was found in

the loft of the one christian's house.

The weather was fair but still cloudy, the route new and oh so pretty, for it is mountainous right to the river's edge (which just tickles me). Our little party consisted of five: a carrier, my boy, the Catechist, a christian from Pi-wu-Ka and yours truly.

We had not travelled more than five or six "li" when the heavenly roof sprung another leak and the rain pattered down once more upon us. But on we went. One can get used to anything, as 'tis said, and the first ten miles are the worst—the rest don't matter.

Having reached a christian's home about half way there they insisted on our entering and offered us a very welcome "dish o'tay." A litter of pups still at the wobbly stage, supplied amusement with their antics, during our short visit.

The inner man being refreshed away we went again. Up hill, down dale, through several covered bridges (like those in parts of northern Quebec), across many mountain rills, passing quite a few wee waterfalls and several inland water grist-mills (i.e., not on the Chuchow River).

The hills here, or mountains, I should say, because they are high, are terraced to the tops with little fields, with here and there small clumps of fairly large trees that just set off the scene, another green among the others.

After three hours good walking, half of it through rain, we sighted the town around a bend in the river. The elect came forth to meet us, in tiny groups of one, two or three, as Jacob's peace offerings sent to his brother Esau, till about twelve had arrived and bowed profusely by way of greeting (this was still a "li" or so from town, remember).

Quick march! On went our little cavalcade, just half the distance had been covered when bang, bang went two cannon crackers. On along the winding path we went to the very outskirts of the village, where more joyfully greeted us and others just gaped and stared, then the little firecrackers went off at headquarters. The street was filled with people who made way as we approached. With much "Hah! Hah"-ing! and bowing they ushered us into the front room of one of the largest stores in town. "So this is Paris" the unknown. A real peep show for the outsiders and a joy for the christians and Those-to-Be. The missionary had come to say mass in their own village.

After a little rest and attempted conversation I was invited into the back of the house to the guest hall and promptly devoured four nicely fried eggs with hot, clear tea to wash it down, that filled the gap. Hot water was then presented so I could wash. Then the others had their innings—



BEFORE THE BARBER WENT TO WORK

Left to right: Frs. Beal, Gignac, Sharkey, Amyot, Kam, Stringer and Serra at Chuchow residence.



they went at the "mee" (or macaroni) and rice, right merrily, using chopsticks for both.

Afterwards I gave the building the once over and saw the place where mass was to be said next morning. They had a little chapel all prepared upstairs. Eight benches had been made, and a cross was all ready to be placed on the roof. The street side of the attic was half open, like a balcony, the other side piled full length with rice baskets. Newspapers had been pasted on the wall behind the altar table, which had upon it a crucifix and four candlesticks with bright red candles in them. Above the altar was hung a beautiful large picture of the B.V.M. and Child King in Royal robes, Chinese style, that just topped things off. Downstairs, with people moving about (him) in every direction, a tailor was busy making an antependium with black braid on white cotton to drape the table. I tell you what it looked pretty fine.

More attempted conversation, a little office and then we went out to inspect the town and surroundings, just to "see see" (as they say in this dialect when looking around.) About five or six

hundred people dwell in "Shih-Dong." It is a small village nestling almost on a shelf, on the outer edge of a curve in the river, with high mountains opposite and close in behind. The houses are about 25 feet above the present water level, so pretty well clear of all floods. The one ordinary Chinese street has eight or ten good stores on it, besides residences and some tradesmen's shops, which stop abruptly at a good covered bridge spanning a healthy mountain torrent. Some busy metropolis!

Having returned and finished up my office, it was hardly any time till they informed me that "Chihvan" was ready. "Hah beh!" (or O.K. Fine.)

A young banquet had been prepared, ten different dishes. 1, Potato macaroni (slippery, shiny stuff, but good); 2, Boiled mushrooms in gravy; 3, Bamboo shoots; 4, chopped up boiled pork; 5, Sharks' fins; 6, Liver in thin gravy; 7, "Der voo" or bean curd boiled in oil; 8, ordinary "Der voo" and eggs in thick soup; 9, another unnamable combination dish, and 10, the old standby, rice. Peanuts and watermelon seeds were eaten between bites with hot rice-wine sipped from tiny

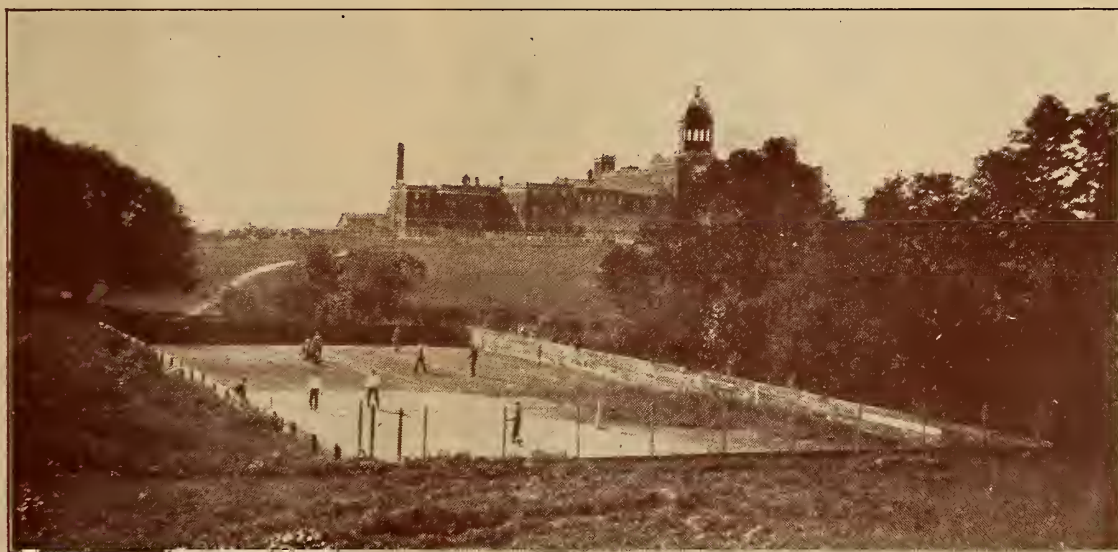
bowls, as the liquid refreshment. They produced a bottle of "fire-water" but this nearly everybody refused. As usual there were some roars when the only amateur present tried to demonstrate with the chopsticks. The good old knife, fork and spoon came to the rescue and their laughter turned to awe. All was then cleared away. Wash water was brought along and a big pot of tea was placed on the table.

I immediately prepared my bed in the guest room and got ready for a needed night's rest. The others went up for prayers and a long sermon by the Catechist.

Just that night the fleas staged a "hop" right in that nice, four-posted, mosquito-netted bed as a hall. They sure were hopping, it was a case of getting a guy down and jumping on him. But in the wee hours they tired of their sport and I fell asleep. (Everything comes to him who waits, even sleep.)

Up early, then mass at seven, which I offered specially for the conversion of those poor people and all in China. May God grant them what they desire and give them strong graces to throw off

(Continued on page 141.)

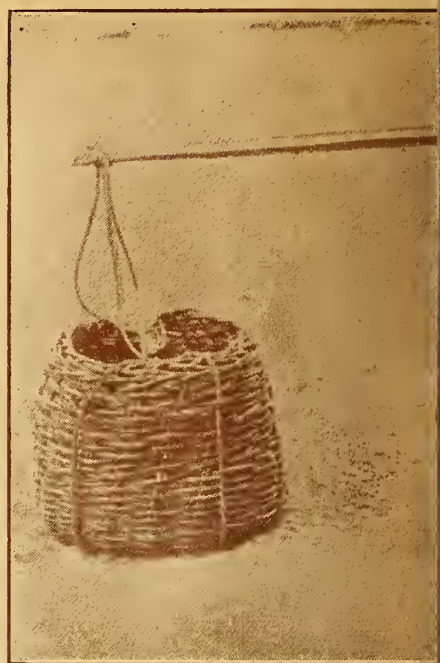


View of St. Augustine's with our tennis courts in foreground. On the left may be seen the well-beaten path along which our students "trek" daily to class.





FR. J. M. OUANG, V.F. (CENTRE) OF KINHWA AND HIS ASSISTANT PRIESTS  
During the past two years we have been able to help Fr. Ouang with mass stipends.

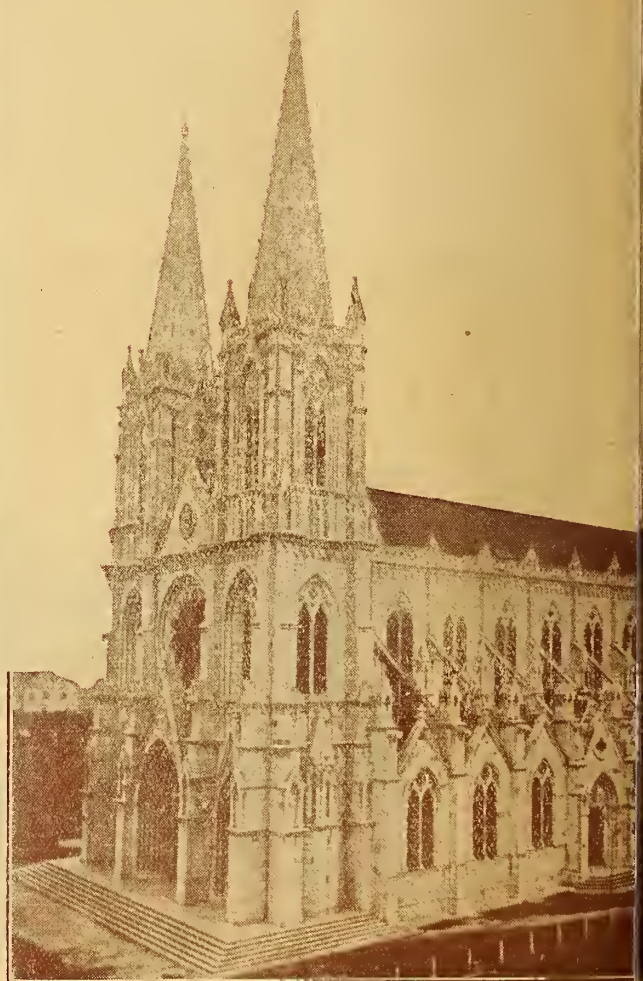


The oldest living newspaper reader can remember in China." History goes on repeating itself with woes. Despite great material losses and 24 million in every corner of the country for, understood Church's opportunity" from the fact that the suffi demonstra



#### IN A CHINESE PRISON

In the city of Paotingfu, North China, the Sisters of Charity visit the prison to administer to the inmates. One of the sisters is Chinese, the other French. The chain may be noted on the legs of the prisoner.



#### CENTRE OF DISCORD IN SOUTH CHINA

The beautiful Canton Cathedral was erected by French Catholics as a monument to all who would see to it in South China. The Chinese Government made for which the missionaries pay a small tax and on which they have erected the support of the missions. Now the Chinese refuse to recognize the threatened difficulties.

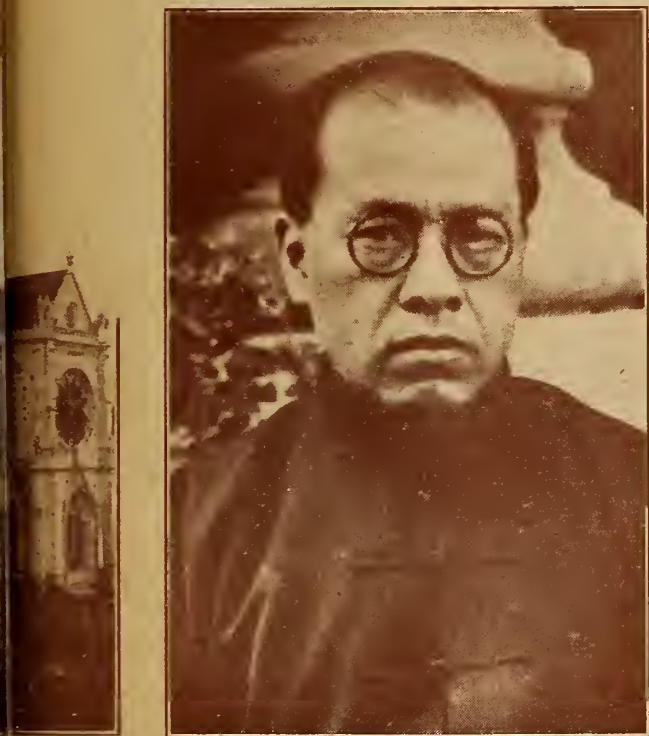




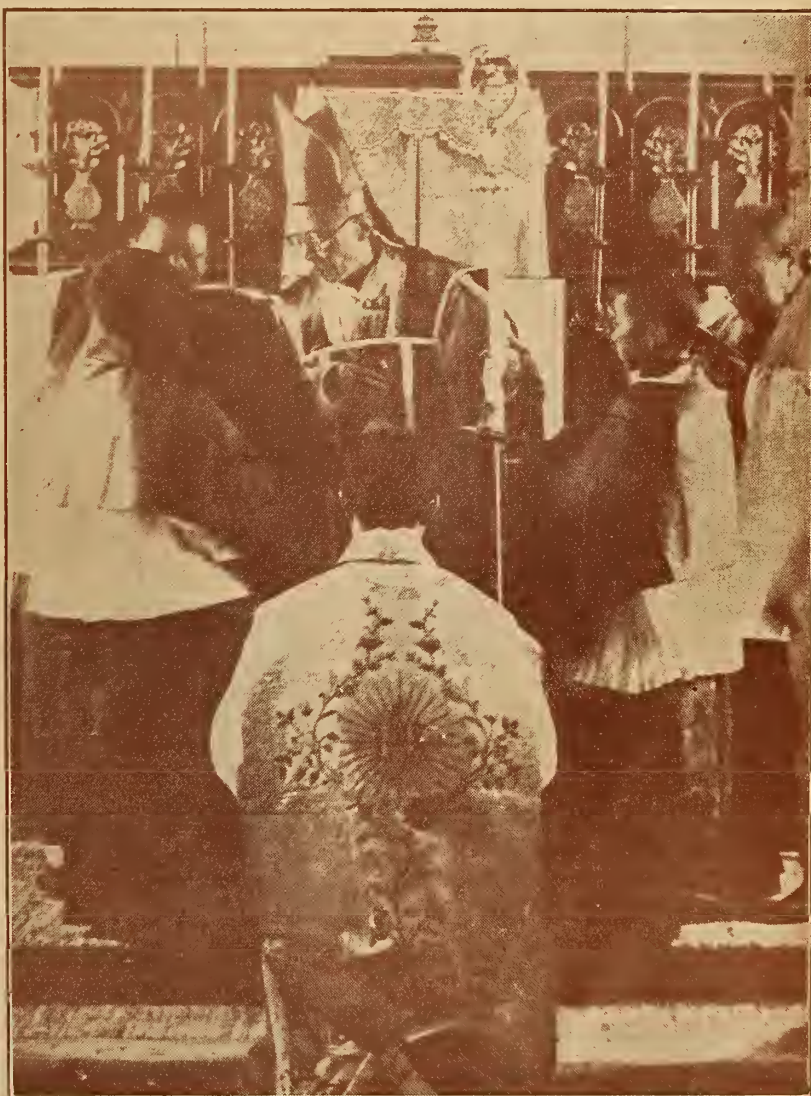
**HUNGRY**  
In his earliest childhood when the cry passed "Famine  
action that to-day banditry and civil war accentuate the  
Catholic missionaries, the Church maintains its organiza-  
proper sense, it is true that "China's impotunity is the  
so many millions gives occasion for Catholic charity to  
all its beauty.



**CARRYING ON UNDER FIRE**  
Each week brings new incidents of missionaries captured or escaping with difficulty in China chaos. Photo shows  
Franciscan missionaries and a Chinese junk; it is usually while on tours that capture occurs.



**CONVERTED SHANGHAI POLICE CHIEF**  
Dr. Hu Li-tsung, while a medical student at Aurora  
University, was converted to the Church, and during his  
long and successful career he has been a courageous  
apostle, winning many to the faith. One notable death-  
bed conversion was the Shanghai Chief of Police.



**CHINA'S CHURCH AT HOME**  
Owing to the increasing number of Chinese hierarchy and clergy, it will no longer be  
uncommon to find Church life shorn of the traditional presence of the foreign bishop.  
His Lordship Bishop Melchior Souen of the Vicariate of Ankoo, Hupeh Province, ordains  
to the priesthood Father James Yang. The ceremony took place in April, 1930.



(Continued from page 132)  
of Chuchow reclaimed from paganism, perhaps through the efficacy of our prayers. Their sweet innocent faces won all hearts; and the hardships and persecutions which many of them have to endure for the sake of their new-found faith, awoke within us ready sympathy and deep admiration.

The assembled students, through the chairman, Rev. J. Fullerton, tendered a rousing vote of thanks to this apostle of the Chinese.

His Grace, Archbishop McNeil celebrated Mass on Saturday morning for the Crusaders at St. Michael's Cathedral. He was assisted by Rev. H. Callaghan and Rev. M. Johnson. Rev. Father Daly delivered an inspirational and most effective sermon on "A Trumpet Call on Our Young Crusaders."

A Crusader meeting was then held in St. Michael's Hall, at which representatives from the various missionary organizations described their tasks.

After luncheon at St. Joseph's Convent, Rev. A. F. Roy, with an illustrated lecture, took his youthful hearers on a mission trip through the interior of Africa.

Solemn Benediction with Very Rev. J. M. Fraser as celebrant, assisted by Rev. A. F. Roy and Rev. M. Johnson, brought to a close a most eventful convention. The keen interest displayed at every exercise augurs well for the future importance of the Crusade.

"China" joins with other friends in congratulating the Crusaders and bids Godspeed to the intention of Crusade officers to hold a general convention next year.

### WHEN WINTER COMES.

"See that fellow playing checkers over there! Boy, there's a sweet hockey player for you. Saw him play with the Blanktown Bearcats last year in the Junior finals. I guess he'll set the pace for the boys this year."

This is the open season for hockey "probs". Snappy mornings with just a suggestion of frost the night before; warm enough days yet becoming suddenly chill as old Sol sinks into the West. Soon the trusty old

blades will emerge once more, and sticks will clash merrily on two outdoor rinks. Meanwhile, around the billiard table these cool November evenings the wise old "railbirds" look the boys over and eagerly treasure every bit of "dope" as to the uncanny ability of dangerous newcomers.

"How's China this year?" asks a man from St. Augustine's. "Guess you ought to be able to stand alone." So far St. Augustine's has been good enough to supply us with a goalkeeper and one forward each season, but Father Leo Smith, one-time net wizard, is no longer available, so we must only brush up the local talent.

Up to the present we have never been able to take St. Augustine's "all stars" into camp, but the prospects this year, so the wise boys say, are that we shall have at least an acceptable Senior League team, 100% "CHINESE" for the first time in our history.

We are strong for the Seminarian who is wise enough to take his share of active exercise. Our experience has shown us that of those who indulge in no strenuous games or active exercise, only too many have been unable to "stand the gaff" of Seminary life.

Believe us or not, to rise at 5.30 and daily answer twenty-five bells for nine months of the year is not just the easiest thing in the world. Especially so as such a percentage of Seminarians are of the high-

strung, sanguine temperament (?) (we HAVE met a sufficient number of exceptions to prove the rule) whose composure often too easily succumbs to the relentless routine of institutional life. Hence the demand for some kind of exercise which not only calls for effort, but also provides a congenial distraction from the all-too-absorbing problems of theology.

It is thus that the "great men who play golf"—Seminarians, of course, are not guilty—defend the ancient game which some cynic has defined as "a laborious method of unduly prolonging useless lives." We could not, of course, subscribe to such a libel, even though our interest leans towards something more strenuous, but we all agree that exercise tends to prolong life. And anyone who watches our canny senior and wildcat junior hockey teams in action will at once agree that there is no game better calculated to consign both dogma and cosmology to a blissful oblivion and contribute in no small way to the "mens sana in corpore sano" which impels every athletic Semnaran to leap from his bed at 5.30 a.m. as if the whole Seminary were on fire.

Understanding souls then will appreciate the feelings of our active Juniors as they view the hoar frost these cool November mornings, and whisper to their fellow philosophers that "it won't be long now."



Visiting stars from St. Augustine's, who made things hot for us from time to time during the tennis season. (There are a few of our own men in the picture).





### FREE STAMPS FOR MEMBERS.

If you send us your address on a stamped envelope we will send you an assortment of Foreign Stamps, which you will find very useful for trading with other collectors. We are taking those stamps just as we have received them, unpicked, and there is the possibility that among some of the packages sent out there may be a few "sleepers," that is, stamps of the better class which will considerably enhance the value of your collection. First come, first served. Send for yours to-day and remember the stamped, addressed envelope.

### ALBUMS AND ACCESSORIES.

Many new members of the stamp corner have been enquiring as to whether or not we can supply albums, hinges, etc. From the various albums we have looked over with a view to selecting one most suitable for our members we have chosen the TRIUMPH ALBUM, 204 pages, well illustrated and with space for 11,000 stamps, price \$1.50. A cheaper album is really a waste of money because there is not space enough in it for the stamps of most countries while Junior Collectors do not wish to invest in any of the more expensive loose-leaf albums. We can also supply stamp hinges, 10 cents per 1,000, and if you are interested in buying stamps we shall send you free our illustrated 40-page price list of Honor Bilt packets. With each album purchased we send a free packet of 20 different Nfld. stamps, a good start.

### NEW NFLD. AIR MAIL.

Our Nfld. correspondent writes us regarding the new airmail: "When the mono-plane Columbia, arrived in Hr. Grace, piloted by Captain Errol Boyd, the latter agreed to carry a mail of not more than five pounds. There were some 36 cent stamps of the Caribou issue left over and these were over-printed thus:

Trans-Atlantic Air Mail  
by

B.M. Columbia, September, 1930.  
Fifty Cents.

They were placed on sale the morning of Sept. 25th. Long before the appointed hour crowds of people assembled in the lobby seeking to secure



Last month we omitted price of set of 10 stamps of this design—unused—30 cents.

at least one stamp. There was great confusion at the time when the stamps were placed on sale. They were bought up right away and many went away disappointed. One lucky purchaser sold his stamp for \$25.00 after it had been announced that all the stamps were sold."—H.B.S. Then our Nfld. correspondent adds a special message for Beaver. "If you ever played hockey on St. Bon's rink here, and if your name begins with Mc. then I know you."

H.B.S. seems to think that Beaver has been in Nfld. Well, of course, we cannot commit ourselves any more than Father Jim. But I think the lucky purchaser was a little premature in disposing of his stamp which, if it be anything like its predecessor, the Hawker air-mail of about the same number issued, will reach a very much higher price in time. The Hawker, which sold for \$1.00 in 1919, now catalogues over \$1,200.

### Attractive Sets.

Included in our sets for collectors are the famous Nyassa triangles, 9 beautiful mint stamps which we offer at 25 cents and the set of 10 Spanish stamps showing the Pope and the King of Spain, price 30 cents.

### APPROVAL.

With the return of the fall stamp season we have received many requests that we send out "approvals" to members of the Stamp Corner, that is send out stamps on approval, books or sheets, mounted and priced singly. You know, of course, the conditions on which approval stamps are usually sent. Stamps not wanted and a remittance for the stamps kept are to be returned within ten days of receipt. For the benefit of our collectors we have decided to try the experiment. If you wish to see some approvals send us a letter from your father or teacher certifying that you are really a collector and can be depended upon to make prompt returns of stamps not wanted and we shall be pleased to send you a selection.

We feel that this new feature will go a long way towards making our corner "bigger and better" and we ask the co-operation of the members to ensure promptness in approval returns.

### SHOPPING SERVICE.

Still another feature of the corner, for more advanced collectors, is our Shopping Service Department. Over and above the sets and packets which we ourselves carry there are many sets of better quality which we shall be pleased to purchase for you in Toronto from the dealers whom we know personally. If you want any set—old or new—and are unable to secure it yourself, just let us know and we shall be pleased to get it for you.

"Stick to me," said the postage stamp to the letter, "and I will see you through."



Packet No. 1195—200 Central America stamps—all different—\$1.75.



# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by



FATHER JIM

# ROSE GARDEN

"Well, here I am again", writes Margaret MacNeil (Peg o' My Heart), Box 458, Summerside, P.E.I. "You said, Father Jim, there was one thing we needed for the Rose Garden, and that was our pictures, but I think we need your picture more than the Buds, as you are the gardener."

I think Doris Gignac should be very happy to have a brother a priest in China and to make her First Communion at his First Mass.

Will you please tell me Dorothy Young's address, as I haven't heard from her since last March; also Julia Nye's. I have about twelve or thirteen pen pals, but most of them are lazy with their pens."

Sorry we can't put that picture in this time, Margaret. Sometime, maybe. But you might be terribly disappointed, you know. Dorothy's address is 434 Park St., Peterboro, Ont., and Julia's is 83 Raymond Avenue, Toronto 9.

"How many members have you now?" asks Francis Kieffer, Durham, Ont. Well, Francis, there are now nearly three thousand Buds in our Garden. We shall soon have to make it a park, won't we, if our numbers keep on growing, but the more the merrier.

Heres' a letter from Margaret Reynolds, care Canadian Bank of Commerce, Antigonish, who tells us that she is waiting patiently for Father Jim's picture, and adds: "For our holidays this summer, my mother, father, brother and myself motored up to Montreal. We tented out by the side of a river or lake. We went through Quebec, visited a Church every day and spent a day at Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The shrine is wonderful. One day my brother and I went to the Chateau Ramsey Museum. There we saw the door of Champlain's house and the Louisburg town bell and many other things."

I think you might have come on to Toronto, Margaret, and dropped in to see us. We live right beside the Kingston Road, you know. Perhaps you may make the trip again. It was a delightful way to spend a holiday, wasn't it?

## A CALL TO ARMS.

Buds, one and all, we need your help. Rather, they need your help in China, and we are going to ask every Bud to offer up a special Holy Communion as soon as possible for several of our intentions there. You know we are growing so rapidly now in numbers that we may call ourselves a veritable little army, an army of Christ's young soldiers akin to those of another great organization, the Students' Crusade. And you know the weapons that we must use. Prayer and Holy Communion, far more powerful weapons against the powers of evil than all the guns or battleships of the world.

First of all we want you to pray for the two poor Irish missionaries who have been so long in the hands of Communist bandits in China, Frs. Laffan and Linehan, who were captured on April 26th of this year, and have been carried over the mountains by roving bands ever since. We hope that by the time you read this they will be liberated, but we know you will all give them a very special remembrance.

The other intention is for the school children of China. The Government has imposed cruel restrictions over there. Religion is not allowed to be taught in the schools. The little Chinese boys and girls must not hear the Name of God or be taught any of the blessed truths that mean so much to all of us. It is a hard blow, but our priests are not discouraged and they are looking to you more than ever to storm Heaven with your prayers and little sacrifices. I am sure that Our Dear Lord cannot resist the prayers of so many generous young souls dear to Him and against the powers of evil in China we are going to reinforce the efforts of our missionaries by the assistance of your special prayers for these intentions this month. We know you will not forget us.

New members are still coming in and many of our former friends are with us again in correspondence this month. I must leave room for the very interesting letters so will not take up more of your space.

Sincerely,

FATHER JIM.

"I believe I am the worst Bud in the Garden, and I am not really worthy to call myself a Bud." Who is writing this, do you think? Why, if it isn't Betty Chin, 248 Deloraine Ave., Toronto, whose delightful stories were so enjoyed by the Buds in the early days of the Garden. "I am a prodigal son, or daughter," she continues, "but I am writing to some of the Buds. I would like to receive one of your membership cards and join the stamp corner. I was sorry to hear about Patrick O'Halligan and I really think that is the reason I came back into existence."

We're certainly delighted to hear from you again, Betty, as we were afraid you were beginning to forget us. We just pulled Beaver out from under a pile of stamps and stickers to ask him about his membership cards for the Stamp Corner. He had so many pictures of the Pope and the King of Spain on the stamps that I think business must be rushing on that particular set.

"I just finished writing a letter to Beaver in the Stamp Corner for some stamps, for I have a collection of about three thousand stamps," writes James Staunton (King Tut). "It's great fun collecting stamps. I would like to be put in the corrie box, because I do not get much mail. I would like Grant E. Groves to write me, and I promise that I will answer every letter." James' address is 136 McNab St. N., Hamilton, Ontario.

"My pen-name is 'Big-chief-Running-Brook What - Has - Tough - Time - Freezing'" (Gosh why didn't you put that in Indian. We'll have to charge advertising rates on a pen-name like that). "I see by the Rose Garden, that some of the Kids are trying to guess who you are. I think you must be the seminarian who is sitting on the right side of Mr. Joe King in the picture in the October "China", so I don't need to describe."

Ah, hah! Sleuth work. The plot thickens. We read on: "Of course, you won't print this because the other Buds would know who you are. The seminarians call you 'Fons', don't they? Please tell some Buddies to



write to me." Thomas Quinlan, 58 Mitchell St., St. Thomas, Ontario.

Well, there's a real guess for you. The Chief has at least picked on somebody as Father Jim and we pass the clue on to the Buds. We hope the Buds will write Thomas and talk the matter over.

Will Sunbonnet Sue write to Agnes Fifth, 118 Mulcaster St., Barrie, Ont.

Bertha Richards (Robin), Box 695, Summerside, P.E.I., requests correspondents, and promises to answer all letters.

Welcome to a large number of new Buds from Fairville, N.B., who wrote very interesting letters. John Heenan writes that "I wish 'China' would come every week, I like it so much." Following are the new members from Fairville: Donald Logue (Golden Glow), 27 Main St.; Kevin Carton (Goldfinch), 14 Church Avenue; Louise Graham (Dolly Dimples); Mary Feeney (Rosabella); Murray Boyle (Buddy); Philip Reid, Main Street, (Lupin); Raymond Crilley (Pied Piper), 9 Ready St.; Joseph Donovan (Moonlight), Charles St.; Willie Bradley St. Rose's School (Grayeye); Gertrude Lynch (Raindrop), 33 McKiel St.; John Heenan (Dodger), Collins St.

We are pleased to have these new Buds with us to join their many young friends from Fairville who are already enthusiastic members of the garden.

Other new Buds this month, whose letters we are unable to publish, through lack of space, are: Marie and Aileen Hyde (Snowdrop and Moonbeams), 1236 Dufferin St., Toronto; Rita Campbell (Stella Maris), 52 First Ave., Toronto; Catherine Williams (Chickadee), Eglinton St., Lindsay, Ont.; John Patrick Cassidy (Shamrock), 86 Strathcona Ave., Toronto; Gwendolyn Hatchette (Pocahontas), 45 Macara St., Halifax, N.S.; J. Robert Chafe, Box 253, Canso, N.S. (Robin Hood); Mary McAskil (Dahlia), Mt. Stewart, P.E.I.; Frances Mc-

Grady (Irish Colleen), 395 Hillsdale Ave., Toronto; John Susak (Larkspur), 255 Grenville Ave., Port Arthur, Ont.; Evangeline E. Pierce, Box 116, Bridgeport, N.S.

We wish to thank Ellen and Kathleen Cain for stamps they kindly sent Kathleen would like to hear from Ouneta, Ningie and other buds with Rose for their name.

Robert Chafe, Canso, N.S., sends us some very fine jokes. Glad to get them, Koort, because our joke page expert says it is mighty hard to get good ones.

We received a very pleasant surprise as we were going to press, a regular battalion of new members from Halifax. Welcome, new buds, and we hope you will enjoy your membership in the garden. And now we introduce:

Eileen Gorman (Blue Bell), 35 Sullivan St.; Patricia Hogg (Baby Dew Drop), 51 St. Alban's St.; Annie Shanks (Dandelion) 223 Agricola St.; Clara Todd (Curly Locks), 14 Kings Place; Mazie Tanner (Blue Lily), 127 Almon St.; Mary Porter (Blue Button), 184 West Young St.; Marie Hyland (Pansy), 525 Gottingen St.; Patricia Ryan (Apple Blossom), 22 Stairs Place; Margaret Cameron (Blue Bonnet May), 282 Maynard St.; Marion O'Brien (Snow white), 12 Black St.; Corinne MacDonald (The Everlasting Bud), 424 Gottingen St.; Dorothy Flemming (Roses), 52 Columbus St.; Helen Martin (Blue Pansy), 201 Russell St. Ext.; Jessie Asprey (Baby Dewdrop), 41 St. Alban's St.; Sweet Peggy, 67 Bloomfield St.; Yvonne Albert (Poppy) Highland Park; Blanche Casey (Meadow Sweet), 17 Kane St.; Kathleen Moriarity (Anna Babe Cecilia), 7 1/2 Black St.; Eileen Ryder (Peony), 91 East Young St.; Florence Walsh (Twilight Fairy), 875 Robie St.; Barbara McNeil (White Lily), 21 Stairs St.; Marion Muir-rooney (Rose Bud), 26 Cabot Place; Rosalie Pelly (Forget-me-not), 11 Stanley Place; Evelyn Delany (Little Dewdrop), 188 Agricola St.; Mary Zwicker (Rain-drop), 43 North St.; Mary Stephens (Sunny Girlie), 198 Maynard St.; Margaret Watters (Morning Glory), 72 Billey St.; Eileen Jordon (Sunbonnet Sally), 307 Creighton St.; Bernardine Dunphy (Snowdrop), 14 Stairs St.; Grace Curran (No name selected), 11 Columbus Place; Margaret Allison (Camomile), 4 Merkle Place; Mary Jordan (Blue Aster), 28 King's Place; Mary McNeil (Red Rose), 509 Kempt Road; Gwendolyn Hatchet (Bonnie), 45 Macara St.; Jean Wilson (Cheery Sunshine), 1196 Barrington St.; Yvonne Jones (Bright Sunshine), 10 Kane Place; Margaret Murphy (Rose Petal), 30 Livingstone Place; Mary McCarthy (Lily White) 10B Young St.; Marie Westhaver (Blue Violet), 419 Agricola St.; Muriel Ward (Rose Bud), 79 Macara St.; Mildred Little (Mayflower), 16 Needham St.; Jane Hobin (Daisy), 91 East Young; Mary Landry (Blue Violet), 61 Columbus St.; Annie Murphy (Blue Sailor), 32 Fern St.; Margaret O'Brien (Miss Canada), 82 Billy St.; Margaret Drysdale, (Little Red Riding Hood), 10 Hennessy St.

## OUR LATEST MISSION OR "SHING-DONG" ADDED TO THE LIST.

(Continued from page 135.)

the old habits and resist the lures and taunts of their former master, the Evil One. Thirty or thirty-five attended, a real crowd. So it was well worth the trials and work of the journey. Joy showed on their faces, they were having mass in their own village, in the chapel they had prepared. Just before mass a huge cannon cracker went off that sure made me jump, and the great moment had come. The King of Kings, the Prince of Peace was there in our midst. May His Kingdom come in all China and the Far East.

The breakfast that followed was a repetition of the banquet of the night before, with peas and fried eggs as extras. All were happy, the two little christian girls especially, they weren't shy a bit and were tickled pink when I promised them a rosary each on my next visit.

Everyone crowded around to give us a good send-off and ask us back again. So with many "Tsai way's" (Good bye's) the boat slipped out to mid-stream and away we went. The day was fine and the rapids, which are higher in that section than farther down stream, had been bolstered

(Continued on page 143.)



Dennis (5), Walter (8) and Francis Kieffer (12) of Durham, Ont., say hello to the other Buds.



Thos. Decciccio and Jas. Staunton, Hamilton, Ont. James is also an enthusiastic member of the stamp corner.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

## CORRECT THIS SENTENCE.

"Those fancy desserts are alright in their place," sighed the over-fed seminaryman, "but how I long for an occasional taste of the applesauce and homely prune."

## IMPROVED ALL ROUND.

A woman in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next-door neighbor. "We're going to live in a better neighborhood soon," she said.

"So are we," volunteered Mrs. Next-door, confidently.

"What? Are you moving, too?"

"No, we are staying here."

Isn't it pleasant to attend a sound picture in which the hero is a dog that can't burst into song at intervals.

## COSTLY INVESTMENT.

"Dear John," the wife wrote from a fashionable resort, "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Mary," he responded, "I enclose cheque to cover the bill, but please do not buy any more hotels at this figure—they are cheating you."

WANTED—Man to undertake the sale of a new patent medicine. The originator guarantees the venture to be profitable to the undertaker.

## WELL QUALIFIED.

Brown: "Here's a smart advertisement."

Mrs. Brown: "What is it, John?"

Brown: "Wanted—Boy for bakery; must be an early riser, born in the (y) east, a good mixer and will get his dough every Saturday night."

Dog For Sale—Will eat most anything; very fond of children.

## NO WONDER.

Officer: "I don't know why the men grumble. This soup is really excellent."

Sergeant: "They wouldn't grumble, sir, if the cook would admit it was soup. He insists that it is coffee."

For Sale, Automobile — To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town.

## LITERARY FAME.

Ambitious Author: "Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story, 'Kissed by a Cow.'"

His Friend: "From whom?"

Ambitious Author: "The express Company. They lost it."

## UNNECESSARY.

Barber: "Shall I go over that chin again, sir?"

Customer: "No, please don't. I remember every word you said."

He: "There goes Necessity Jones."

She: "Oh, you mean the law student. But why the 'Necessity'?"

He: "Because Necessity knows no law."

Innocent: "People say I have eyes just like my father's."

Drowsy: "Uh, huh. Pop-eyed."

Then there's the one about the world's meanest man, who put green spectacles on his horse so he could feed him shavings instead of hay.

Lecturer: "Suppose I placed a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and brought on a healthy, normal donkey, which of the two would he take?"

"He'd take the water," came a voice from the gallery.

"Very good, my man, and why would he take the water?"

"Because he's an ass," was the reply.

## EASY!

"My brother takes up French, Spanish, Scotch, English, Swedish, Hebrew and Italian."

"Gee, where does he study?"

"He doesn't. He runs an elevator."

Instructor: "Did Caesar's disposition change much during his lifetime?"

Student: "Yes, he had more Gaul before he died."

"I don't see where we can put up this lecturer for the night."

"Don't worry. He always brings his own bunk."

## JUST ONE LOOK.

Excited Servant: "Oh, mum, I believe the master's had a fit; he's lying groaning in the hall, with a large box beside him and a piece of paper crushed in his hand."

Mistress: "Oh—my new hat has arrived at last."—Pearson's Weekly.

## A GAMBLE.

The Daughter: "Marry that rich old fool? Why, I'd die first."

Her Modern Mother: "Nonsense, my dear! He's not as strong as he looks."

Chemistry Professor: "What can you tell me about nitrates?"

Student: "Well—er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates."

## HE KNOWS.

"My husband is merely a manufacturer of waste-baskets," sighed the woman with aspirations. "It seems such a prosy occupation."

"On the contrary, there is really much poetry in waste-baskets," replied the unappreciated bard.

—Watchman-Examiner.

## HE COULD.

Guest: "You told me when I asked for a quiet room that after nine o'clock you could hear a pin drop, and now I find it's right over a bowling alley."

Hotel Clerk: "Well, can't you hear them drop?"

## MATTER OF TASTE.

Mrs. Newlywed (at the grocer's): "I'll take a few of these if they are alive."

Clerk: "Alive, ma'am?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Yes, I must have live ones. My husband says he has no use for dead beets."—Boston Transcript.

## TOUGH LUCK.

A colored woman consulted the village lawyer.

"Ah wants to divo'ce mah husband," she said.

"Why, what's the trouble?" the lawyer asked.

"Truble nuff. That nigger's done gone and got religion and we ain't seen a chicken on de table foh two weeks."

## HOT STUFF.

Jack: If the devil lost his tail where would he go to get fixed up?

Bill: Where?

Jack: To an American drug store, because that's where they retail bad spirits.

No matter how high an awning may be it's only a shade above the street.



## CONTRIBUTIONS.

## Over \$10.00.

Mischouche School, Mischouche, P. E.I., \$20.00; Mrs. L. M. Bourke, \$25.00; Congregation of Notre Dame, Whitney Pier, \$50.00; Friend, Simcoe, Ont., \$50.00; Jas. T. Clair, \$25.00.

## \$10.00

Loretto Abbey College, Armour Heights; Friend, Toronto; St. Nicholas School, Mischouche, P.E.I.; J. H. Drohan; Austin F. Hall; J. J. Carolan.

## Over \$5.00.

Anonymous, \$6.00; Sisters of Charity, \$6.85; Mt. Carmel Convent, New Waterford; Mrs. Patrick Kelley, \$5.25.

## \$5.00.

Mrs. V. Mullins; W. H. Meagher; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Mrs. Kay.

## Over \$1.00.

Miss F. L. O'Reilly, \$2.00; St. Vincent's Academy, Kingston, \$2.25; A. J. MacDonald, \$2.00; Rosary Hall, Toronto, \$3.31; Hanover Separate School, \$2.00; Sacred Heart Convent, Bras D'Or Bridge, \$2.89; Mrs. Louise J. Martin, \$4.00; St. Mary's School, 3rd room, St. Catharines, \$2.00; Mrs. Daniel Conway, \$3.00; St. Joseph's Convent, Port Arthur, \$2.65; Mrs. B. Walsh, \$2.00; Sacred Heart School, Walkerton, 4.00; Josephine D., Toronto, \$2.00; A. J. MacDonald, \$2.00; Mrs. Riordan, \$2.00; John Connolly, \$1.50; Mite Box, per Rev. C. V. Kearns, St. Margaret's, Midland, \$3.00; Sacred Heart School, Toronto, \$4.00; St. Joseph's Convent Mite Box, St. John's, Nfld., \$1.19.

## \$1.00.

Good Shepherd Monastery, St. John, N.B.; Master Billie Chafe; Robert L. Doucet; Friend; Patrick Morris; Jas. Morrison; L. Isber; Miss S. MacDonald; Sisters of Charity, Mount Carmel, New Waterford; B. A. K., Charlottetown.

## Building Fund.

C. J. Drummond, \$1.00; Miss A. M. Reynolds, \$1.00; Mrs. Mahoney, \$1.00; Rev. J. J. Garvey, \$10.00; F. M. McGuire, \$1.25; Friend of The Missions, \$2.00; Mrs. P. J. O'Hara, \$1.00; N. K., \$5.00; Friend, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Meala, \$1.00; A. Lafontaine, \$5.00; John R. Campbell, \$1.00; Mrs. Thos. Rowland, \$1.00; Miss M. T. McCrory, \$5.15; Mrs. G. Hallman; \$5.00; Adam Pataski, \$2.00; Sisters of Charity, Mt. Carmel, New Waterford, \$5.00; John McCormick, \$5.15; Friend, Glace Bay, \$10.00; Dominic Kedroski, \$5.00; The

Misses Scott, \$5.00; Joseph Benning, \$5.00; Roger Tobin, \$5.00.

Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

(Continued from page 141.)

up by the recent torrential rains, and were kind enough to give us a slight thrill as we shot down them. You see it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Rough going up, perfect going back on that which made it miserable the two previous days. We covered the thirty miles to Chuchow in a little over six hours, so that's not too bad at all.

## Note.

Since then we have heard that a certain Anti-Christian Society, thriving there, has threatened this budding Christian Community, their property and the priest. Ha! ha! ha! Let them go to it, for persecution as history clearly

shows, only makes the garden of the Church more fertile.

A petition was sent to the Head Mandarin at Yunhwo, asking for protection — nothing of any trouble whatsoever has since been heard of.

—Wm. K. Amyot.

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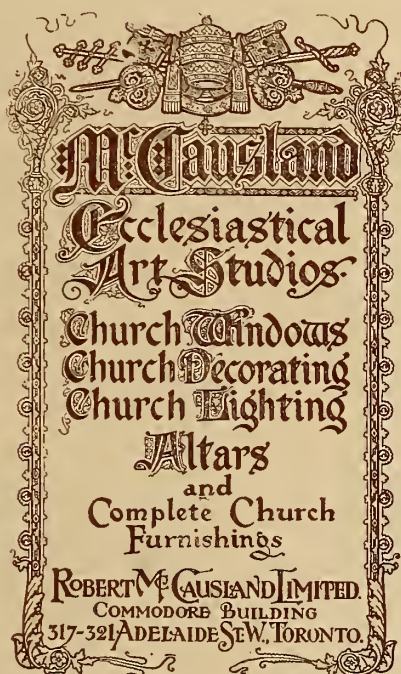
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Can you help us?

STAMP DEPT. CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Canada



# To Build, or Not to Build!

## *That Is the Question*

There are a few facts we feel our readers should know and we rely on their charity to help us.

1. Our present Seminary is crowded to the doors, many rooms, built to accommodate one student now being occupied by two.
2. Unless room is provided we cannot accept the students who are anxious to come next year, many of whom have already applied.
3. We are confronted with the alternative of providing accommodation for them or of refusing them altogether.
4. And so far, towards the work of providing an addition we have but the meagre sum of \$163.55. Need we say more?

*If you can send us even a small donation it  
will be gratefully appreciated.*

Enclosed please find.....to help provide an addition  
to the Seminary.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



# CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS

DECEMBER, 1930



ORDINATION OF THREE PRIESTS IN OUR SEMINARY CHAPEL, NOVEMBER 2nd,  
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## PUBLIC OPINION

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1922.....	1,282,328.37
1924.....	1,557,872.77
1926.....	2,708,654.73
1928.....	4,134,649.54
1929.....	4,711,058.95
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Write for further particulars.

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100 Adelaide St. West - TORONTO  
Ottawa Montreal

## In Santa Claus' Workshop

Industrious Brownies had toiled night and day  
In Santa Claus' workshop, the toys to complete,  
For Christmas was only a few weeks away,  
And all must be finished and packed tight and neat.

The dolls must be painted and taught how to talk,  
And sleds must be finished and tested, each one,  
The little brown teddies must learn how to walk,—  
Poor Santa Claus thought they would never be done!

They labored so hard to fill every demand  
Old Santa and Brownies were quite thin and pale,  
Till good Mrs. Santa Claus took things in hand,  
And soon they were every one hearty and hale.

For Mrs. St. Nicholas knows what is best,  
And quarts of rich milk made them drink every day;  
Of course, City Dairy; it's passed every test,—  
Let's be hale and hearty the Santa Claus way!

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EDITORIAL PAGE

# CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by  
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,  
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

VOL. XI.

... CHINA ...

No. 12.

Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallon, London; Very Rev. Dr. McKae, Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

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## EDITORIALS

If we were to take a "straw vote" of the readers of CHINA, or, for that matter, of the readers of most magazines, on the question of the necessity or otherwise of editorials, we feel sure there would be a very decided expression of opinion on the part of many long suffering people as to the futile and unnecessary part they play in the magazines which they adorn (?).

For our part we cannot but relapse from time to time into our own favorite opinion. In view of the fact that we are even now evolving an editorial it would hardly do to set that opinion on paper. But the prevailing tendency, that editorials should concern themselves with "big stuff" and try to blaze a trail into the heart of problems that rock the world, probably does more than anything else to account for the fact that many papers, mission papers especially, fail really to "establish a contact" with so many of their readers.

At different times well meaning friends have made many suggestions as far as humble little CHINA is concerned. Unfortunately there have not been enough of them who suggested doing away entirely with the editorial page, although the reader who assured us that it alone was "worth the four cents a month" was probably not far wide of the mark in his appraisal of our literary efforts. Some have thought that it would be a good idea to incorporate a page on "Household Hints." Others would like to see a "good sermon" each month. Still others incline to the opinion that a splash of four or five colors, on the front page at any rate, would greatly improve the make-up of our little missionary monthly.

Well, we might say at the outset that there are none more aware than ourselves of the fact that very many improvements might be made in CHINA. But we do feel that we should be "stepping out of our class," were we to endeavour to make it a sort of "gatherum omnium" concerning matters that are, in themselves, very interesting and very desirable. For example, hints on knitting and crochet work, and the very latest recipes are very interesting in their place. But God forbid that

any of us should ever become an authority on any of them. And if we know little about them, as we always hope to, it would be silly to try to compete with Mrs. Beeton's Cook Book. The same holds as regards "jazzing up" the cover of CHINA till we should make the Saturday Evening Post appear commonplace. We might make a feeble attempt to do so did we desire to spend on the cover alone about four times as much as the whole magazine now costs for publication. But it is hardly our province.

What really started this editorial to condemn editorials, like the war to end all wars, was the thought that perhaps we really should write a Christmas editorial, this being the December number. We thought of it more from a sense of duty than from our inclination to do so, because we know perfectly well that in the religious Catholic papers throughout the country there will, in due course, be much better and much more inspiring thoughts on Christmas than we could give you now. Better things than we could ever write are already written and available to the public. So why step on a perhaps overcrowded stage and imagine that the great feast of Christmas would in any wise be enhanced by the fact that CHINA says so and so. It is the same in regard to sermons and Catholic topics of every description. The field is now so thoroughly and so competently covered that we do not feel the urge to contribute anything further.

At this I am sure many of our readers will breathe a sigh of relief. And we trust they will agree with us when we say that if little CHINA is to be a success in life it would be well advised to "stick to its last" and confine itself simply to telling an interested and charitable Catholic people something of what is going on in that vast Mission Field to-day. Hence you will pardon us, dear readers, if we do not prove anything, urge anything, stress or insist on anything in regard to the sublime Feast of Christmas, but, with hearts grateful to God and to you our kindly friends, simply wish you, one and all, A HOLY AND A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.



## More Missionaries for China

Three Priests Ordained in Our Seminary Chapel on Nov. 2nd.

Sunday, Nov. 2nd, was a day that we shall not soon forget. We had long looked forward to the time when our first young priests would avail of the great privilege granted last year by the Holy Father, the privilege of being ordained to the Priesthood at the beginning of their last year of theology. This alone would have served to make the day a memorable one. But we had not dreamed, even in our most enthusiastic moments, that our first band of student-priests would have the great privilege of being ordained by our own Bishop from China, in our own little Seminary chapel.

Accounts of the ordination have already appeared in all the Catholic papers in Canada, so we need not repeat it here. We shall confine ourselves to a word about the three young priests who have had the joy of realizing the greatest and holiest ambition of their lives.

Fathers Venadam and King are almost the last surviving members of the original "old guard" at Almonte, most of whom have already preceded them to China. Arriving as Junior students in September, 1921, they have worked steadfastly and faithfully through the ups and downs of our pioneer days and through the

more peaceful and prosperous times ushered in with the building of our new Seminary in 1923. We chanced to look over an old volume of China a short time ago, and there was Father Arthur, 'way back in 1921, beginning the long grind. And throughout it all both he and Father King have ever been an example of true piety, genial courage and good-

### STAMP CORNER

Owing to lack of space this month, we cannot carry the regular stamp page, but we refer our members to page 159 for latest stamp news.

humored perseverance - at - all - costs. For (now it can be told) life in the early days of the college at Almonte was anything but a bed of roses. And many who started out with high hopes and

enthusiastic good will have since fallen by the wayside. For both of them we might suggest a motto that seems to embody the secret of their success and of the happiness which is theirs to-day: "Non in commotione Dominus." Freely translated, it means that the Lord is not to be found wherever there is fuss or excitement. And the quiet even tenor of their lives gives us every assurance that with them the Lord will ever be found, whether here or in some lonely little mountain village in far-away Chekiang.

Father Chafe started out as a student for the Archdiocese of St. John's, Nfld., and began his course at St. Augustine's Seminary. The mission idea, however, had long been in his mind, and after the completion of two years' philosophy, with the kind permission and approval of His Grace Archbishop Roche, he "crossed the field" in 1927 to throw in his lot with those who were preparing for China. Father Chafe was the founder and up to the present the editor of a little monthly paper compiled by the students to carry the news of seminary activities to our priests in far-away Chuchow. We do not wish to anticipate any decision by the higher authorities, but there are those of us who hope that his experience in this regard will qualify him to take charge of CHINA in the not distant future and permit the present incumbent of the editorial chair to see what the other "China" looks like at close range.

And while we are on the subject we might state that we are to have another ordination before very long. Were it not for the fact that a clause of our constitutions requires one year's stay in the Seminary before the reception of Orders, there would have been four instead of three ordained by His Lordship Bishop Defebvre. Mr. John J. MacDonald, of Windsor, N.S., came to us last year from Holy Heart Seminary, and is now in his fourth year of theology. But his time of "probation" will soon be over, and he will, please God, soon join the band whose greatest concern from now till next November will be to know whether or not they will have the good luck to be chosen to go to China next year.



OUR NEW PRIESTS

Left to Right: Rev. A. Chafe, Rev. A. Venadam and Rev. J. King.



# The RELIGIOUS *Situation* in CHINA

By RT. REV. ANDREW DEFEBVRE, D.D.

Bishop of Ningpo

At the present moment we have in China 1,368 native Chinese priests and 1,975 foreign missionaries. From this it can readily be seen that even before the recent encyclicals on the native clergy the latter existed and indeed were solidly established in China. Fourteen years are necessary for the training of a Chinese seminarian for the Priesthood, hence the newly ordained native priests were already in the Seminary fourteen years ago. The Papal Encyclicals afforded wonderful help and encouragement to the missionaries in arousing them to renewed zeal for the great work of the forming of an even greater native clergy and in arousing the sympathetic interest of the Catholic world in this great work, but they were not responsible for the creation of a native clergy. In fact, in 1926 there were to be found six native priests worthy of episcopal consecration and three worthy successors

to the three who have since died. Other missions have been handed over to the native Bishops, who now number thirteen.

When the Jesuit missionaries arrived in China in the 17th century they at once occupied themselves with the question of a

native clergy. The Foreign Mission Society of Paris also made it one of their chief concerns, and in the 18th century they proposed to the Holy See to raise to the episcopacy Father Andre Li, of

their Society consecrated first native Bishop of China, Father Lo, better known as Father Lopez, who was consecrated in the 18th century.

The Lazarists, who succeeded the Jesuits after the suppression of the Order, continued and intensified this work of the formation of a native clergy. Monsignor Mullener, a German Lazarist, Vicar Apostolic of Seuchuen in 1720, in spite of the troubled times, had the happiness of ordaining two Chinese priests. At Peking, in the beginning of the 19th century the Seminary was in a flourishing condition. Father Lamyot, who was exiled after the martyrdom of Blessed Clet in 1820 moved to Macao the Seminary which had already given such excellent priests to China, among them Father Sueh. The latter, in 1850, administered the Diocese of Peking while Bishop Mouly was in exile in Mongolia. He was also proposed to Rome

for episcopal consecration. That is the history of the native clergy. And let us note that in view of the relatively small number of Catholics in China the figures given above are really very wonderful and consoling. There are



HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DEFEBVRE.

(Portrait study by Milne Studios Ltd.)

Seuchuen. In order to render their seminary safe from the danger of persecution, these same missionaries established it outside China, at Peenang, near Singapore. The Dominican Fathers were also to the fore. Theirs was the honor of having a member of



actually two and a half million Catholics in China.

### The Seminaries.

The number of young men at present in the Seminaries in China is something which affords us great hope for the future of religion in the country. In July, 1929, there were nearly 900 students in the Grand Seminaries and more than 4,000 in the preparatory seminaries throughout the land. Where is the Diocese in any Catholic country which has such a large proportion of seminarians in relation to the number of Catholic people? In my own Diocese at Ningpo there were at that time twenty-three Senior and sixty Junior Seminarians out of a Catholic population of 46,000 souls. The number of vocations to the Sisterhood is equally encouraging, since there are now 1,300 Foreign Sisters and 2,600 native.

You may remark that out of a population of 400,000,000 people the number of Catholics is very small. But how many persecutions there have been since 1900! And during the few years since then in which the Church had a breathing space, the number of Catholics has more than doubled, as in 1906 there were only one million in all China. Surely these figures are very consoling and sufficient to show that out of the great harvest in China the number of conversions is such as to encourage those generous missionaries who have given all for God and left home to garner in those precious souls for whom Christ died.

No doubt you would like to know something of the life of our Catholic people in China. Let me say at the outset that there are among them, as in every other part of the world, some who do not remain faithful to the grace of their conversion. Let us remember, however, that they have not the wonderful exterior helps vouchsafed to those of more Catholic countries. Our Christians in China, for the most part, see a priest three or four times a year, at least those of them who live far away from the Church. Hence they can receive the sacraments only a few times yearly.

For the most part they are comparatively recent converts, surrounded on all sides by paganism and themselves of a mentality which is still in part pagan. They see and hear only things connected with paganism, and only too often their own families make it very hard and unpleasant for them on account of their religion. Besides, they are denied the consoling and encouraging help of frequent assemblies and great ceremonies, which are such a help and stimulus to the faith. How different it is from the great Catholic countries where the Church is strong and Catholic people with their wonderful traditions and masterpieces of architecture have so much to be proud of! Is it surprising, then, that there are to be found indifferent Catholics and even apostates at times! It could hardly be otherwise.

But on the whole the state of Christianity in China is very consoling. Let me give you a single example. From July, 1928, to July, 1929, there were in China 19,000,000 Communions, something which speaks very eloquently of the fervor and fidelity of the Catholic people. There are only two and a half million Catholics. Of these, at least one million are children who have not made their

First Communion, which means that of those who are capable of approaching the Holy Eucharist the average has been twelve Communions each per year. Some can do so only two or three times at most, so we can see that those who can do so are very faithful in this regard.

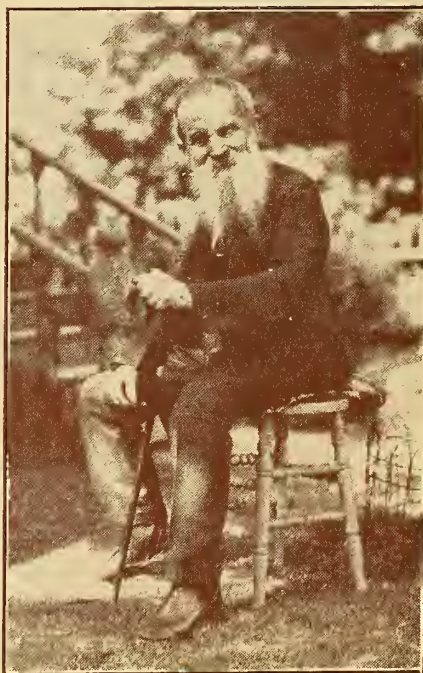
In conclusion, let me ask all the readers of CHINA to pray for China, for the missionaries, the Christians and the poor pagans. And if you can afford to assist this great work with your alms, remember that you will be richly rewarded by Him Who has promised that even a cup of cold water given in His name shall not lose its reward. The task of the conversion of that great country is a formidable one, appalling to mere human effort, but we must ever remember that we do not work alone, and that while we of ourselves could do nothing to reclaim souls from the darkness of paganism, we can take renewed comfort and consolation from the words of the great missionary, St. Paul, "I can do all things in Him Who strengtheneth me."

### A VETERAN SUBSCRIBER.

Mr. Paul Federer, who has long been an interested reader of CHINA, celebrated his 97th birthday this year. Mr. Federer enjoys the distinction of being the sole survivor of the Papal States army, having served in the Swiss Regiment of Pius IX from 1854 to 1858.

Among his proudest possessions is a letter received last year from the papal secretary of state conveying the special blessing of the Holy Father. It reads: "The Holy Father has been informed that you are the last surviving member of the army of his glorious predecessor, Pius IX, and sends you, in acknowledgment of your faithful Catholicity and devotion to the Holy Father his fatherly love and apostolic blessing in recognition of the Heavenly reward in store for you." The letter was signed by the late Cardinal Gasparri.

Mr. Federer is the "Grand Old Man" of our subscribers, and still manifests great interest in the work of our priests in China.

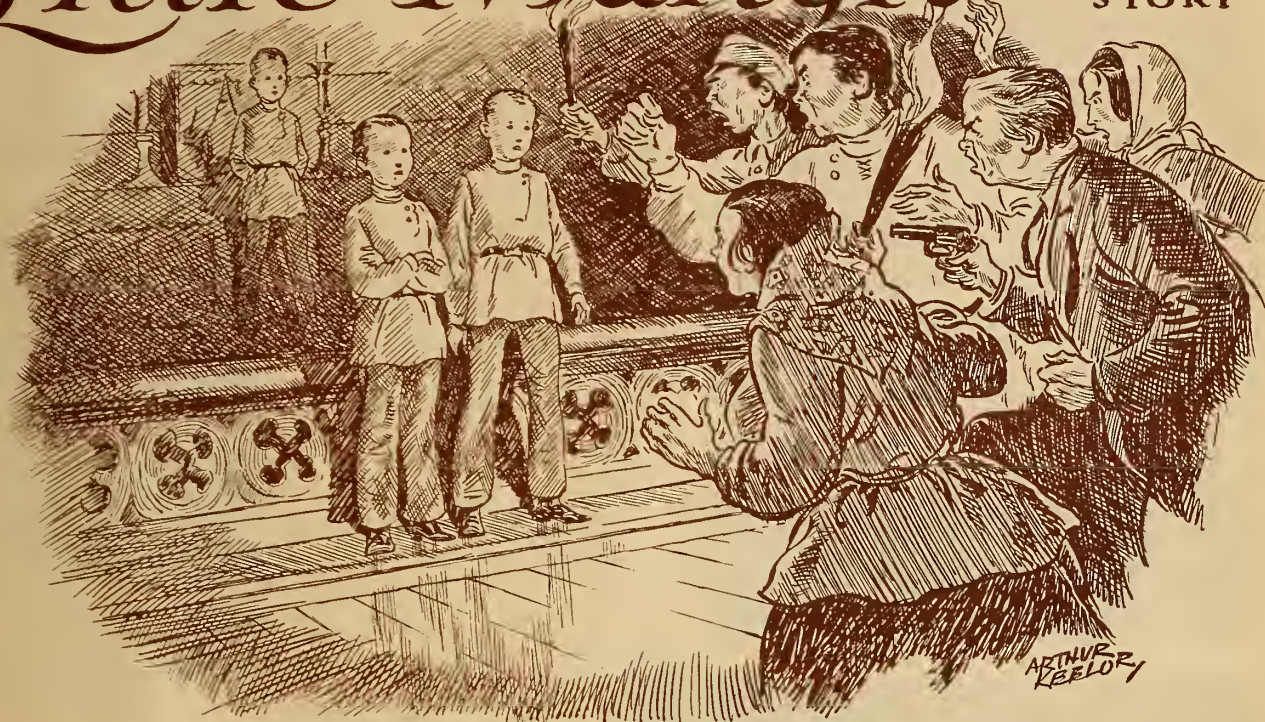


MR. PAUL FEDERER,  
of Windsor, Ont., who, at 97, is still an  
enthusiastic reader of CHINA.



# Little Martyrs

A  
TRUE  
STORY



*(The following story is an adaptation of an account given in the Kung Kao Po, a Chinese Catholic paper. The facts are vouched for by the writer of the article.)*

"What, another story! Will you, children, never be satisfied?"  
"Never!!"

Without another word the group of youngsters squatted at my feet, after having unceremoniously deprived me of hat and stick, and bundled me into my favourite chair. I did not begin at once, however, for I can never tell any kind of story until my pipe is going well. So, impatient as they were for me to begin, they were obliged to wait until that ritual was completed. But I must say this in justice to them that they are very good and do wait.

"Well, what is it to be this time, a true story or make-believe?"

The question was really superfluous on my part, for I had just read an account of a happening which I knew would make an ideal story. I also knew what the answer would be:

"A true one, of course. We can read the other kind any time we wish. Tell us something that really, truly happened."

"You have all heard, I suppose,

of the boy martyrs of Rome, of Pancratius and of little Tarcisius, who gave his young life to save the Blessed Sacrament, and of that other child martyr, whom we all love, St. Agnes."

"But these saints lived long, long ago!"

"That is quite true. I only mentioned their names to recall to your minds the love they had for Our Blessed Lord. Now I am going to tell you a story of something which happened two years ago in Russia, which shows that children still have the same love for Our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist."

"And, uncle, you want to teach us a lesson too, you always do," said the youngest of the group, who had taken up her favourite

position of standing with her arms resting on my knee.

"Yes, or rather 'No.' I shall let you find out the lesson for yourselves, and then you can tell me afterwards, if you like."

"You all know where Russia is, and you all know of the terrible things which have been done there during the last few years. Moscow is the Capital of Russia. It is right in the heart of the country. Now to the north-west of Moscow and not so very far from it is a small town called Ekaterina—it is really more of a village than a town. Jack, have you an atlas? There is Russia, and there is Moscow, and there where my pencil points is Ekaterina. It is not marked on the map because it is too small.

"Into that little town there came, a few years ago, a young priest. The joy which he felt when he first stood at the altar in his little church, gradually gave way to sadness as he saw his people being led astray by the  
(Continued on page 154)





Left:

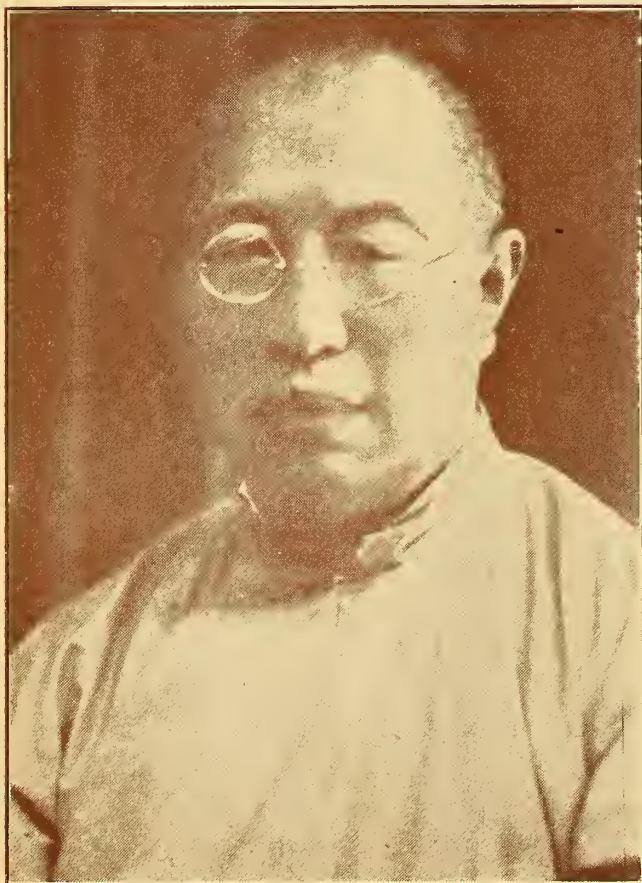
#### WRECKED CATHEDRAL

View of the Catholic Cathedral of Nanning, Kwangsi, China, wrecked by Cantonese bombing airplanes during the siege of Nanning, August 12th. The tragedy, which took a heavy toll of lives, occurred twelve days before its builder and former pastor, the Right Reverend Paul Albouy, M.E.P., was consecrated Bishop of the Vicariate Apostolic of Nanning. (Fides).



#### DESTRUCTION IN NANNING

The result of one bomb dropped on the ancient "S" Cantonese aeroplane during the siege of the city, wounded were found. One of the bombs landed burying under the debris many refugees who



#### NEW CHINESE BISHOP

His Lordship the Right Reverend Francis Liou, the eleventh native son of China to be raised to the episcopacy. His Lordship was consecrated by His Excellency the Most Reverend Celso Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China in the Cathedral of the Petang, Peking, October 12. As new Vicar Apostolic of Fenyang, Anhwei, Bishop Liou succeeds the late Bishop Louis Tchen, one of the six Chinese bishops consecrated in Rome by Pope Pius XI. (Fides).



ORPHANAGE AND SCHOOL AT NINGPO, CONDUCT





the Northern Gate," Nanning, Kwangsi, China, by a t 12. When the smoke cleared, 26 dead and 39 he Catholic Cathedral, practically destroying it and ght there the "privilege of sanctuary." (Fides).

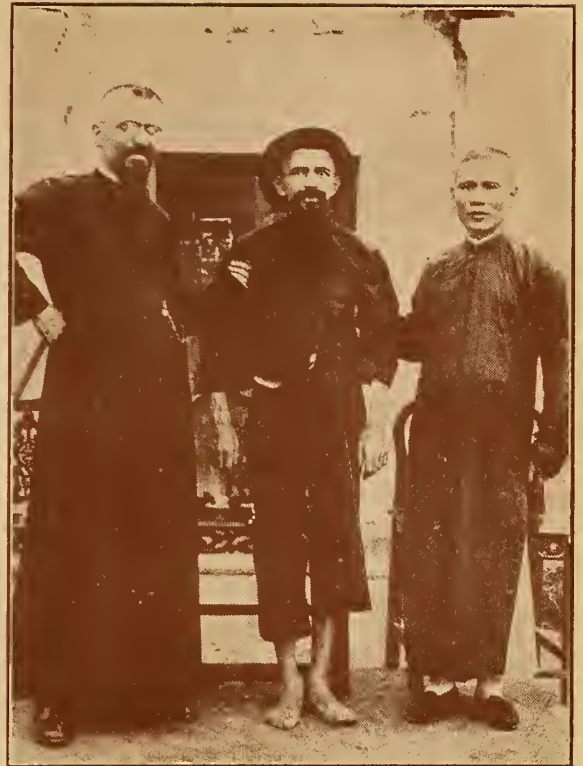


THE COMMUNITY OF THE VIRGINS OF PURGATORY.

#### FIVE MONTHS A CAPTIVE

Father Waguette, five months prisoner among South China Communist-bandits, the day of his arrival in Hongkong. He has been shaved and given opportunity to bathe, but is yet too weak to stand. During his imprisonment he was kept beneath a shelter which failed to protect him from sun, wind and rains. He was guarded by three soldiers night and day, beaten, was ill with malaria and dysentery. Brought to Hongkong he was still in a daze from his sufferings.

Right:



#### CAPTURED BY COMMUNISTS

His Lordship the Right Reverend Gaetano Mignani, C.M., coadjutor Bishop of the Vicariate Apostolic of Kianfu, Kiangsi, China, who was recently captured by communists with 14 priests and ten sisters of his Vicariate. He was released with one of the priests to secure a \$1,000,000 (Mex) ransom for the freedom of the others. (Fides).



# LITTLE MARTYRS.

(Continued from page 151)

false teaching of the Soviet leaders, who wanted to do away with religion. The House of God which used to be full was now almost empty. From morning to night no one came any more to visit the Prisoner of the Tabernacle. Our Blessed Lord looked day after day on the lines of empty benches or on the lonely, figure of the priest, who was doing what he could to make up for the coldness and forgetfulness of the others.

"He did not despair or give up, however, but worked with his whole heart and soul and gradually, in the face of great difficulties and danger to himself, gathered round him a devoted band of fifteen little boys.

"He spoke to them of God, of Our Blessed Lady, of the Crib in Bethlehem, of the Cross on Calvary, and implanted in their hearts a wonderful love of the Blessed Sacrament. The children were, as by a miracle, kept free from all the evil things that were done by those who hated God, and who saw that to destroy the innocent souls of children was the surest way of making what they wanted, a "Country without God!"

"But they cannot do that!"

"No, Agnes, they can never do that, but they are trying. Many others have tried it and failed, and the Soviet will fail too. But to continue our story. Whilst many other young people belonging to the parish were already steeped in sin, thanks to the bad example and teaching of the persecutors, the group of little boys was daily getting into closer touch with God.

"They had not yet made their first Holy Communion, but the good Father did not hurry. He was a very wise man. He took his time and gave his class—they were that, weren't they?—a sound religious training, with the result that when the great morning did come, the devotion with which they received the Bread of Angels made a deep impression on the few—and they were very few—who were brave enough to be present at the touching ceremony.

"And now a very remarkable thing occurred. It showed how sincerely those children loved Our

Lord. From that day all of them—they did it of themselves. The priest did not ask it or even hint it—came together every night, and kneeling round the altar, passed long hours offering their prayers to console Jesus for the loneliness in which He was left, and in penance for the terrible things that were said against the Blessed Sacrament.

"One day, about a month after their First Communion Day, the soldiers of the Government presented themselves at the house of the priest and arrested him. Though quite certain that a horrible death was waiting for him, the good priest was sad only at the thought of his little friends, who would now be without anyone to help and protect them. As, with heavy chains on his hands, he was being dragged away, he turned his head to the church and to the Blessed Sacrament, which he had been unable to save, and said: "Jesus, Thou alone canst save them. I give them into Thy care. I offer up my life that they may always be worthy of Thee."

"Night came on, and as usual the boys assembled before the church. Great was their surprise at finding the door locked, for the priest always had it open for them. They had heard nothing of the arrest. Their surprise gave way to fear and sorrow when an old woman told them that their beloved friend had been arrested and had, perhaps, by that time been done to death. Still even that terrible news did not turn them from the resolution they had made. They were not able to open the door, but through the keyhole they could see the flickering sanctuary lamp which told them that Jesus was still there. They all stood where they were in the open, keeping their vigil, praying for the good Father they had lost and offering to Our Blessed Lord their usual prayers of reparation.

"For several nights they continued to meet in this way, and when the lamp inside the church finally went out, God from the Tabernacle gazed into fifteen loyal little hearts burning with love for Him.

"One day one of them was walking down the street. He passed

a crowd of young men and girls. He paid no attention until something he heard made him turn pale and run as fast as he could in search of his companions. What he heard was this: there was to be a dance that very night in the church. He went round to his little friends' homes and told them all to come to his. They came. He told them what he had just heard, and after a short talk as to what should be done, all of them cried out together: "To-night we shall defend Jesus."

"When the night came not one of them was missing. They all assembled as usual before the door, but this time they did not remain outside the church. One climbed on the shoulders of another until a third boy reached the window, opened it, and then, one by one, all got inside. In a few minutes they were kneeling round the altar and, with their eyes fixed on the tabernacle, they prayed and waited. They were not afraid, they loved Our Lord too much for that. They were on their knees in the black darkness of the church for about an hour when they heard the noise of approaching footsteps, and then the shouting and laughter of a big crowd.

"The door was broken open and the mob, laughing, cheering and poisoning the air with awful language, poured into the House of God.

" 'Lights, we want lights, this place is coal black,' was shouted from all corners of the building at once. Torch-bearers forced their way through the crowd, the flames throwing a reddish glare over the faces of those who were thronging towards the altar.

"Then suddenly all stopped dead in their tracks, silenced and terrified as by a vision. Some of the little boys were standing at the rail, others on the steps of the altar, their faces turned towards the mob, their arms folded on their breasts, calm, firm and beautiful, like angels placed there to watch over and guard the Holy Place.

"Finally some in the crowd recognized them. They advanced, crying out: Get out, you little rascals, what are you doing here?" But the little heroes remained silent and immovable. The dancers,



enraged, began to beat them, pulling them by their clothes, cursing and blaspheming. But Jesus who had strengthened the heart and hands of Tarcisius—you remember how the crowd tried to open his arms to get the Blessed Sacrament, and could not—and many other little martyrs, who with joy offered their lives for Him, gave these little boys an almost supernatural strength and courage, and all efforts to send them away failed.

"One of the men drew a revolver from his pocket—an example which others were not slow to follow—and shouted: 'Let us see if you can resist this?' Bullets riddled the staunch little band of defenders, who one by one dropped to the floor, repeating in turn as they fell: 'Saviour of the world, save our dear Russia.' It had been their nightly prayer since the day of their First Communion.

"Above the clamour of the crowd was heard an agonized shriek: 'My son, my son,' and a poor mother, tearing her way through the dancers, hurried to the altar just in time to see her seven-year-old son, who was kneeling at the foot of the altar, stretch out his little arms and sink to the floor. The mother picked him up and pressing him to her heart turned to the stupefied onlookers with the terrible cry, 'Dead, he his dead.' But a slight movement of the little body brought her eyes back again to the face of her child. The closed eyes of the little one slowly opened, and the lips moved in a last command: 'Mammy, Mammy—we have tried to defend our Dear Jesus, now it is your turn'—and taking one last look at the Golden Door behind which Jesus was resting he went to join his companions in heaven.

"Pancratius died many years ago, and so did the child Tarcisius, but the same love that burned in their innocent hearts still burns in the hearts of children."

\* \* \* \*

When I finished not a sound or word greeted me. Agnes was looking straight into my face, big tears rolling down her cheeks. I felt just like that myself, so I picked her up in my arms and went out into the garden.

## Bishop Scollard Praises Our Work

Urges the Faithful to Support Home and Foreign Missions.

*Following is an excerpt from letter to the clergy on Oct. 24th:*

"Some parishes and even the Indian Missions have given very generously in this collection for our Canadian Missions, and Our Lord will bless and reward all generous givers. Every parish and mission should give something to this good cause, even if the amount be not large. We hope that everybody will try to give a little more this year than last because it is our intention to divide the proceeds of the collection equally between the Home Mission fund and the China Mission Seminary. We may inform you that there are two foreign mission seminaries in Canada to train missionaries for the Propagation of the Faith in heathen nations. One of these is near Montreal, and is kept running by the contributions of the Catholics, East of the Ottawa River. The other seminary for foreign missions is situated near Toronto, and is known as the China Mission Seminary. The duty of building and maintaining this seminary lies especially with the Catholics of Canada. This seminary can accommodate the priests in

charge and thirty students, giving each student a room. The seminary is now filled beyond capacity, and many students who are seeking to be admitted have to be refused. This zeal for foreign mission work in these young men surely comes from above and should not be ignored. The China Mission Seminary should be enlarged sufficiently to admit all applicants lest vocations for the great work of converting pagans be lost. The director of this seminary has launched an appeal for financial help to carry out this project. The clergy and faithful of this Diocese, we are confident, shall be ready to do their share to help this important work. An enlarged seminary means more students, and as years go on, more zealous missionaries to go forth and bring the knowledge of Christ and His teachings to those hundreds of millions in China.

This institution has a just claim on your most generous support. One half of what you give shall be forwarded to the China Mission seminary, and one-half to the Head Office of the Home Missions. This letter shall be read in all the Churches and Chapels of the Diocese at each Mass on the first Sunday, or as soon as possible, after its reception, and a collection shall be taken up in the churches, at all the Masses of the following Sunday or as soon as possible, and the proceeds of the collection forwarded to us without delay. May the grace of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, be with you all."

Yours very devotedly,

D. J. SCOLLARD,

† Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie.  
Dated at North Bay, Oct. 24, 1930.

### A CHRISTMAS GIFT

Our building fund is climbing very slowly, so slowly that we are beginning to wonder what will happen next year if we are unable to provide for the increased number of students.

You can't do much with \$298.55, our total fund to date.

May we ask a Christmas remembrance from our friends!



# LITTLE FLOWER'S

Edited by

## ROSE GARDEN

FATHER JIM



Hello, Buds! Father Jim speaking! And what a lot he could say to you this month if the Editor would give him more space. I wonder what would you say if I told you I wanted to have a full-page picture of myself in our Column this month, but "nothing doing," says the Editor. So since nothing less than a whole page would satisfy me, I handed him over a snap I had taken not long ago when I was "in a hurry" and told him he would have to be satisfied with that. No doubt the Editor will make a mess of my picture again. Do you know that Father Jim has received letters from many grown up people asking "who is he?" Now last month one bud made a guess, and started things going, but he had nothing on the bud who tells me that he heard I was "like Santa Claus" except for one thing. After that, I give up. Well, now that you are all on my trail, I better change the subject, and ask how are you all? Speaking of Santa Claus reminds me that this is our Christmas number. My, how the time passes so quickly! Well, what are the buds going to do for the Club this Christmas? You know we must not forget our purpose, especially at a time when the Christ-Child is so ready to grant us favours for the Missions. Out in far-away China there are millions of little boys and girls who know nothing of Christmas, because they have no priests or nuns to teach them the truth, and isn't it nice to know that by our prayers and Communions as members of the Rose Garden we will help to have the Story of the Crib made known to all those pagan children, and who knows but some day some of the buds themselves will be rewarded for their work by the grace of being missionaries themselves. So please be real good buds this month and think of all the good you can do.

We're going to have another Christmas competition, and I will give nice prizes to the buds who send the best letters describing how they spent Christmas Day. I hope many will enter the competition because the prizes will be worth winning. And that's not all. One of the buds sug-



Fr. Jim takes a ride.

gested a "word competition," so there will be prizes given also to the buds who can form the most words from the letters in "Rose Garden." The letters R and E may be used twice in any word. Proper names will not count. This should provide lots of fun, and I would suggest it especially for schools where there are many buds.

I will be expecting some group pictures of buds from some of the schools where our Club has a strong membership. In many places, whole classes are wearing our membership pin of the Little Flower, and all are quite proud of belonging to our "Garden." I am really very much delighted with the great spirit shown by all our members, and I hope for great things from their enthusiasm for the Missions. May God bless every one of you, and may this Christmas be for you all a very happy one indeed. And by the way, don't forget to say a little prayer sometimes for the "Gardener."

FATHER JIM.

I have sent Margaret Merkley's letter to "Ningie," 171 Nicholas St., Ottawa. Several have asked for "Ningie's" real name. It is Jeanne O'Malley. Her sister Frances is also a popular bud. Some of our most faithful correspondents are buds from the Capital City.

I was very pleased to write something in Ruth Farrell's autograph album after she had sent it all the way from Campbellford, Ont. I hope your album got back to you all right, "Toots."

Many of the buds have told me of their devotion to The Little Flower, and some have assured me that they often pray to her for Father Jim. I am glad to know it. From now on I will send a picture of our Patroness to new buds, and they can attach it to their certificates themselves.

201 Russell St., Halifax: "I am proud to be able to tell you that our class had the most money for China in the School for the month of Sept. I am treasurer of the Mission funds. I wish I could see what you look like." Helen Martin (Blue Pansy). Thanks for your interest in our work. We owe much to the Halifax schools for their help. How about letting us see what you look like, Helen? Surely you have a snap of yourself to spare.

The oldest of us can learn a lesson from little four year old Mary Joan Cayley, of 67 Colborne St. E., Oshawa, Ont., who sent in "a whole lot of big stamps that I have been a long time saving." Thanks, Joan. "Beaver" has been handed over the many packages of stamps that came to me from the buds.

Letters from girls in the Eastern Provinces and the United States would be welcomed by fifteen-year old Helen Wilson, 5 Grant St., Perth, Ont., who has joined us with the name of "Snowflake."

"The flowers cannot live without sun," writes Mary MacDonald, 111 Central Ave., Inverness, N.S., and she has enrolled with "Sun" as her pen-name.

Margaret Chisholm writes after a long silence, and her letter was worth reading.



One bud tells me I am like Santa Claus, but Lillian Densley, Halifax, "heard I was related to Santa Claus." I hope nobody has been spreading abroad "queer" pictures of me. Being "related" to Santa Claus is a bit of a compliment, eh, buds? He makes you all happy, and I do my best to make you happy, too.

The word competition this month was suggested by Stan Rossiter, 150 Patrick St., St. John's, Nfld. He hopes some of the boys will win the competition. Well, that should cause many of the girls to work harder. Who is going to win?

Buds interested in the Stamp Corner should write directly to "Beaver." He thinks I am getting too much mail every day, and he told me he would like to answer stamp questions for the buds himself.

In answer to an enquiry I say, "Sure, to offer your First Friday Communion for our Mission Intentions is a splendid thing."

Muriel Carver and Jean Brodeau are reminded that they should write to someone who has written them. Mary McCormack, Box 85B, New Aberdeen, C.B., wants to hear from Mary M. Kerr.

Is this like Santa Claus? Hilda Brotherhood (Hal), one of our good Summerside, P.E.I., buds, says Father Jim is "very jolly, with dark curly



CLAIRE McDONALD, Chestnut Ave., Antigonish, danced at the Highland games this summer in this picturesque costume.



JACK ANDERSON ("JAKE"), Arthur, Ont., Picture taken after a baseball game, but "Jake" didn't tell us the score.

hair, soft blue eyes, and a broad smile, also very witty, slender, and 6 ft. 2 inches in height." All I can say is "Yes and No." But there is something else in Hilda's letter to mention: she says some buds to whom she has written are lazy with their pens. Montreal is her native city, and she wants pals from there. And now, listen to this: it is something I'll have to think over, and would be glad to get the opinion of other buds on it: "What are we going to do when we are too old to be Buds? Will you have a 'Last Rose of Summer' Garden? Here's hoping you have one. Other people have asked me why you do not have a Garden for older girls and boys. Everyone seems to be taking a great interest in our Garden." Well, Hilda, it is really a problem to find room for more news from all our members, and sooner or later we will have to enlarge the scope of our Club. Anything the buds can suggest to make our column more interesting will be gladly received.

"Never too late to do good," remarks Monnie Kent, as she sends along a pile of stamps from Bell Island, Nfld. Thanks, Monnie.

If you want to write to Nfld., a letter addressed to Box 235, Corner Brook, will get you in touch with two new buds, Catherine Meaney (Red-rose), and her sister Agnes (Blue-bird).

"I would like the buds to say a little prayer for my sister," writes Kathleen Brynildsen, of 30 Waldegrave St., St. John's, Nfld. I'm sure the buds will be only too glad to do

this little favour for one of their neighbours. Kathleen's sister, Dorothy, thinks a rake is a useful thing in any garden, and comes to us with that name. Don't forget to send that promised snap.

Gananoque, Ont., adds two more to our membership list: Marguerite Keys (14), and her sister Eileen (7). Address, Georgiana St.

Good wishes for the success of our Garden come from Anna Mary Culligan, Douglas, Ont.

St. Agnes' School, New Waterford, C.B., gives us Agnes MacVarish (Rose), and her sister, who has chosen "Dolly" for a pen-name. Agnes is a new bud; I suppose the beautiful pin and certificate received by her sister decided her to enlist with us. Welcome!

"Nearly all my classmates are in your Garden, and I want to help also," so Elsie Kelly introduces herself. Fairville, St. John, N.B., is the home of this new bud.

Although interested in our Garden from the beginning, Lillian Fraser of St. Andrew's West, Ont., applied for membership only recently. With "Blondie" as her pen-name she is going to keep interested in our Club. She is 13 years old, and asks for pen-pals.

A nice group picture of Buds from St. Joseph's Convent, Halifax, will appear in January CHINA.



This is Claire's sister, Ruth, who also took part in the Highland games. Our guess is that both she and Claire were prize-winners.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

A. K. B. L. O. R.

Wife: "Why do you always go on the balcony when I am singing?"

Husband: "Because I won't have the neighbors think I'm murdering you."

## Travelog.

"Madame," said the polite sailor who was showing a young lady over the ship, "this is the quarter deck."

"Oh, how fascinating," beamed the young lady, "and could I see what you have for fifty cents?"

## Discretion.

"How long has Meeker been married?"

"For twenty awed years."

"How do you like my dress, Tom? Dad got it for my eighteenth birthday."

"Certainly worn well, hasn't it?"

## Snappy Comeback.

She: "How old do you think I am?"

He: "You don't look it."

—Log.

## Staving Off a Squawk.

Mountaineer (to three-year-old son): "Ezry, quit pointin' that thar gun at yore little brother. Hit might go off and kill one of them chickens he's playin' with."

—Alabama Cajoler.

## Tame Volcano.

The He: "What is this thing called Love?"

The She: "The tenth word in a telegram."—Boulevardier.

Golfer (to members ahead): "Pardon, but would you mind if I played through? I've just heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill."

—Dublin Opinion.

## He's Got Her Dated.

Golf Widow: "You think so much of your old golf game that you don't even remember when we were married."

Bug: "Of course I do, my dear; it was the day I sank that thirty-foot putt."—London Opinion.

An Englishman took an American to see Hamlet.

"You are sure behind the times," commented the American. "Why, I saw Hamlet in New York five years ago."

## Call the Sheriff.

Simpering Spinster—"When I was born my father made me a promise to give me £10 every birthday, and I have £190 now."

Bachelor (dubiously).—"When is he going to pay you the balance?"—London Answers.

## No Sense.

"Say, Sam, how you all gettin' on with that theah saxophone of you-ahs?"

"Well, Ah blows into it the sweetest noises you-all evah heard, but de mos' awful of a blah come out of de otha end."—Northern Star, Ottawa.



## Unheeded Advice.

He—When I was young, the doctors said that if I didn't stop smoking I would become feeble-minded.

She—Well, why didn't you stop?—Extension Magazine.

## Unfamiliar Locality.

"Where did the car hit him?" asked the Coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vetrebrae," replied the medical witness.

And the burly foreman rose from his seat.

"Man and boy, I've lived in these parts for 50 years," he protested, ponderously, "an' I never heard of the place."—Exchange.

## Personal Representative.

A kiss will last but a day. Ten pounds of candy she will eat and forget. The roses you send will fade with the dawn, but a Persian kitten or a nice puppy is an hourly reminder of you. McEden's Kennels.

## Try Anything Once.

First Shark: "What's that funny two-legged thing that just fell in the water?"

Second Shark: "Dunno, but I'll bite!"  
—Georgia Cracker.

Young lawyer (who has up to now only defended thieves and tramps): "Next week I am to defend a murderer."

Wife: "Ah, you are beginning to get better clients now."

"Whatever I have accomplished," said a pompous man, "I owe it to myself."

"How delightful it must be," murmured a weary listener, "to feel so clear of debt!"

"Who helped you with your homework, Jones?" asked the teacher sternly.

"Nobody, sir."

"Come, come, that's not true. Was it your father?"

"N-no, sir. He didn't help me—he did every bit of it himself!"

## Oysters.

An oyster met an oyster  
And they were oysters two,  
Two oysters met two oysters  
And they were oysters, too.  
Four oysters met a pint of milk  
And they were oyster stew.

## With Love and Kisses.

"If an elephant charges you," advises a big-game hunter, "let him have both barrels at once." As far as we are concerned, he could have the whole gun.—Passing Show.

"Whatever happened to Ringer College's star fullback?"

"He left college. The alumni failed to pay the last instalment on him, and his family took him away."

—Boston Beanpot.

## Getting His Hide.

Squire Perkins: "Nell, after I die, I wish you would marry Deacon Brown."

Nell: "Why so, Hiram?"

Squire: "Well the deacon trimmed me on a horse trade once."—Columns.

"You corroborate your husband's evidence?"

"Certainly not! It is all true."



We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following donations from Oct. 16th to November.

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We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following contributions to burses.

Sacred Heart Burse, Mrs. Patrick Kelly, Kippewa, \$1.50; Little Flowers

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## STAMP CORNER

This month really a "corner". We just have space to tell stamp members of some very fine new sets which have just secured, and which would make a desirable addition to your album. They are as follows: Persia 1914, set of 21 values, 40c; Wallis and Futura Islands 4 varieties (native deer design) 5c; Cameroons, 4 varieties, 5c; Niger Territory, 1926, 5 varieties; Mozambique, 1918-1923, 10 varieties, 10c; Nyasaland, 1911, 10 varieties, (Zebra and Giraffe design) 3c.

N.B.—These are packets of stamps, but genuine sets and they are mint stamps, that is, unused and with full original gum on the back. We have selected them from among most beautiful sets we could find, and we know you will all be delighted with them.

### SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER

The total value of these six beautiful sets is 95c. As a special Christmas offer we will send you all six and also a mint set of the Pope and King Spanish set (30c) for one dollar.

This is \$1.25 value at our prices for the sets and, if we do say the least, we think it about the "hottest" offer we have seen in the stamp line for some time.

There are not many hands so we advise you to write promptly if you wish to avail of this special \$1.00 offer. Send stamp, self-addressed envelope, and we shall forward sets at once.

Best wishes to all collector friends for a very Happy Christmas.

Cord yours,  
BEAVER.

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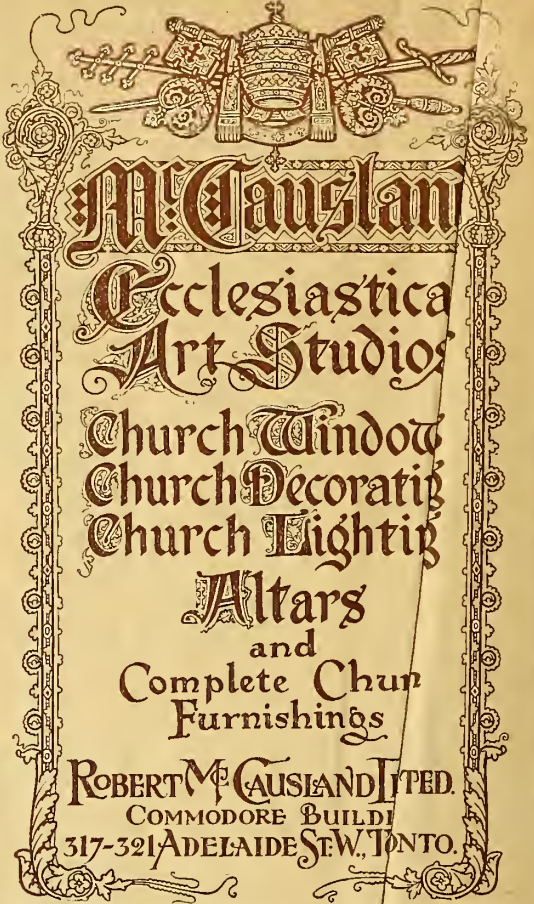
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